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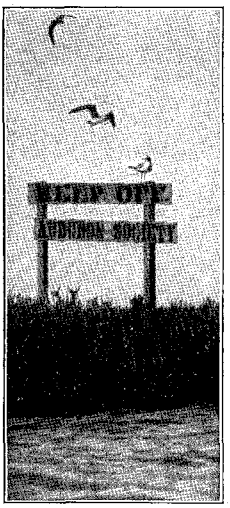
THE BIRD REFUGES OF LOUISIANA

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT K. JOB AND J. H. COQUILLE



ON June 7, 1915, I was the guest of my friend John M. Parker, of New Orleans, at his house at Pass Christian, Mississippi. For many miles west, and especially east, of Pass Christian, there are small towns where the low, comfortable, singularly picturesque and attractive houses are owned, some by Mississippi planters, some by city folk who come hither from the great Southern cities, and more and more in winter time from the great Northern cities also, to pass a few months. The houses, those that are isolated and those in the little towns, stand in what is really one long row; a row broken by long, vacant reaches, but as a whole stretching for sixty miles, with the bright waters of the Gulf lapping the beach in front of them, and behind them leagues of pine forest. Between the Gulf and the waters lies a low ridge or beach of white sand. It is hard to make anything grow in this sand; but the owners of the houses have succeeded, using dead leaves and what manure is available; and in this leaf-mould the trees and grasses and flowers grow in profusion. Long, flimsy wooden docks stretch out into the waters of the Gulf; there is not much bad weather, as a rule, but every few years there comes a terrible storm which wrecks buildings and bridges, destroys human lives by the thousand, washes the small Gulf sailing craft ashore, and sweeps away all the docks.

Our host's house was cool and airy, with broad, covered verandas, and mosquito screens on the doors and the big windows. The trees in front were live-oaks; and others of his own planting—magnolias, pecans, palms, and a beautiful mimosa. The blooming oleanders and hydrangeas were a delight to the eye. Behind, the place stretched like a long ribbon to the edge of the fragrant pine forest, where the long-leaved and loblolly pines rose like tall columns out of the needle-covered sand. Five pairs of mocking-birds and one pair of thrashers had just finished nesting; at dawn, when the crescent of the dying moon had risen above the growing light in the east, the mockers sang wonderfully, and after a while the thrasher chimed in. Only the singing of nightingales where they are plentiful, as in some Italian woods, can compare in strength and ecstasy and passion, in volume and intricate change and continuity, with the challenging love-songs of many mockers, rivalling one another, as they perch and balance and spring upward and float downward through the branches of live-

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oak or magnolia, after sunset and before sunrise, and in the warm, still, brilliant moonlight of spring and early summer.

There were other birds. The soldierly looking red-headed woodpeckers, in their striking black, red, and white uniform, were much in evidence. Gaudy painted finches, or "nonpareils," were less conspicuous only because of their small size. Blue jays had raised their young in front of the house, and, as I was informed, had been successfully beaten off by the mockers and thrashers when they attempted assaults on the eggs and nestlings of the latter. Purple martins darted through the air. King-birds chased the big grackles and the numerous small fish-crows—not so very much bigger than the grackles—which uttered queer, hoarse croakings. A pair of crested flycatchers had their nest in a hollow in a tree; the five boldly marked eggs rested, as usual, partly on a shed snake skin. How, I wonder, through the immemorial ages, and why, did this particular bird develop its strange determination always, where possible, to use a snake's cast-off skin in building its nest? Every season, I was told, this flycatcher nested in the same hollow; and every season the hollow was previously nested in by a tufted titmouse. Logger-head shrikes were plentiful. Insects were their usual food, but they also pounced on small birds, mice, and lizards, and once on a little chicken. They impale their prey on locust thorns and on the spines of other trees and bushes; and I have known a barbed-wire fence to be decorated with the remains of their victims. There were red cardinal birds; and we saw another red bird also, a summer tanager.

Pass Christian is an ideal place for a man to go who wishes to get away from the Northern cold for a few weeks, and be where climate, people, and surroundings are all delightful, and the fishing and shooting excellent. There is a good chance, too, that the fish and game will be preserved for use instead of recklessly exterminated; for during the last dozen years Louisiana and Mississippi, like the rest of the Union, have waked to the criminality of marring and ruining a beautiful heritage which should be left, and through wise use (not non-use) can be left, undiminished, to the generations that are to come after us. As yet the Gulf in front of the houses swarms with fish of many kinds up to the great tarpon, the mailed and leaping giant of the warm seas; and with the rapid growth of wisdom in dealing with nature we may hope that there will soon be action looking toward the regulation of seining and to protection of the fish at certain seasons. On land the quail have increased in the neighborhood of Pass Christian during the last few years. This is largely due to the activity of my host and his two sons as hunters. They have a pack of beagles, trained to night work, and this pack has to its credit nearly four hundred coons and possums—together with an occasional skunk!—and, moreover, has chivied the gray foxes almost out of the country; and all these animals are the inveterate enemies of all small game, and especially of ground-nesting birds. To save interesting creatures, it is often necessary not merely to refrain from killing them but also to war on their enemies.

One of the sons runs the Parker stock-farm in upper Louisiana, beside the Mississippi. There are about four thousand acres, half of it highland, the other half subject to flood if the levees break. Five years ago such a break absolutely destroyed the Parker plantations, then exclusively on low land. Now, in event of flood, the stock can be driven, and the human beings escape, to the higher ground. Young Parker, now twenty-two years old, has run the plantation since he was sixteen. The horses, cattle, and sheep are all of the highest grade; the improvement in the stock of Louisiana and Mississippi during the last two decades has been really noteworthy. Game, and wild things generally, have increased in numbers on this big stock-farm. There is no wanton molestation of any animal permitted, no plundering of nests, no shooting save within strictly defined limits, and so far as possible all rare things are given every chance to increase. As an example, when, in clearing a tract of swamp land, a heron's nest was discovered, the bushes round about were left undisturbed, and the heron family was reared in safety. Wild turkeys have somewhat, and quail very markedly, increased. The great horned owls, which

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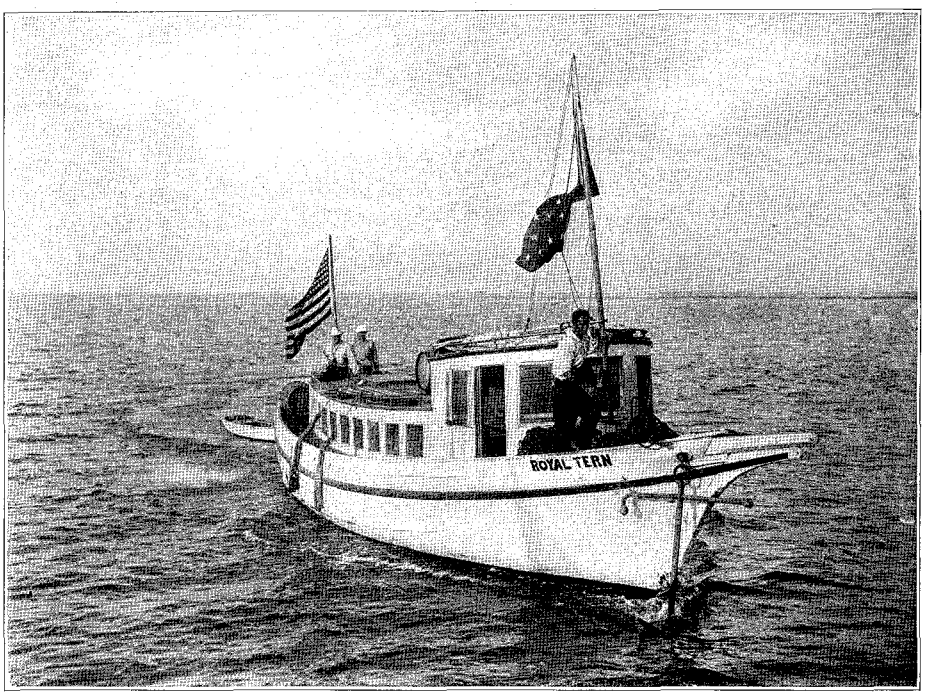
destroyed the ducks, have to be warred against, and the beasts of prey likewise. Surely it will ultimately again be recognized in our country that life on a plantation, on a great stock-farm or ranch, is one of the most interesting, and, from the standpoint of both body and soul, one of the most healthy, of all ways of earning a living.



From a photograph by J. H. Coquille.

The *Royal Tern*, property of the Audubon Society.

Allotted to the work of cruising among and protecting the bird colonies on those islands set apart as bird refuges by the National and State Governments.

At four on the morning of the 8th our party started from the wharf in front of Pass Christian. We were in two boats. One, good-sized and comfortable, under the command of Captain Lewis Young, was the property of the State Conservation Commission of Louisiana, the commission having most courteously placed it at our disposal. On this boat were my host, his two sons, John, Jr., and Tom, myself, and a photographer, Mr. Coquille, of New Orleans. The other boat, named the *Royal Tern*, was the property of the Audubon Society, being allotted to the work of cruising among and protecting the bird colonies on those islands set apart as bird refuges by the National and State Governments. On this boat—which had a wretched engine, almost worthless—went Mr. Herbert K. Job and Mr. Frank M. Miller. Mr. Miller was at one time president of the Louisiana Conservation Commission, and the founder of the Louisiana State Audubon Society, and is one of the group of men to whom she owes it that she, the home State of Audubon, of our first great naturalist, is now thoroughly awake to the danger of reckless waste and destruction of all the natural resources of the State, including the birds. Mr. Herbert K. Job is known to all who care for bird study and bird preservation. He is a naturalist who has made of bird-photography a sport, a science, and an art. His pictures, and his books in which these pictures appear, are fascinating both to the scientific ornithologist and to all lovers of the wild creatures of the open. Like the other field naturalists I have known, like the men who were with me in Africa and South America, Mr. Job is

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From a photograph by Herbert K Job.

Brown pelicans in flight.

As we approached they rose and flapped lazily out to sea for a few hundred yards before again lighting.—Page 268.

From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Brown pelican colony, East Trinbalier Island, Louisiana.

The big birds were sitting on a sand-spit, enjoying a noontide rest.—Page 268.

an exceptionally hardy, resolute, and resourceful man, following his wilderness work with single-minded devotion, and continually, and in matter-of-fact manner, facing and overcoming hardship, wearing toil, and risk which worthy stay-at-home people have no means whatever of even gauging. I owed the pleasure of Mr. Job's company to Mr. Frank M. Chapman, at whose suggestion he was sent with me by the National Audubon Society.

The State Conservation Commission owes its existence to the wise public spirit and far-sightedness of the Louisiana legislature. The Audubon Society, which has done far more than any other single agency in creating and fostering an enlightened public sentiment for the preservation of our useful and attractive birds, is a purely voluntary organization, consisting of men and women who in these matters look further ahead than their fellows, and who have the precious gift of sympathetic imagination, so that they are able to see, and to wish to preserve for their children's children, the beauty and wonder of nature. (During the year preceding this trip, by the way, the society enrolled one hundred and fifty-one thousand boys and girls in its junior bird clubs, all of which give systematic instruction in the value of bird life.) It was the Audubon Society which started the movement for the establishment of bird refuges. The society now protects and polices about one hundred of these refuges, which, of course, are worthless unless thus protected.

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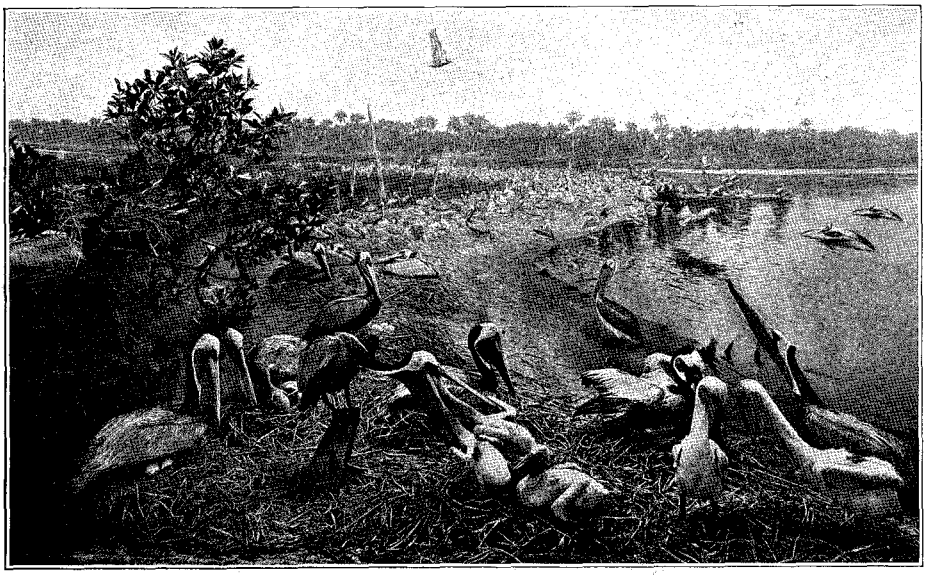
The *Royal Tern* is commanded by Captain William Sprinkle, born and bred on this Gulf coast, who knows the sea-fowl, and the islands where they breed and dwell, as he knows the winds and the lovely, smiling, treacherous Gulf waters. He is game warden, and he and the *Royal Tern* are the police force for over five hundred square miles of sand-bars, shallow waters, and intricate channels. The man and the boat are two of the chief obstacles in the way of the poachers, the plume-hunters and eggers, who always threaten these bird sanctuaries.



Habitat group of brown pelicans in the American Museum of Natural History.
Studies made on Pelican Island, Florida.

Many of these poachers are at heart good men, who follow their fathers' business, just as respectable men on the seacoast once followed the business of wrecking. But when times change and a once acknowledged trade comes under the ban of the law the character of those following it also changes for the worse. Wreckers are no longer respectable, and plume-hunters and eggers are sinking to the same level. The illegal business of killing breeding birds, of leaving nestlings to starve wholesale, and of general ruthless extermination, more and more tends to attract men of the same moral category as those who sell whiskey to Indians and combine the running of "blind pigs" with highway robbery and murder for hire. In Florida one of the best game wardens of the Audubon Society was killed by these sordid bird butchers. A fearless man and a good boat are needed to keep such gentry in awe. Captain Sprinkle meets the first requirement, the hull of the *Royal Tern* the second. But the engines of the *Tern* are worthless; she can catch no freebooter; she is safe only in the mildest weather. Is there not some bird lover of means and imagination who will put a good engine in her? Such a service would be very real. As for Captain Sprinkle, his services are, of course, underpaid, his salary bearing no relation to their value. The Biological Survey does its best with its limited means; the Audubon Society adds something extra; but this very efficient and disinterested laborer is worth a good deal more than the hire he receives. The government pays many of its servants, usually those with rather easy jobs, too much; but the best men, who do the hardest work, the men in the life-saving and lighthouse service, the forest rangers, and those who patrol and protect the reserves of wild life, are almost always underpaid.

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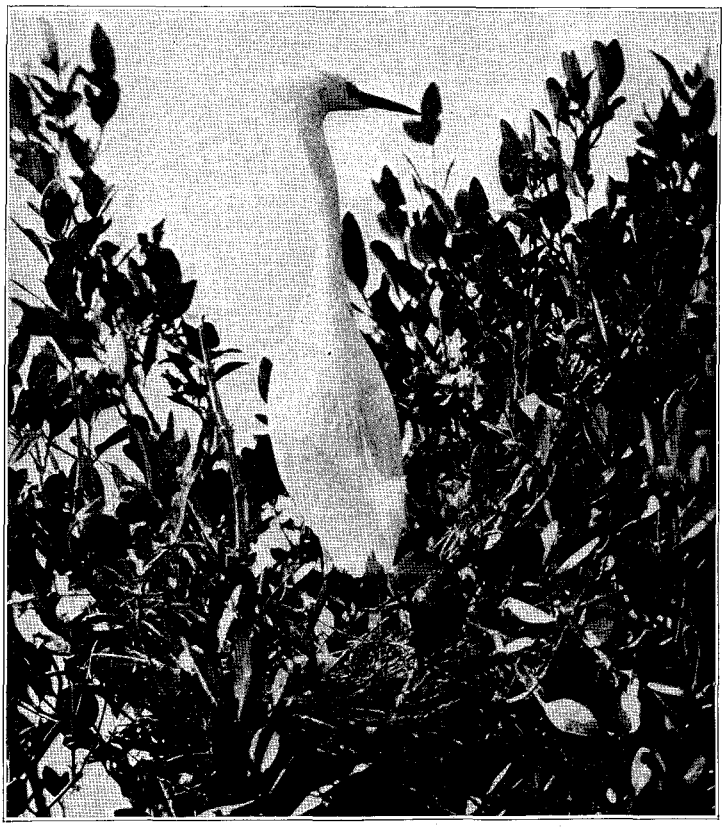
Yet, in spite of all the disadvantages, much has been accomplished. This particular reservation was set apart by presidential proclamation in 1905. Captain Sprinkle was at once put in charge. Of the five chief birds, the royal terns, Cas-



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

The snowy egret—a species of bird being protected by the Audubon Reservation.

pian terns, Cabot's terns, laughing gulls, and skimmers, there were that season about one thousand nests. This season, ten years later, there are about thirty-five thousand nests. The brown pelicans and Louisiana herons also show a marked increase. The least tern, which had been completely exterminated or driven away, has returned and is breeding in fair numbers.

As we steamed away from the Pass Christian dock dawn was turning to daylight under the still brilliant crescent moon. Soon we saw the red disk of the sun rising behind the pine forest. We left Mississippi Sound, and then were on the Gulf itself. The Gulf was calm, and the still water teemed with life. Each school of mullets or sardines could be told by the queer effect on the water, as of a cloud shadow. Continually we caught glimpses of other fish; and always they were fleeing from death or ravenously seeking to inflict death on the weak. Nature is ruthless, and where her sway is uncontested there is no peace save the peace of death; and the fecund stream of life, especially of life on the lower levels, flows like an immense torrent out of non-existence for but the briefest moment before the enormous majority of the beings composing it are engulfed in the jaws of death, and again go out into the shadow.

Huge rays sprang out of the water and fell back with a resounding splash. Devil-fish, which made the rays look like dwarfs, swam slowly near the surface; some had their mouths wide open as they followed

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their prey. Globular jellyfish, as big as pumpkins, with translucent bodies, pulsed through the waters; little fishes and crabs swam among their short, thick tentacles and in between the waving walls into which the body was divided. Once we saw the head of a turtle above water; it was a loggerhead turtle, and the head was as large as the head of a man; when I first saw it, above the still water, I had no idea what it was.

By noon we were among the islands of the reservation. We had already passed other and larger islands, for the most part well wooded. On these there were great numbers of coons and minks, and therefore none of these sea-birds which rest on the ground or in low bushes. The coons are more common than the minks and musk-rats. In the inundations they are continually being carried out to sea on logs; a planter informed me that on one occasion in a flood he met a log sailing down the swollen Mississippi with no less than eleven coons aboard. Sooner or later castaway coons land on every considerable island off the coast, and if there is fresh water, and even sometimes if there is none, they thrive; and where there are many coons, the gulls, terns, skimmers, and other such birds have very little chance to bring up their young. Coons are fond of rambling along beaches; at low tide they devour shell-fish; and they explore the grass tufts and bushes, and eat nestlings, eggs, and even the sitting birds. If on any island we found numerous coon tracks there were usually few nesting sea-fowl, save possibly on some isolated point. The birds breed most plentifully in the numberless smaller islands—some of considerable size—where

From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Louisiana heron at nest. McIlhenny estate, Avery Island, Louisiana.

The characteristic flimsy heron nests were placed in the thick brush, taller than a man's head.
—Page 271.

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there is no water, and usually not a tree. Some of these islands are nothing but sand, with banks and ramparts of shells, while others are fringed with marsh-grass and covered with scrub mangrove. But a noontide rest. As we approached they rose and flapped lazily out to sea for a few hundred yards before again lighting. Later in the afternoon they began to fly to the fishing-grounds, and back and

From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

The base of operations in photographing wild bird life.

He went off to get his umbrella-house, and when he returned the other egg was hatching, and another little chick, much distressed by the heat, appeared.—Page 272.

the occasional fierce tropical storms not only change the channels and alter the shape of many of the islands, but may even break up some very big island. In such case an island with trees and water may for years be entirely uninhabited by coons, and the birds may form huge rookeries thereon. The government should exterminate the coons and minks on all the large islands, so as to enable the birds to breed on them; for on the small islands the storms and tides work huge havoc with the nests.

Captain Young proved himself not only a first-class captain but a first-class pilot through the shifting and tangled maze of channels and islands. The *Royal Tern*, her engines breaking down intermittently, fell so far in the rear that in the early afternoon we anchored, to wait for her, off an island to which a band of pelicans resorted—they had nested, earlier in the year, on another island some leagues distant. The big birds, forty or thereabouts in number, were sitting on a sand-spit which projected into the water, enjoying forth, singly and in small groups. In flying they usually gave a dozen rapid wing-beats, and then sailed for a few seconds. If several were together the leader gave the "time" to the others; they all flapped together, and then all glided together. The neck was carried in a curve, like a heron's; it was only stretched out straight like a stork's or bustard's when the bird was diving. Some of the fishing was done, singly or in parties, in the water, the pelicans surrounding shoals of sardines and shrimps, and scooping them up in their capacious bags. But, although such a large, heavy bird, the brown pelican is an expert wing-fisherman also. A pair would soar round in circles, the bill perhaps pointing downward, instead of, as usual, being held horizontally. Then when the fish was spied the bird plunged down, almost perpendicularly, the neck stretched straight and rigid, and disappeared below the surface of the water with a thump and splash, and in a couple of seconds emerged, rose with some labor, and flew off with its prey. At this point

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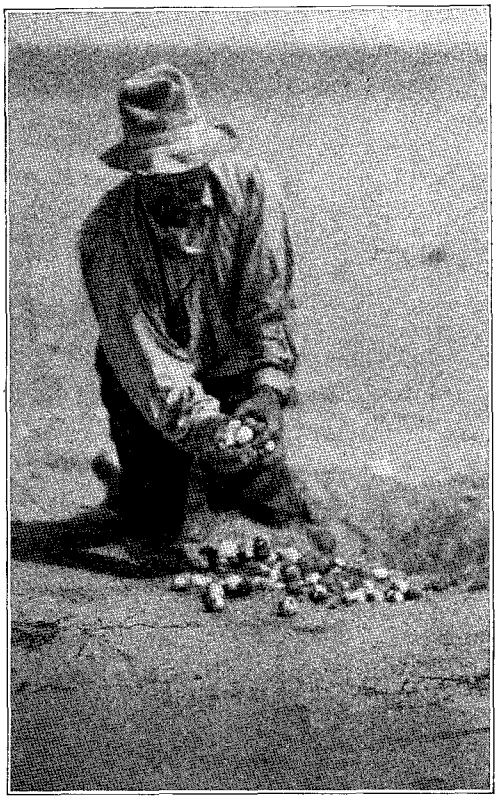
the pelicans had finished breeding before my arrival—although a fortnight later Mr. Job found thousands of fresh eggs in their great rookeries west of the mouth of the Mississippi. The herons had well-grown nestlings; whereas the terns and gulls were in the midst of the breeding; and the skimmers had only just begun. The pelicans often flew only a few yards, or even feet, above the water, but also at times soared or wheeled twenty or thirty rods in the air, or higher. They are handsome, interesting birds, and add immensely, by their presence, to the pleasure of being out on these waters; they should be completely protected everywhere—as, indeed, should most of these sea-birds.



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

On some of the islands we found where green turtles had crawled up the beaches to bury their eggs in the sand.—Page 274.

The two Parker boys—the elder of whom had for years been doing a man's work in the best fashion, and the younger of whom had just received an appointment to Annapolis—kept us supplied with fish; caught with the hook and rod, except the flounders, which were harpooned. The two boys were untiring; nothing impaired their energy, and no chance of fatigue and exertion, at any time of the day or night, appealed to them save as an exhilarating piece of good fortune. At a time when so large a section of our people, including especially those who claim in a special sense to be the guardians of cultivation, philanthropy, and religion, deliberately make a cult of pacifism, poltroonery, sentimentality, and neurotic emotionalism, it was refreshing to see the fine, healthy, manly young fellows who were emphatically neither "too proud to fight" nor too proud to work, and with whom hard work, and gentle regard for the rights of others, and the joy of life, all went hand in hand.

Toward evening of our first day the weather changed for the worse; the fishers among the party were recalled, and just before nightfall we ran off, and after much groping in the dark we made a reasonably safe anchorage. By midnight the wind fell, dense swarms of mosquitoes came aboard, and, as our mosquito-nets were not well up (thanks partly to our own improvidence, and partly to the violence of the wind, for we were sleeping on deck because of the great heat), we lived in torment until morning. On the subsequent nights we fixed our mosquito-bars so carefully that there was no trouble. Mosquitoes and huge, green-headed horse-flies swarm on most of the islands. I witnessed one curious incident in connection with one of these big, biting horse-flies. A kind of wasp preys on them, and is locally known as the "horse-guard," or "sheriff-fly" accordingly. These horse-guards are formidable-looking things and at first rather alarm strangers, hovering round them and their horses; but they never assail beast or man unless themselves molested, when they are ready enough to use their powerful sting. The horses and cattle speedily recognize these big, humming, hornet-like horse-guards as the foes of their tormentors.

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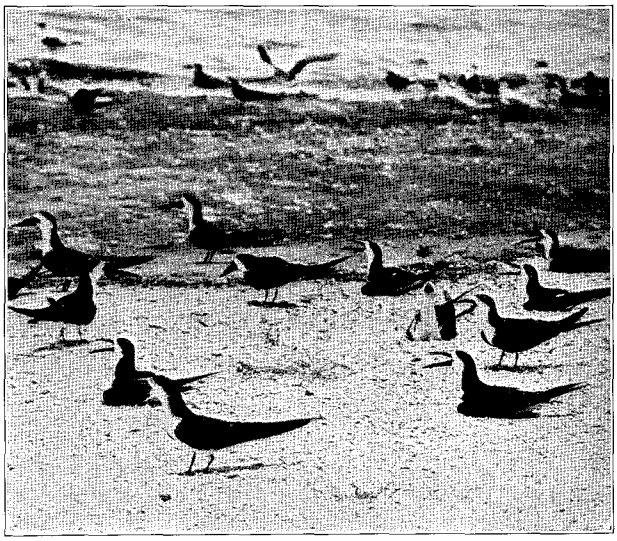
From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Black skimmers, Brattledore Island, Louisiana.

They hovered over our heads with the same noisy protest against our presence.—Page 274.



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Black skimmers returning to their nests.

As we approached their nesting-places all these birds rose, and clamored loudly, lighting not far off, and returning to their nests as we moved away.—Page 275.

As we walked over the islands, and the green-headed flies followed us, horse-guards also joined us; and many greenheads and some horse-guards came on board. Usually when the horse-guard secured the greenhead it was pounced on from behind, and there was practically no struggle—the absence of struggle being usual in the world of invertebrates, where the automaton-like actions of both preyer and prey tend to make each case resemble all others in its details. But on one occasion the greenhead managed to turn, so that he fronted his assailant and promptly grappled with him, sinking his evil lancet into the wasp's body and holding the wasp so tight that the latter could not thrust with its sting. They grappled thus for several minutes. The horse-guard at last succeeded in stabbing its antagonist, and promptly dropped the dead body. Evidently it had suffered much, for it vigorously rubbed the wounded spot with its third pair of legs, walked hunched up, and was altogether a very sick creature.

On the following day we visited two or three islands which the man-of-war birds were using as roosts. These birds are the most wonderful fliers in the world. No other bird has such an expanse of wing in proportion to the body weight.

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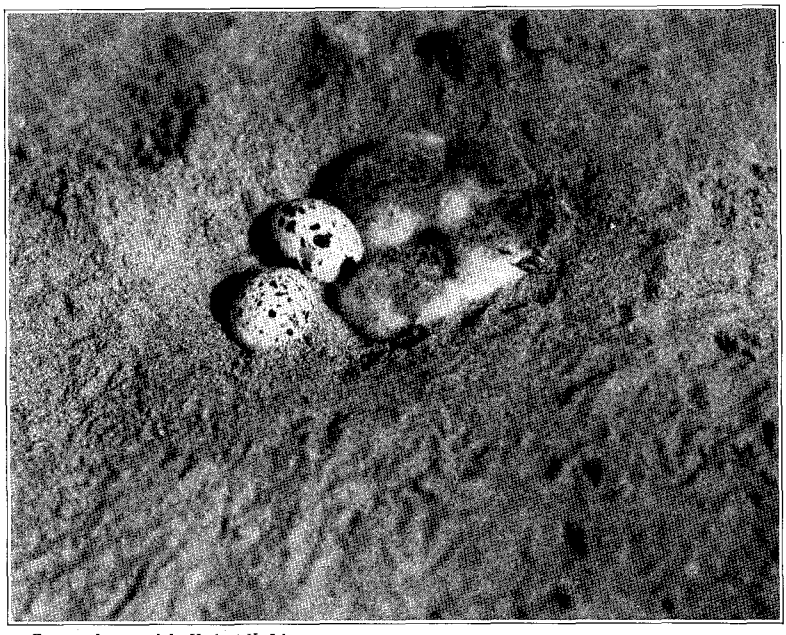
No other bird of its size seems so absolutely at home in the air. Frigate-birds —as they are also called—hardly ever light on the water, yet they are sometimes seen in mid-ocean. But they like to live in companies, near some coast. They have very long tails, usually carried closed, looking like a marlinspike, but at times open, like a great pair of scissors, in the course of their indescribably graceful aerial evolutions. We saw flier; the tern towered, ascending so high we could hardly see it, but in great spirals its pursuers rose still faster, until one was above it; and then the tern dropped the fish, which was snatched in mid-air by one of the bandits. Captain Sprinkle had found these frigate-birds breeding on one of the islands the previous year, each nest being placed in a bush and containing two eggs. We visited the island; the big birds—the old males jet



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Nest of black skimmers.

There was no nest at all, nothing but a slight hollow in the sand or gravel or shell débris.—Page 275.

them soaring for hours at a time, sometimes to all seeming absolutely motionless as they faced the wind. They sometimes caught fish for themselves, just rippling the water to seize surface swimmers, or pouncing with startling speed on any fish which for a moment leaped into the air to avoid another shape of ravenous death below. If the frigate-bird caught the fish transversely, it rose, dropped its prey, and seized it again by the head before it struck the water. But it also obtained its food in less honorable fashion, by robbing other birds. The pelicans were plundered by *all* their fish-eating neighbors, even the big terns; but the man-of-war bird robbed the robbers. We saw three chase a royal tern, a very strong black, the females with white breasts, the young males with white heads—were there in numbers, perched on the bushes, and rising at our approach. But there were no nests, and, although we found one fresh egg, it was evidently a case of sporadic laying, having nothing to do with home building.

On another island, where we also found a big colony of frigate-birds roosting on the mangrove and gulf tamarisk scrub, there was a small heronry of the Louisiana heron. The characteristic flimsy heron nests were placed in the thick brush, which was rather taller than a man's head. The young ones had left the nests, but were still too young for anything in the nature of sustained flight. They

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were, like all young herons, the pictures of forlorn and unlovely inefficiency, as they flapped a few feet away and strove with ungainly awkwardness to balance themselves on the yielding bush-tops. The small birds we found on the islands were red-winged blackbirds, Louisiana seaside sparrows, and long-billed marsh-wrens —which last had built their domed houses among the bushes, in default of tall reeds. On one island Job discovered a night-hawk on her nest. She fluttered off, doing the wounded-bird trick, leaving behind her an egg and a newly hatched chick. He went off to get his umbrella-house, and when he returned the other egg was hatching, and another little chick, much distressed by the heat, appeared. He stood up a clam-shell to give it shade, and then, after patient waiting, the mother returned, and he secured motion pictures of her and her little family. These birds offer very striking examples of real protective coloration.

The warm shallows, of course, teem with molluscs as well as with fish—not to mention the shrimps, which go in immense silver schools, and which we found delicious eating. The occasional violent storms, when they do not destroy islands, throw up on them huge dikes or ramparts of shells, which makes the walking hard on the feet.

There are more formidable things than shells in the warm shallows. The fishermen as they waded near shore had to be careful lest they should step on a sting-ray. When a swim was proposed as our boat swung at anchor in mid-channel, under the burning midday sun, Captain Sprinkle warned us against it because he had just seen a large shark. He said that sharks rarely attacked men, but that he had known of two instances of their doing so in Mississippi Sound, one ending fatally. In this case the man was loading a sand schooner. He was standing on a scaffolding, the water half-way up his thighs, and the shark seized him and carried him into deep water. Boats went to his assistance at once, scaring off the shark; but the man's leg had been bitten nearly in two; he sank, and was dead when he was finally found.

The following two days we continued our cruise. We steamed across vast reaches of open gulf, the water changing

From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Home life of the laughing gull.

The gulls' dark-green eggs lay on a rude platform of marsh-grass, which was usually partially sheltered by some bush or tuft of reeds.—Page 274.

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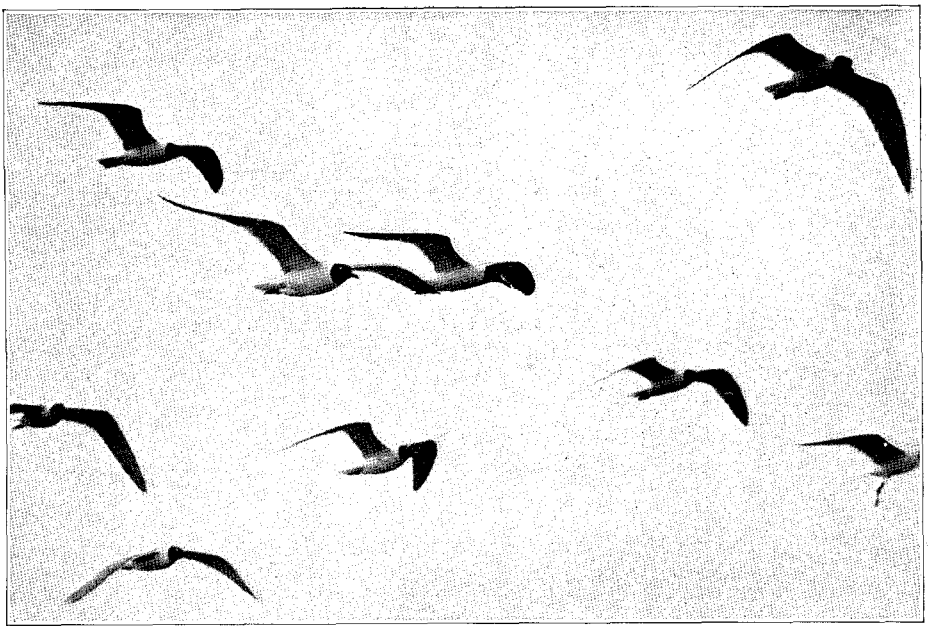

From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Laughing gull study.

They looked very trim and handsome, both on the wing and when swimming or walking.—Page 276.

from blue to yellow as it shoaled. Now and then we sighted or passed low islands of bare sand and scrub. The sky was sapphire, the sun splendid and pitiless, the heat sweltering. We came across only too plain evidence of the disasters always hanging over the wilderness folk. A fortnight previously a high tide and a heavy blow had occurred coincidentally. On the islands where the royal terns especially loved to nest the high water spelt destruction. The terns nest close together, in bird cities, so to speak, and generally rather low on the beaches. On island after island the waves had washed over the nests and destroyed them by the ten thousand. The beautiful royal terns were the chief sufferers. On one island there was a space perhaps nearly an acre in extent where the ground was covered with their eggs, which had been washed thither by the tide; most of them had then been eaten by those smart-looking highwaymen, the trim, slate-headed laughing gulls. The terns had completely deserted the island and had gone in their thousands to another; but some skimmers remained and were nesting. The westernmost island we visited was outside the national reservation, and that very morning it had been visited and plundered by a party of eggers. The eggs had been completely cleared from most of the island, gulls and terns had been shot, and the survivors were in a frantic state of excitement. It was a good object-lesson in the need of having reserves, and laws protecting wild life, and a sufficient number of efficient officers to enforce the laws and protect the reserves. Defenders of the short-sighted men who in their greed and selfishness will, if permitted, rob our country of half its charm by their reckless extermination of all useful and beautiful wild things sometimes seek to champion them by saying that "the game belongs to the people." So it does; and not merely to the people now alive, but to the unborn people. The "greatest good of the greatest number" applies to the number within the womb of time, compared to which those now alive form but an insignificant fraction. Our duty to the whole, including the unborn generations, bids us restrain an unprincipled present-day minority from wasting the heritage of these unborn generations. The movement for the conservation of wild life, and

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From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Royal and Cabot's terns breeding.

Their breeding-places were strung in a nearly straight line for a couple of miles along the sand flats.—Page 278.

From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Royal and Cabot's terns.

We admired the silver of their plumage as they flew overhead.—Page 277.

the larger movement for the conservation of all our natural resources, are essentially democratic in spirit, purpose, and method.

On some of the islands we found where green turtles had crawled up the beaches to bury their eggs in the sand. We came across two such nests. One of them I dug up myself. The eggs we took to the boat, where they were used in making delicious pancakes, which went well with fresh shrimp, flounder, weakfish, mackerel, and mullet.

The laughing gulls and the black skimmers were often found with their nests intermingled, and they hovered over our heads with the same noisy protest against our presence. Although they often—not always—nested so close together, the nests were in no way alike. The gulls' dark-green eggs, heavily blotched with brown, two or three in number, lay on a rude platform of marsh-grass, which was usually partially sheltered by some bush or tuft of reeds, or, if on wet ground, was on a low pile of driftwood. The skimmers' eggs, light whitish green and less

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heavily marked with brown, were, when the clutch was full, four to six in number. There was no nest at all, nothing but a slight hollow in the sand or gravel or shell débris. In the gravel or among the shell débris it was at first hard to pick up the eggs; but as our eyes grew accustomed to them we found them without difficulty. Sometimes we found the nests of gull and skimmer within a couple of feet of one another, one often under or in a bush, the other always out on the absolutely bare open. Considering the fact that the gull stood ready, with cannibal cheerfulness, to eat the skimmer's eggs if opportunity offered, I should have thought that to the latter bird such association would have seemed rather grewsome; but, as a matter of fact, there seemed to be no feeling of constraint whatever, on either side, and the only fighting I saw, and this of a very mild type, was among the gulls themselves. As we approached their nesting-places all these birds rose, and clamored loudly as they hovered over us, lighting not far off, and returning to their nests as we moved away.

The skimmers are odd, interesting birds, and on the whole were, if anything, rather tamer even than the royal terns and laughing gulls, their constant associates. They came close behind these two in point of abundance. They flew round and round us, and to and fro, continually uttering their loud single note, the bill being held half open as they did so. The lower mandible, so much longer than the upper, gives them a curious look. Ordinarily the bill is held horizontally and closed; but when after the small fish on which they feed the lower mandible is dropped to an angle of forty-five degrees, ploughing lightly the surface of the water and scooping up the prey. They fly easily, with at ordinary times rather deliberate strokes of their long wings, wheeling and circling, and continually crying if roused from their nests. When flying the white of their plumage is very conspicuous, and as they flapped around every detail of form and coloration, of bill and plumage, could be observed.

When sitting they appear almost black, and in consequence when on their nests, on the beaches, or on the white shell dikes they are visible half a mile off, and stand out as distinctly as a crow on a snow-bank. They are perfectly aware of this, and make no attempt to elude observation, any more than the gulls and terns do. The fledglings are concealingly colored, and crouch motionless, so as to escape no-

From a photograph by J. H. Coquille

As we approached a breeding colony, the birds would fly up, hover about, and resettle when we drew back a sufficient distance.—Page 278.

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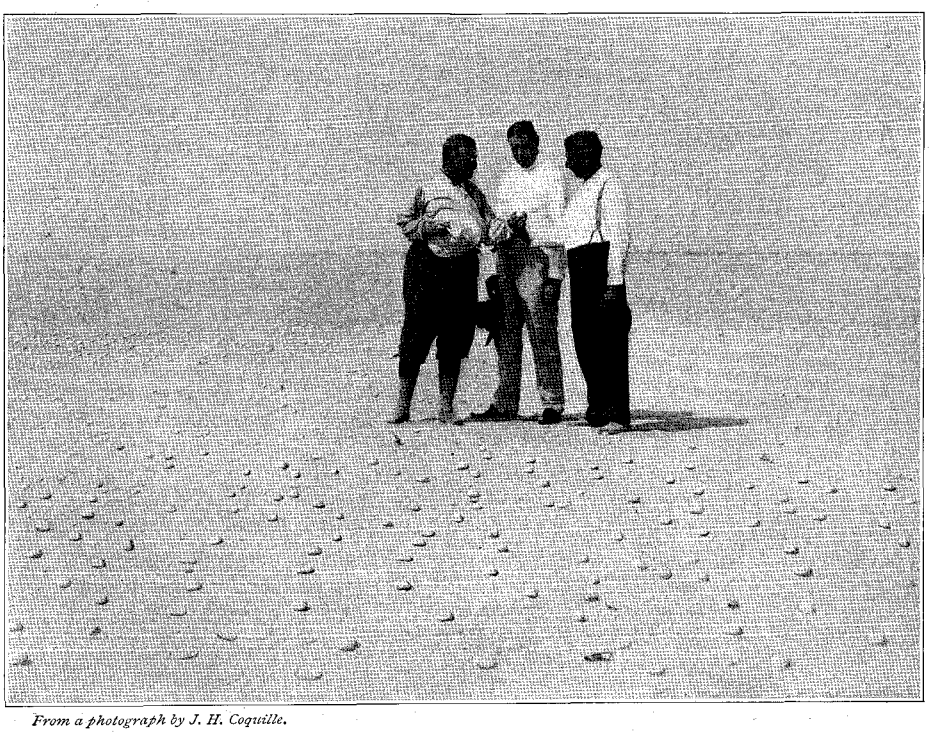
tice from possible enemies; and the eggs, while they do not in color harmonize with the surroundings to the extent that they might artificially be made to do, yet easily escape the eye when laid on a beach composed of broken sea-shells. But the coloration of the adults is of a strikingly advertising character, under all circumstances, and especially when they are sitting on their nests. Among all the vagaries of the fetishistic school of concealing colorationists none is more amusing than the belief that the coloration of the adult skimmer is ever, under any conditions, of a concealing quality. Sometimes the brooding skimmer attempted to draw us away from the nest by fluttering off across the sand like a wounded bird. Like the gulls, the skimmers moved about much more freely on the ground than did the terns.

The handsome little laughing gull was found everywhere, and often in numerous colonies, although these colonies were not larger than those of the skimmer, and in no way approached the great breeding assemblages of the royal terns on the two or three islands where the latter especially congregated. They were noisy birds, continually uttering a single loud note, but only occasionally the queer laughter which gives them their name. They looked very trim and handsome, both on the wing and when swimming or walking; and their white breasts and dark heads made them very conspicuous on their nests, no matter whether these were on open ground or partially concealed in a bush or reed cluster. Like the skimmers, although perhaps not quite so markedly, their coloration was strongly advertising at all times, including when on their nests. Their relations with their two constant associates and victims, the skimmer and the royal tern—the three being about the same size—seemed to me very curious. The gull never molested the eggs of either of the other birds if the parents were sitting on them or were close by. But gulls continually broke and devoured eggs, especially terns' eggs which had been temporarily abandoned. Nor was this all.



From a photograph by J. H. Coquille.

Examining the eggs of the royal tern.

On one island there was a space perhaps nearly an acre in extent where the ground was covered with their eggs, which had been washed thither by the tide.—Page 273.

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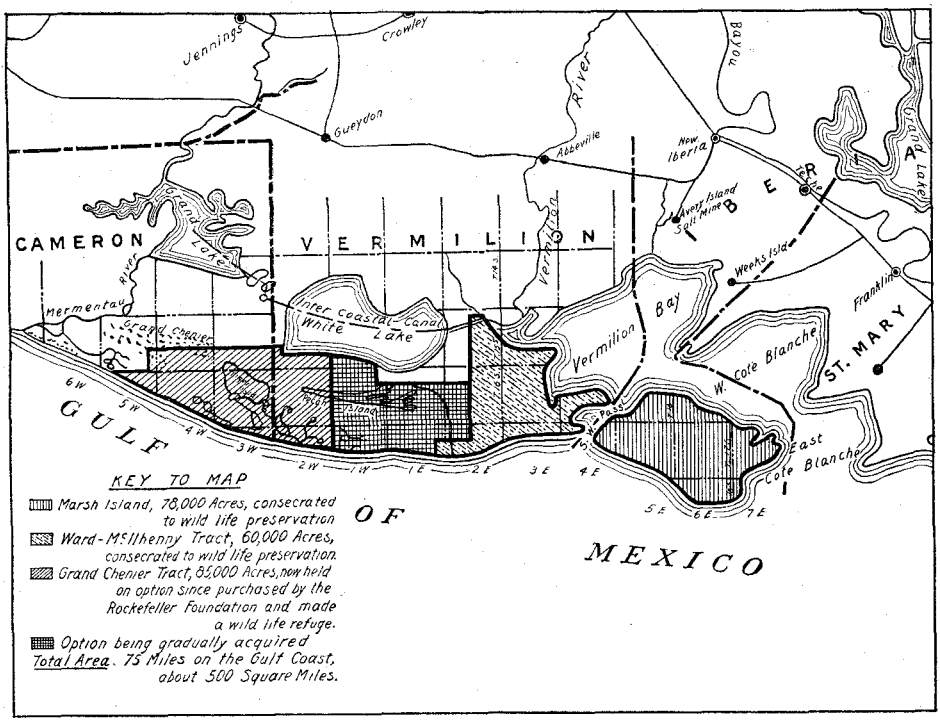

Map showing bird refuges on the coast of Louisiana west of the Mississippi delta.

When a colony of nesting royal terns flew off at our approach, the hesitating advent of the returning parents was always accompanied by the presence of a few gulls. Commonly the birds lit a few yards away from the eggs, on the opposite side from the observer, and then by degrees moved forward among the temporarily forsaken eggs. The gulls were usually among the foremost ranks, and each, as it walked or ran to and fro, would now and then break or carry off an egg; yet I never saw a tern interfere or seem either alarmed or angered. These big terns are swifter and better flyers than the gulls, and the depredations take place all the time before their eyes. Yet they pay no attention that I could discern to the depredation. Compare this with the conduct of king-birds to those other egg-robbers the crows. Imagine a king-bird, or, for that matter, a mocking-bird or thrasher, submitting with weak good humor to such treatment! If these big terns had even a fraction of the intelligence and spirit of king-birds no gull would venture within a half-mile of their nesting-grounds.

It is one of the innumerable puzzles of biology that the number of eggs a bird lays seems to have such small influence on the abundance of the species. A royal tern lays one egg, rarely two; a gull three; a skimmer four to six. The gull eats the eggs of the other two, especially of the tern; as far as we know all have the same foes; yet the abundance of the birds is in inverse ratio to the number of their eggs. Of course there is an explanation; but we cannot even guess at it as yet. With this, as with so many other scientific questions, all we can say is, with Huxley, that we are not afraid to announce that we do not know.

The beautiful royal terns were common enough, flying in the air and diving boldly after little fish. We listened with interest to their cry, which was a kind of creaking bleat. We admired the silver of their plumage as they flew overhead. But we did not come across vast numbers of them assembled for breeding until the fourth day. Then we found them on an island on which Captain Sprinkle told us he had never before found them, although both

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skimmers and gulls had always nested on it. The previous fall he had waged war with traps against the coons, which, although there was no fresh water, had begun to be plentiful on the island. He had caught a number, two escaping, one with the loss of a hind foot, and one with the loss of a fore foot. The island was seven miles long, curved, with occasional stretches of salt marsh, and with reaches of scrub, but no trees. Most of it was bare sand. We saw three coon tracks, two being those of the three-footed animals; evidently the damaged leg was now completely healed and was used like the others, punching a round hole in the sand. We saw one coon, at dusk, hunting for oysters at the water's edge.

The gulls and skimmers were nesting on this island in great numbers, but the terns were many times more plentiful. There were thousands upon thousands of them. Their breeding-places were strung in a nearly straight line for a couple of miles along the sand flats. A mile off, from our boat, we were attracted by their myriad forms, glittering in the brilliant sunlight as they rose and fell and crossed and circled over the nesting-places. The day was bright and hot, and the sight was one of real fascination. As we approached a breeding colony the birds would fly up, hover about, and resettle when we drew back a sufficient distance. The eggs, singly or rarely in pairs, were placed on the bare sand, with no attempt at a nest, the brooding bird being sometimes but a few inches, sometimes two or three feet, from the nearest of its surrounding neighbors. The colonies of breeders were scattered along the shore for a couple of miles, each one being one or two hundred yards, or over, from the next. In one such breeding colony I counted a little over a thousand eggs; there were several of smaller size, and a few that were larger, one having perhaps three times as many. A number of the eggs, perhaps ten per cent, had been destroyed by the gulls; the coons had ravaged some of the gulls' nests, which were in or beside the scrub. The eggs of the terns, being so close together and on the bare sand, were very conspicuous; they were visible to a casual inspection at a distance of two or three hundred yards, and it was quite impossible for any bird or beast to overlook them near by. These gregarious nesters, whose eggs are gathered in a big nursery, cannot profit by any concealing coloration of the eggs. The eggs of the royal and Cabot's terns were perhaps a shade less conspicuous than the darker eggs of the Caspian tern, all of them lying together; but on that sand, and crowded into such a regular nursery, none of them could have escaped the vision of any foe with eyes. As I have said, the eggs of the skimmer, as the clutches were more scattered, were much more difficult to make out, on the shell beaches. Concealing coloration has been a survival factor only as regards a minority, and is responsible for the precise coloration of only a small minority, of adult birds and mammals; how much and what part it plays, and in what percentage of cases, in producing the coloration of eggs, is a subject which is well worth serious study. As regards most of these sea-birds which nest gregariously, their one instinct for safety at nesting time seems to be to choose a lonely island. This is their only, and sufficient, method of outwitting their foes at the crucial period of their lives.

We found only eggs in the nurseries, not young birds. In each nursery there were always a number of terns brooding their eggs, and the air above was filled with a ceaseless flutter and flashing of birds leaving their nests and returning to them—or eggs, rather, for, speaking accurately, there were no nests. The sky above was alive with the graceful, long-winged birds. As we approached the nurseries the birds would begin to leave. If we halted before the alarm became universal, those that stayed always served as lures to bring back those that had left. If we came too near, the whole party rose in a tumult of flapping wings; and when all had thus left it was some time before any returned. With patience it was quite possible to get close to the sitting birds; I noticed that in the heat many had their bills open. Those that were on the wing flew round and round us, creaking and bleating, and often so near that every detail of form and color was vivid in our eyes. The immense majority were royal terns, big birds with orange beaks. With them were a very few Caspian terns, still bigger, and with bright red beaks, and quite a number of Cabot's terns, smaller birds with yel-

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low-tipped black beaks. These were all nesting together, in the same nurseries.

It has been said on excellent authority that terns can always be told from gulls because, whereas the latter carry their beaks horizontally, the terns carry their bills pointing downward "like a mosquito." My own observations do not agree with this statement. When hovering over water where there are fish, and while watching for their prey, terns point the bill downward, just as pelicans do in similar circumstances; just as gulls often do when they are seeking to spy food below them. But normally, on the great majority of the occasions when I saw them, the terns, like the gulls, carried the bill in the same plane as the body.

On another island we found a small colony of Forster's tern; and we saw sooty terns, and a few of the diminutive least terns. But I was much more surprised to find on, or rather over, one island a party of black terns. As these are inland birds, most of which at this season are breeding around the lakes of our Northwestern country, I was puzzled by their presence. Still more puzzling was it to come across a party of turnstones, with males in full, brightly varied nuptial dress, for turnstones during the breeding season live north of the arctic circle, in the perpetual sunlight of the long polar day. On the other hand, a couple of big oyster-catchers seemed, and were, entirely in place; they are striking birds and attract attention at a great distance. We saw dainty Wilson's plover with their chicks, and also semipalmated sandpipers.

On the morning of the 12th we returned to Pass Christian. I was very glad to have seen this bird refuge. With care and protection the birds will increase and grow tamer and tamer, until it will be possible for any one to make trips among these reserves and refuges, and to see as much as we saw, at even closer quarters. No sight more beautiful and more interesting could be imagined.

I am far from disparaging the work of the collector who is also a field naturalist. On the contrary, I fully agree with Mr. Joseph Grinnell's recent plea for him. His work is indispensable. It is far more important to protect his rights than to protect those of the sportsman; for the serious work of the collector is necessary in order to prevent the scientific study of ornithology from lapsing into mere dilettanteism indulged in as a hobby by men and women with opera-glasses. Moreover, sportsmen also have their rights, and it is folly to sacrifice these rights to mere sentimentality—for, of course, sentimentality is as much the antithesis and bane of healthy sentiment as bathos is of pathos. If thoroughly protected any bird or mammal would speedily increase in numbers to such a degree as to drive man from the planet; and of recent years this has been signally proved by actual experience as regards certain creatures, notably as regards the wapiti in the Yellowstone (where the prime need now is to provide for the annual killing of at least five thousand), and to a less extent as regards deer in Vermont.

But as yet these cases are rare exceptions. As yet with the great majority of our most interesting and important wild birds and beasts the prime need is to protect them, not only by laws limiting the open season and the size of the individual bag, but especially by the creation of sanctuaries and refuges. And, while the work of the collector is still necessary, the work of the trained faunal naturalist, who is primarily an observer of the life histories of the wild things, is even more necessary. The progress made in the United States, of recent years, in creating and policing bird refuges, has been of capital importance.

On the initiative of the Audubon Society, the national government, when I was President, began the work and established, from March 14, 1903, to March 2, 1909, fifty-two reservations; since then, from April 11, 1911, to January 20, 1915, seventeen more reservations have been added by government action. A full list of these will be found in my volume, "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," which is about to be published.

At nightfall of the third day of our trip, when we were within sight of Fort Jackson and of the brush and low trees which here grow alongside the Mississippi, we were joined by Mr. M. L. Alexander, the president of the Conservation Commission, on the commission's boat *Louisiana*. He was more than kind and courteous, as were all my Louisiana friends. He and

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Mr. Miller told me much of the work of the commission; work not only of the utmost use to Louisiana, but of almost equal consequence to the rest of the country, if only for the example set.

The commission was not founded until 1912, yet it has already accomplished a remarkable amount along many different lines. The work of reforestation of great stretches of denuded, and at present worthless, pine land has begun; work which will turn lumbering into a permanent Louisiana industry by making lumber a permanent crop asset, like corn or wheat, only taking longer to mature—an asset which it is equally important not to destroy. In taking care of the mineral resources a stop has been put to waste as foolish as it was criminal; for example, a gas-well which had flowed to waste until six million dollars' worth of gas had been lost was stopped and stored at the cost of five thousand one hundred dollars. The oysters are now farmed and husbanded, the beds being leased in such fashion that there is a steady improvement of the product. Louisiana is peculiarly rich in fish, and a policy has been inaugurated which if persevered in will make the paddle-fish industry as important as the sturgeon fishery is in Russia. Not only do the waters of Louisiana now belong to the State, but also the land under the water, this last proving in practise an admirable provision. Some three hundred thousand acres of game reserves and wild-life refuges (mostly uninhabitable by man) have now been established. These have largely been gifts to the State by wise and generous private individuals and corporations, the chief donors being Messrs. Edward A. McIlhenny and Charles Willis Ward, Mrs. Russell Sage, and the Rockefeller Foundation. The Conservation Commission has accepted the gifts, and is taking care of the reserves and refuges through its State wardens, with the result that wild birds of many kinds, including even the wary geese, which come down as winter visitants by the hundred thousand, have become very tame, and many beautiful birds which were on the verge of extinction are now re-established and increasing in numbers. These reserves, which lie for the most part in the low country along the coast, are west of the Mississippi.

Job had just come from a visit to the private reserve of Edward A. McIlhenny on Avery Island. It is the most noteworthy reserve in the country. It includes four thousand acres, and is near the Ward-McIlhenny reserve, which they have given to the State—a king's gift! Avery Island is very beautiful. A great, shallow, artificial lake, surrounded by dwellings, fields, lawns, a railroad and ox-wagon road, does not seem an ideal home for herons, but it has proved so under the care of Mr. McIlhenny. He started the reserve twenty years ago with eight snowy herons. Now it contains about forty thousand herons of several species. Complete freedom from molestation has rendered the birds extraordinarily tame. The beautiful snow-white lesser egret, which had been almost exterminated by the plume-hunters, flourishes by the thousand; the greater egret has been bothered so by the smaller one that it has retired before it; its heronries are now to be found mainly in other parts of the protected region. Many other kinds of heron, and many water-fowl, literally throng the place. Ducks winter by the thousand, and, most unexpectedly, some even of the northern kinds, like the gad-wall, now stay to breed. Most of these birds are so tame that there is little difficulty in taking photographs of them.

The Audubon societies, and all similar organizations, are doing a great work for the future of our country. Birds should be saved because of utilitarian reasons; and, moreover, they should be saved because of reasons unconnected with any return in dollars and cents. A grove of giant redwoods or sequoias should be kept just as we keep a great and beautiful cathedral. The extermination of the passenger-pigeon meant that mankind was just so much poorer; exactly as in the case of the destruction of the cathedral at Rheims. And to lose the chance to see frigate-birds soaring in circles above the storm, or a file of pelicans winging their way homeward across the crimson afterglow of the sunset, or a myriad terns flashing in the bright light of midday as they hover in a shifting maze above the beach —why, the loss is like the loss of a gallery of the masterpieces of the artists of old time.

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Cossack Timoch in his coat of lamb's skin.

A RUSSIAN PAINTER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR

SCENES IN RUSSIA AND FRANCE BY LÉON GASPARD

By James B. Carrington

THE great pictures of the present war will be painted when it is over, when time has healed old wounds, when the world has again adjusted itself to the conditions of peace. The artist-historians of the future will have had time to think upon the great significant aspects of this war, with the idea of giving pictorial permanency to the new conditions that have made it different from all the wars the world has known. The aeroplane and the motor will have their place, and instead of the rushing crowds of helmeted and plumed cuirassiers standing high in their stirrups shouting and waving their swords, with the splendid

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impetus of Meissonier's 1807, there will be scenes of artillery duels, shells bursting over seemingly placid hillsides, long lines of trenches, ditches dug in the heart of the brown old earth, lined with rows of riflemen and machine guns, and the pitiful scenes on the ground that lies between the trenches when the fight is over. War has lost its glamour, become a grim test of waiting, of preparedness, of superior machinery and organization. In the January SCRIBNER, 1915, there appeared an article on "War and the Artist," by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum. It dealt with the wars of the past, wars that were memorable, but wars that, with the knowledge of the present world's war, will be almost forgotten. War has appealed to the artist since the world began—"It was the glory of war that was the theme of the earlier paintings; the exaltation of the sovereign, the conqueror, forms the chief motive of the war picture of antiquity. The monarch was the hero before whose terrible sword all foes gave way, to whom victory came to his personal might and prowess."

Cossack Yagor, whose great ambition is to capture the Kaiser.

The present war has, as never before, enlisted the services of artists in the active part of the war itself. Hundreds of them have answered the call of their countries and gone to the front to serve in the trenches, and an appeal is being made now for money and clothing for their families and children left behind. In the recent exhibition of work by French

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The last good-bys in Irkutsk, the capital of eastern Siberia, three hours after the mobilization.

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artists on the firing line, in the gallery of the Museum of French Art in the Scribner Building, there were many interesting sketches in water-color, pastel, pencil, and pen-and-ink of scenes at the front. Pictures of camps, of men in the trenches, of destroyed villages, of the wounded.

A little German corporal, prisoner in Russia.

It was Verestchagin who best made known, in his massive canvases, the real horrors of war. He was a grim realist who spared no one's feelings. Said Mr. Zogbaum: "I do not think there is much beauty in the canvases of the Russian painter Verestchagin, but no one could deny the strength and power of his merciless handling of the savage and unhappy side of war."

In the sketches of the French artists, and many others that have come from the front, there has been no time for elaborate composition, for grandiose arrangement, for the presentation of heroics. In their very simplicity and directness, their humanness, their visualizing of the things that the war means to many men who simply stand and wait, lies their power, their appeal to the sympathies.

Hanging in the Vanderbilt Gallery of the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York was a small picture by a young Russian artist now in America, whose name is probably unknown to all but a few who have been familiar with the annual shows at the Paris Salon. The picture is entitled "Le Retour de Kermesse," and depicts a group of

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German prisoners passing through Vilna, Russia.

Russian peasants. It is strikingly rich in color, with the reds and blues and yellows and greens of the very picturesque Russian costumes relieved with patches of snow, and attracted the notice of both laymen and artists by the skilful way the painter has arranged and harmonized the significant spots of strong color. No one could possibly mistake it for the work of any one but a native Russian. It has the qualities that have made the work of the few really distinguished Russian painters so notable. Léon Gaspard is known to his own countrymen as one of the foremost of the younger Russian painters of to-day, and

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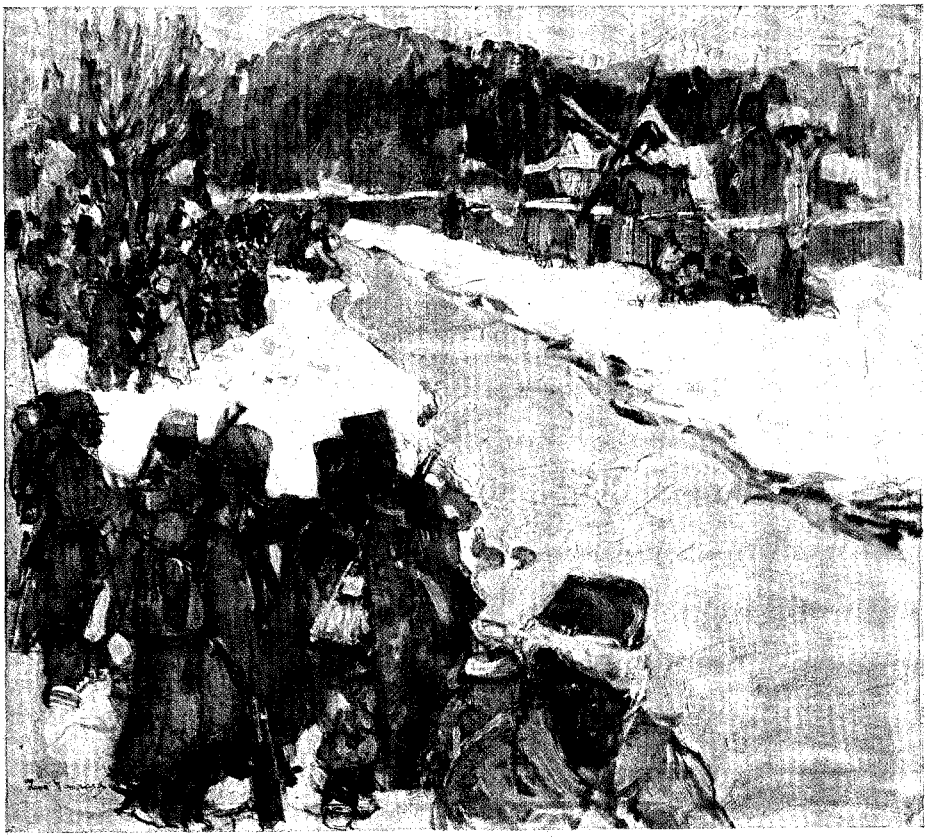
for a number of years he has been a regular contributor to the French Salon. He has recently come to America, after some most exciting experiences in following the armies in the war zones, including a fall in an aeroplane with which he was acting as observer and narrowly escaped being killed. He has brought with him a remarkable series of small paintings and sketches of scenes he has witnessed in Russia and France. They have all the truth and directness of work done manifestly from nature. They are not in any sense studio compositions, imaginary things done from memory, or from field-notes. They are literal transcripts in color of actual scenes done on the spot. His one wish now is to forget the war as he has known it; he does not even like to talk of it. His impressions are too full of its horrors.



Ypres, 1915. Senegal soldiers after receiving first aid.

He says that the big Siberian Cossack Timoch, who was in charge of a hundred men, was the real master of their destinies, for from him only would they take orders; so far as they were concerned he had all the power of the Czar himself, or the most begilded general at the front. He was a genial giant, with a typical Russian peasant's fondness for the national drink. On being presented, after a very special request, with a bottle of vodka, no corkscrew being handy he gave the bottom of the bottle a slap with his big hand and the cork departed like a bullet from a rifle. Cossack Yagor was about twenty-five years old, and quite a different type —the sort of Cossack that we read about, a wild savage of the steppes, the Cossack as he appears in our Wild West shows. His one ambition was to capture a German, and each one he captured, or saw

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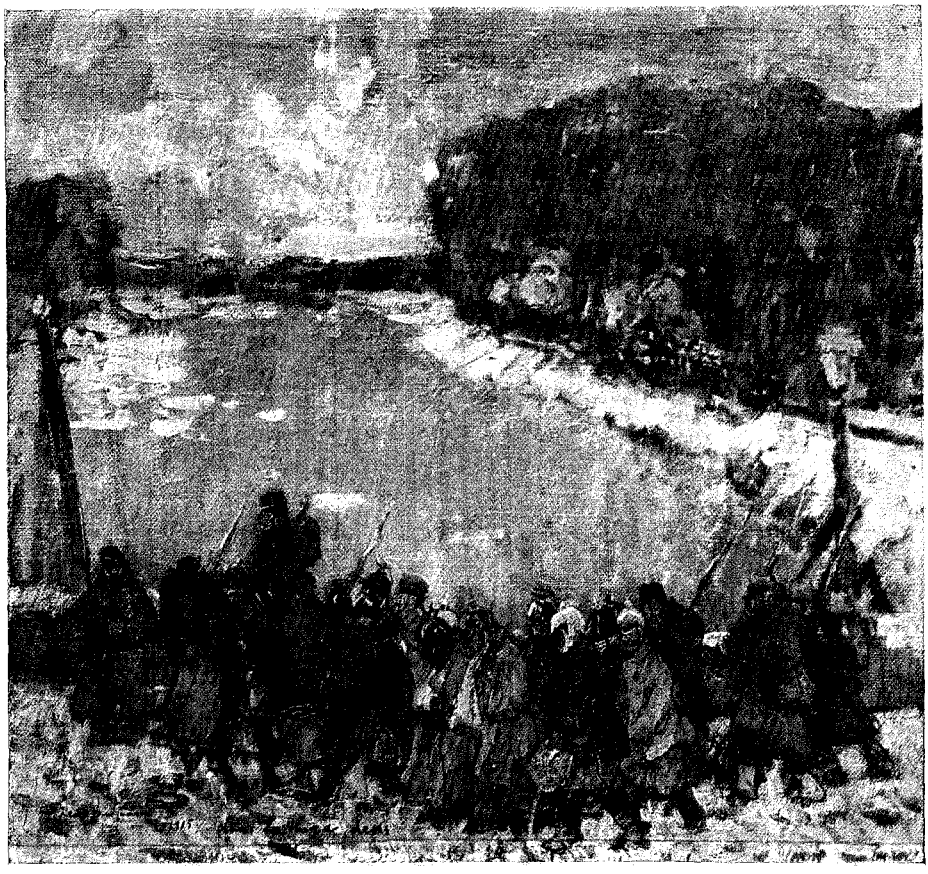
captured, he fondly hoped might be the Kaiser.

"The last good-bys" is no doubt typical of similar scenes that have occurred all over Europe; only here is the background of winter snow and the characteristic Russian costume. There are the same sweethearts and wives and little children, the same heart-breaks, the same feeling that many will never come home again. The group in the foreground are saying good-by to the entraining troops. The little German corporal, a prisoner of war (the artist says one of the youngest German corporals in Russia), is a pathetic small figure, but there is something sturdy and fine in the spirit of the youngster. One can imagine him having rather a good time as a prisoner, so far as his treatment is concerned. But he seems to take himself very seriously as one of the Kaiser's soldiers, and would no doubt much rather be back in the trenches fighting for the fatherland.

The march of the German prisoners through the streets of Vilna is another scene that is being repeated again and again in both armies. Many of these prisoners will be probably numbered for a long while among the missing, and it may be many months before those at home will know that some of them may come back again. It is a forlorn procession, but gay in its outward aspects, with the bright colors of the costumes.



German prisoners in the north of France.

None of the troops in the trenches are more picturesque than the famous Senegals of the French army. They are brave fighters, inured to hardships and ready to smile over their wounds. Hardly any of them know more than a few words of French, but these few have signified much

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Senegal soldiers resting in a garden of a hospital in northern France.

to them and they seem never tired of repeating them. They evidently have a great admiration, as has all the world, for the famous French seventy-fives, and lying on the ground with their crutches beside them they will repeat again and again: "Soixante-quinze, très bon, très bon, poom poom, poom, poom, poom, ah!" It afforded them much amusement also to hold their hands up above their heads and call out: "Camarade, camarade, pardon!" imitating the Germans who asked for mercy when they surrendered. Their one great ambition is to recover from their wounds so they can go back again to the fighting line: "Boche, pas bon."

M. Gaspard's work has long been admired among French artists; a well-known Parisian critic writing of his pictures in the Salon of last year said: "The work of Léon Gaspard is a most truthful and significant document of the habits and costumes of the moujiks, workmen, Jews, vagabonds, and poor wretches of the Russian country." They are animated documents, too, taken from life with realistic sincerity. Many of the scenes are made brilliant by their landscape backgrounds of snow. The artist has been his own best teacher, and his methods are distinctly individual, though he has had the advantages of a Paris schooling, having studied under both Bouguereau and Toudouze. Before everything he is a realist, never forsakes nature and life, and his pictures are not studio-made but are done in the open, directly from his models as they happen to pass. They are admirably composed, and he has a fine sense of color. All of his pictures, even the very small sketches, have the brilliancy and beauty of a fine old mosaic. His palette is a simple one, as he employs only pure colors. The finished sketches retain the freshness, brilliancy, and transparency of pastel and water-color. M. Gaspard was born in Vitebsk, Russia. He spends his winters mostly in Russia on the open steppe and his summers chiefly in Paris. He has exhibited at the Salon d'Automne and Aux Artistes Français, and is represented in the Luxembourg. All of his paintings, contrary to those of most Russian artists, are quite small.

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BONNIE MAY

BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

I

THE INTRUSION OF AN ACTRESS

SOMEWHERE up in the gallery an usher opened a window. Instantly a shaft of sunlight pierced the dark interior of the theatre. It created a mote-filled aerial avenue across a vast space and came to an end in a balcony box.

As if it were part of a general theatrical scheme it served as a search-light and brought into brilliant relief the upper part of a child's body. There were blue eyes made lustrous by dark lashes; hair the color of golden-rod, which fell forward over one shoulder and formed a kind of radiant vehicle above for the support of a butterfly of blue ribbon. There were delicate red lips, slightly parted.

The child leaned forward in her place and rested her elbows on the box railing. Her chin nestled in a little crotch, formed by her two hands. She would have resembled one of Rubens's cherubs, if Rubens hadn't conceived his cherubs on quite such a vulgar plane.

It was so that Baron saw her during a brief interval. Then the window up in the gallery was closed, and darkness reigned in the theatre again. The child disappeared as Marguerite always disappears before Faust has obtained more than a seductive glimpse of her.

Baron wondered who she was. She was so close to him that he could have touched her. He wondered how she could have slipped into the box without his seeing or hearing her. The lights had been on when he took his seat, and at that time he occupied the box alone. She must have crept in with the cautiousness of a kitten; or perhaps she had come under cover of the noise of applause.

Then he forgot her. All sorts of people were likely to come into a playhouse during a matinee performance, he reflected.

Dawn was merging into day—in the play. The purple of a make-believe sky turned to lavender, and to pink. The long, horizontal streaks of color faded, and in the stronger light now turned on the stage a gypsy woman who seemed to have been sleeping under a hedge came into view—a young creature, who patted back a yawn which distorted her pretty mouth. Other persons of the drama appeared.

Baron succumbed to the hypnotic power of the theatre: to the beguiling illusions of the stage, with its beautiful voices; the relaxed musicians, unobtrusively disinterested; the dark, indistinct rows of alert forms down in the parquet. Despite what he was pleased to believe was a distinguished indifference in his manner, he was passionately fond of plays, amazingly susceptible to their appeal.

The act ended; light flooded the theatre. Baron's glance again fell upon the intruder who had come to share his box with him. The child really might have been mistaken for an exquisite bit of architectural ornamentation, if she had been placed in a niche in the big proscenium arch. Color and pose and outline all suggested the idea. But now her bearing changed. As she had been absorbed in the meaning of the play, now she became equally interested in the audience, rising in long rows from parquet to gallery. She looked almost aggressively from point to point, with a lack of self-consciousness that was quite remarkable.

People in the audience were noticing her, too; and Baron felt suddenly resentful at being so conspicuously perched before thousands of eyes, in company with a child he knew nothing about.

She appeared to have scrutinized "the house" to her satisfaction. Then she

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turned as if she were slightly bored, and gazed with perfect frankness into Baron's eyes.

"Sold out," she said, as if she were gratified.

Baron did not clearly grasp the fact that she was referring to "the house." A question as to her age occurred to him, but this he could not answer. She must be absurdly young—a baby; yet how could a child of a mere kindergarten age have obtained command of a glance so searching, and at once so complacent? She was not the least bit agitated.

When, presently, she stood up on her chair to obtain a general view of the audience, Baron frowned. She was really a brazen little thing, he reflected, despite her angelic prettiness. And he had a swift fear that she might fall. Looking at her uneasily he realized now that she was quite tawdrily dressed.

His first impression of her had been one of beauty unmarred. (He had not seen immediately that the blue butterfly which rode jauntily on her crown was soiled.) Now a closer inspection discovered a fantastic little dress which might have been designed for a fancy ball—and it was quite old, and almost shabby. Yet its gay colors, not wholly faded, harmonized with some indefinable quality in the little creature, and the whole garment derived a grace from its wearer which really amounted to a kind of elfish distinction.

She spoke again presently, and now Baron was struck by the quality of her voice. It was rather full for a little girl's voice—not the affected pipe of the average vain and pretty child. There was an oddly frank, comrade-like quality in it.

"Do you know what I've got a notion to do?" she inquired.

Baron withdrew farther within himself. "I couldn't possibly guess," he responded. He shook his head faintly, to indicate indifference. She leaned so far over the edge of the box that he feared again for her safety.

"I think you might possibly fall," he said. "Would you mind sitting down?"

She did as he suggested with a prompt and sweet spirit of obedience. "I'm afraid I was careless," she said. Then, looking over more guardedly, she added: "I've got a notion to drop my programme down on that old duck's bald head."

Baron looked down into the parquet. An elderly gentleman, conspicuously bald-headed, sat just beneath them. Something about the shining dome was almost comical. Yet he turned to the child coldly. He marvelled that he had not detected a pert or self-conscious expression of countenance to accompany the words she had spoken. But she was looking into his eyes quite earnestly.

He turned his face away from her for an instant, and then, with an air of having worked out a problem——

"I don't believe I would," he said.

"It might frighten him?" she suggested.

"Not that. He might not think it very polite."

She looked at him studiously a little, her earnest eyes seeming to search his soul. Then she ventured upon a story:

"I got on a street-car with Miss Barry to-day, and we sat down on a seat with a fat woman; and, believe me, the big thing nearly squeezed the gizzard out of me."

Her eyes grew wide with excitement as she achieved the climax. She waited for his comment.

His eyelids quivered slightly. He decided to pay no more attention to her, despite her prettiness. What language! He stared resolutely at his programme a full minute. But he could not shake off the influence of her steady gaze. "I think you must be exaggerating," he said finally, with mild irritation.

"Not at all, really."

"Well, then," he added impatiently, "I think your language is—is indelicate."

"Do you, indeed?" She considered this. "Of course that's a matter of opinion." She abandoned the subject and seemed to be searching his face for a topic which might be more acceptable. "A good many things have happened to me," she ventured presently. "I came within an inch of getting caught by the curtain once."

He had no idea what she meant.

She continued: "It was in a regular tank town somewhere. I never pay any attention to the names of the little towns." Her tone clearly conveyed the fact that she wished to get away from controversial

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topics. She waited, puzzled rather than discouraged, because she received no response. "You know," she elaborated, "the audiences in the little towns don't care much whether it's something legitimate, or a tambourine show with a lot of musty jokes."

Still Baron's inclination was to make no response; but really there was such an amazing contrast between her innocent beauty and her gamin-like speech that he could not easily ignore her.

"I'm not sure I know the difference myself," he confessed.

"Well, you'd rather see 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' than a lot of Honey Boys, wouldn't you?"

"I'm afraid I'd be in favor of the Honey Boys, whoever they are, unless they are pretty bad."

She looked incredulous, and then disappointed. For an instant she turned her back on him with resolution. He observed that she squirmed herself into a position of dignified uprightness in her chair.

After a brief interval she turned to him with renewed hope. "Maybe you're prejudiced against 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?" she ventured.

"Frankly, I am."

"You're not down on the legitimate, though?"

"I like plays—if that's what you mean."

Her forehead wrinkled. "Certainly that's what I mean. What did you think I meant?"

"Why, you see, I wasn't quite sure."

She searched his eyes suspiciously; then suddenly she dimpled. "Tell me—are you an actor? Or aren't you?"

"No—assuredly not!"

She was genuinely embarrassed. She allowed her face to drop into her hands, and Baron felt from her gesture that she must be blushing, though he could see that she was not.

After a little she laughed weakly. "How childish of me!" she exclaimed. "I really had no right to make such a mistake. But please tell me how you happen to be up in this box?"

"The manager was good enough to direct an usher to bring me here."

"Well, you know, I thought this box was always given to us—to the profession, I mean. I do hope you'll forgive me." She seemed prepared to withdraw her interest from him then, as if he no longer concerned her in any way.

But Baron was looking at her searchingly, almost rudely. "Are you an—an actress?" he managed to ask.

Her manner changed. For the first time Baron detected an affectation. She looked beyond him, out toward the chattering audience, with an absurd assumption of weariness.

"I thought everybody knew me," she said. "I'm Bonnie May. You've heard of me, of course?" and she brought her eyes back to his anxiously.

"Why, yes, of course," he assented. He was uncomfortable over the untruth—or over the fact that he had not told it adroitly.

"I wouldn't have talked to you so freely if I hadn't thought you were an actor," she explained. "You know we always treat one another that way."

His manner softened. "I'm sure I understand," he assured her.

He perceived that, despite the lightness of her manner, she was truly ashamed of her mistake. It seemed to him that she was regretfully slipping back into her own world, her own realm of thought. And she was speedily becoming, to him, not a pert minx, but just a lonely, friendly little child.

"I don't believe I know where you are appearing now," he said. For the moment he could not do less than appear to be interested in her.

She moved uncomfortably in her chair. "I'm not doing anything just now," she said. Then her eyes brightened. "The manager skipped just when business was picking up. We had to close our season. Such a jay town we closed in. The people wanted to hold our trunks!"

"But they didn't?"

"No, we gave one more performance, so we could square up."

"Why shouldn't you have kept on giving performances?"

"Of course, you wouldn't understand. You see, the manager was our Simon Legree, and we couldn't do without him."

"But that last performance——"

"The constable who came to hold our

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things said he'd take the part of Simon Legree just once, so we could pay our bills and get out of town. He said there was sure to be a crowd if it was known that he would be one of the actors. He said he'd always wanted to be an actor, but that his parents thought it would be sinful for him to act."

"But did he know the part?"

"He didn't have to. Even in the profession there are a lot of us who don't know our parts half the time. You may have noticed. The constable said he could 'pop a whip' and we told him that would do, if he would remember to say 'You black rascal!' every little while. That would be to Uncle Tom, you know. Our Uncle Tom did both parts. That happens lots of times. With any play, I mean. He'd say: 'Yo' say ah b'longs to you, Massa Legree? Oh, no, Massa Legree, ah don' b'long to you. Yo' may own mah body, but yo' don' own mah soul.' Saying both parts, you know."

When Baron laughed at this she joined in the merriment and even promoted it. "The constable enjoyed it," she said. "He said he'd like to leave town with us and play the part all the time."

"He'd got over thinking it was sinful for him to act?"

"Yes, but the rest of us thought his first hunch was right. Besides, there were other difficulties. You see, our Topsy was the manager's wife, and she wouldn't play any more until she found her husband. She wasn't much of an artist. Anyway, we had to quit."

Baron sent a wandering glance over the theatre; but he was thinking of neither audience nor play. He wondered whose child this could be, and by what chance a little creature so alert and friendly in her outlook upon life should be deeply submerged in the make-believe of men, when she should have been reading only the primer of real things.

Then by chance his eyes fell upon Thornburg, the manager, who stood just inside the foyer, engaged in what was seemingly an intense conversation with a tall, decidedly striking-looking woman. And even as his eyes rested upon these two they looked up at him as if he were the subject of their conversation. Or were they not, more probably, discussing the child who sat near him?

He had no time to pursue his reflections. The orchestra brought to its climax the long overture which it had been playing with almost grotesque inadequacy, and the curtain went up on the next act.

There was the sudden diminuendo of voices throughout the house, and the stealthy disturbance of an individual here and there feeling his way to his seat. Then again Baron was lost in the progress of the play.

The child shrank into herself and became once more an absorbed, unobtruding little creature.

Baron sat in rapt silence for half an hour; and then the master dramatist, Fate, intervened, and proceeded to make him a figure in one of those real dramas before which all make-believe fades into insignificance.

At the left of the stage a flame went leaping up along the inner edge of one of the wings, and took swift hold of a cloud of filmy fabric overhead. The theatre was afire!

Baron saw and was incredulous. The child near him remained undisturbed. The persons on the stage continued their work with an evenness which, to Baron, became suddenly a deadly monotony. But back in those realms in the theatre which were all but hidden from him he saw the swift movements of men who were confronted with an unwonted, a fearful task.

He turned to the child with sudden purpose, with a manner that was harsh and peremptory. "Come!" he said. His voice was subdued yet vibrant.

The child noted the vibration and quickly caught the expression of command in his eyes. She put out a hand toward him obediently, but he excitedly ignored that. He gathered her into his arms and disappeared from the box. In an instant he was carrying her cautiously yet swiftly down a narrow stairway.

He skirted the wall of the theatre and passed the manager in the foyer. He paused long enough to whisper a few startling words, and then hurried toward the entrance. His ears were fortified for the screams of women; but he heard only the dull sound of the asbestos curtain being lowered as he passed out to the street. He did not hesitate until he had turned a

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corner and was well out of the way of a possibly panic-stricken crowd.

He put the child down on the sidewalk; she was really a good deal above the weight of those children who are usually carried. A few steps and they had reached a confectioner's shop, in which women and children were sitting at little tables, oblivious to all menaces, far or near.

"Let's go in here," he said, trying to assume a matter-of-fact tone. The child looked searchingly into his eyes. "What was it?" she asked.

"What was what?"

"Don't!" she exclaimed with impatience. And then she looked up and down the street, where the constant stream of strangers passed. She felt forlorn, alone. She turned again to Baron as to a final refuge. "I behaved myself," she said. "I didn't wait to ask what was the matter—I didn't say a word. But I knew something had happened. I could hear your heart beating. I knew it was something terrible. But you could tell me now!"

Baron guided her to a chair and released her with a feeling of relief. His impulse was to take his departure and let the incident end as it might. But that wouldn't do, certainly! What would the confectioner do with the child? Besides, there was something about her——

Through the fitful symphony of the city's noises the clang of an alarm bell sounded.

The child lifted her head; her eyes became wide with excitement. "There's a fire!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," admitted Baron. "It's in the theatre. I thought we ought to come out, though of course it may not amount to anything. We'll wait here until the excitement is over, and then we'll go out and find your——"

He did not finish the sentence. He realized that he did not know how. Instead he turned to a clerk and ordered something—he scarcely knew what. He was listening to those noises out in the street; he was noting, soon with great relief, that they were abating rapidly. Clearly there had been no real danger, after all.

He led his charge from the place presently. He noticed that she had not touched a little dish of something the clerk had set before her.

On the street again he was surprised to perceive that the normal activities of the neighborhood had been resumed. The audience in the theatre had been dismissed upon some pretext of a nature not at all terrifying. The fire had been extinguished. The lobby was deserted. No one was searching or waiting for a little girl, or seemed to be remotely interested in one.

"Strange!" reflected Baron. He was wholly outside the realm of make-believe now. He was amid painfully prosaic surroundings.

He turned to his companion. "Er—your name has escaped me for the minute——"

"Bonnie May."

"Of course. Well, Bonnie May, I think I'll have to take you home."

"Whose home—yours?" she asked.

"Good gracious, no! To your own!"

She peered into the lobby searchingly, the light slowly fading from her eyes.

"But I haven't any home," she said.

II

A MOMENTOUS DECISION

It was all very well for a young man of an almost painfully circumspect type to rescue a youthful female from danger. It was a different matter, however, when he found himself walking along a crowded thoroughfare, leading a waif in a fantastic and almost shabby dress, and bringing upon himself the curious, if not the suspicious, glances of passers-by.

This fact struck Baron forcibly and unpleasantly.

"Come, let's get inside somewhere," he said to his companion. He spoke almost abjectly, as if he had been a soldier seeking a hiding-place behind a wall. "This place will do!" He had espied a haven in the form of a restaurant, now almost deserted.

Bonnie May looked at him inquiringly, almost piteously. This movement was a mere strategy, she realized. It was not a time for eating. But the ready speech of half an hour ago had deserted her, and she entered the restaurant, when Baron opened the door for her, without saying

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a word. Indeed she stood so forlornly and dependently that her companion realized anew that he had somehow committed an enormous blunder.

"Sit down somewhere," he said almost impatiently; and when he noted the childish effort with which she wriggled into her chair, and tried heroically to assume a debonair manner, a feeling deeper than mere irritation seized him.

"Darn the luck!" he ruminated; "she's so little, and so lovely—what's a fellow to do in such a case, anyway?"

"It doesn't seem quite a suitable time to be eating, does it?" she observed politely. The words were accompanied by a gently deprecatory smile which amazed Baron by a quality of odd sophistication and practised self-restraint.

"We needn't eat anything," he said, more cordially. "I think we ought to order something to drink. You see, I have to decide what to do."

She adjusted certain articles on the table with feminine nicety. "That's very good of you, I'm sure," she said.

"What is?"

"I mean your taking an interest in me."

"An interest in you! What else can I do?"

She propped her face up in the palms of her hands and looked across the table at him meditatively.

"Don't!" he exclaimed. "I'm not used to having a cherub on my hands. It's my own predicament I'm thinking about, not yours. Do you drink milk?"

A waitress had approached and was standing behind them.

She resented his brusque manner, now that the waitress was there to hear. "I have done such a thing," she said. "As a rule I'm permitted to choose for myself."

"Well, by all means do, then."

She turned to the waitress and lowered her voice by a full tone. "A cup of chocolate, please; not too thick; and some wafers." She faced Baron again with a ready change of countenance and voice, and touched upon some trivial subject which he recognized as a formal means of dispelling any impression that there was something unusual in their relationship of appearance.

"Now, Bonnie May," he began, when they were alone, "I want you to help me as far as you can. Who took you to the theatre this afternoon?"

"I went with Miss Barry."

"Good. Who is Miss Barry?"

"Miss Florence Barry. You don't mean to say you don't know who she is?"

"I never heard of her."

"She's an actress. She's very well known, too."

"Very well. How did she happen to take you? How did you happen to be with her?"

"I've always been with her. She's all I've got."

"We're getting along nicely. You're related to her, I suppose?"

"I couldn't say. It's possible."

Baron frowned. "Your mother is dead?" he asked.

She gazed at him with a gathering cloud in her eyes—a look that was eloquent of secret sorrow and beseechment. But she made no response in words.

Baron felt the pangs of swift remorse. "I suppose Miss Barry will have to do," he said, with an attempt at kindly brusqueness. Then—"Can you tell me her address?"

"I don't suppose she has any. We've been doing one-night stands quite a long time."

"But she must belong some place—and you, too. Where have you been stopping?"

"We only got here yesterday. I see you don't quite understand. We've just been moving from place to place all the time."

Baron pondered. "Have you always lived in hotels, in one town or another?" he finally asked.

"Hotels—and theatres, and rooming-houses, and trains, and even wagons and carriages. Every kind of place."

"I see. Well, where did you stop last night?"

"We had a room somewhere. I really couldn't tell you where. It was the meanest kind of a place—empty and cold—quite a distance from the theatre. It was in a long row of houses, built up one against another, miles and miles long, with cheap little old stores or shops downstairs, and sometimes rooms above that you could rent. We were just getting

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ready to look for an engagement, you know, and we were broke. We couldn't afford to go to a nice place."

The fine show of bravery was beginning to pass. She felt that she was being questioned unsympathetically.

Baron, too, realized that his questions must seem to lack friendliness.

The waitress brought chocolate and coffee; and Baron dropped sugar into his cup, thoughtfully watching the little bubbles that arose. Then, much to Bonnie May's surprise and not a little to her relief, he laughed softly.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh, nothing."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," was Bonnie May's chilling rejoinder. She began to sip her chocolate with impressive elegance.

"Why not?" reflected Baron. He was drawing a picture of Bonnie May in his mother's presence—his mother, who was the most punctilious of all elderly ladies, and whose genuine goodness of heart was usually quite concealed by the studied way in which she adhered to the unbending social codes that must govern a Baron—or rather a Boone. She was a Boone—of the Virginia Boones—when she married Baron's father; a beauty who had been wealthy, despite the disintegration of the Boone fortunes when the Civil War freed the slaves.

He pictured Bonnie May in the dim old mansion that was his home—in that aged house that never knew the voices of children; in which even adults seemed always to be speaking in low, measured tones.

"The governess isn't as bad as she would like to appear," was his irreverent meditation, which still related to his mother. "And Flora would take my part. As for the governor——"

He turned to the child with decision. He realized, finally, that the question of treating her as if she were any other lost child was not to be considered.

"Bonnie May," he said, "I think you'd better go home with me for the time being. We can put something in the paper, you know, and I'll find out if Miss Barry has left any word with the police. But that can't be done in a minute, and of course we can't sit here all afternoon. Come, let's go home."

The waitress came forward to assist when she saw Bonnie May trying to climb down from her chair without loss of dignity.

"It was very nice," said the child, addressing the waitress. She was smiling angelically. "I think we're ready," she added, turning toward Baron.

She tried to catch step with him as they moved toward the door.

And Baron could not possibly have known that at that very moment his mother and his sister Flora were sitting in an upper room of the mansion, brooding upon the evil days that had fallen upon the family fortunes.

Theirs was a very stately and admirable home—viewed from within. But it was practically all that the family possessed, and the neighborhood—well, the neighborhood had wholly lost eligibility as a place for residences long ago.

All their friends, who had formerly been their neighbors, had moved away one after another, when commerce had descended upon the street, with its grime and smoke, and only the Barons remained. Certainly cities grow without any regard at all for the dignity of old mansions or old families.

And while the ground on which the mansion stood had increased in value until it was worth a considerable fortune, it was a carefully guarded family secret that the actual supply of funds in the family treasury had dwindled down to next to nothing.

One permanent investment brought Mrs. Baron a few hundreds annually, and Mr. Baron drew a modest salary from a position with the city, which he had held many years without complaint or lapses. But the fortune that used to be theirs had vanished mysteriously in trips to Europe and in the keeping up of those social obligations which they could not disregard. The formal social activities of the mansion had become wholly things of the past, and within the past year or two the visits of old friends, now living out in commodious new residential districts, had become few and far between. Really it seemed that the Barons had been forgotten.

Flora, looking suddenly into her mother's brooding, fine old eyes, and

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quite accurately reading the thought that was beyond them, sighed and arose.

"It's the neighborhood," she said—quite ambiguously, it would have seemed, since not a word had passed between them for nearly half an hour.

But Mrs. Baron responded: "Do you think so?" And her face stiffened with new resolve not to repine, even if the currents of life had drawn away from them and left them desolate.

Then an automobile drew up in front of the mansion and Flora's face brightened. "They've come!" she said. "I won't be gone long, mother," and she hurried away to her room.

A moment later Mrs. Baron heard her going down the stairs and closing the front door.

She stood at the window and watched Flora get into the shining electric coupé of the McKelvey girls. She caught a glimpse of the McKelvey girls' animated faces, and then the elegant little vehicle moved away.

Still she stood at the window. Her face was rather proud and defiant. And then after a time it became, suddenly, quite blank.

There was Victor coming up the stone steps into the yard, and he was leading a waif by the hand. Only the word "waif" did not occur to Mrs. Baron.

"Well!" she exclaimed, her body rigid, her eyes staring out from beneath pugnacious brows. "Victor and an impossible little female!"

III

MRS. BARON DECIDES

As Baron felt for his key he stood an instant and surveyed the other side of the street, up and down the block. A frown gathered on his forehead.

Bonnie May, keyed to a very high pitch, noted that frowning survey of the line of buildings across the way. "Something wrong?" she asked.

"No, certainly not," responded Baron; but to himself he was admitting that there was something very wrong indeed. It was the neighborhood. This was his conclusion, just as it had been Flora's.

He had become conscious of the frowning, grimy fronts; the windows which were like eyes turning baleful glances upon the thoroughfare. The grass plots, the flower-beds, the suitable carpets spread for the feet of spring—what had become of them?

A dissolute-appearing old woman was scrubbing the ancient stone steps in one place across the way. She suggested better days just as obviously as did the stones, worn away by generations of feet. And a little farther along there were glaring plate-glass fronts bearing gilt legends which fairly shrieked those commercial words which ought to have been whispered from side doors, Baron thought—shoes, and cloaks, and hats.

What sort of a vicinity was this in which to have a home?

Baron wondered why the question had not occurred to him before. He did not realize that he was viewing the street now for the first time through the eyes of a child who owed the neighborhood no sort of sentimental loyalty.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed as he produced his key; but his tone was by no means as cheerful as he tried to make it.

Bonnie May hung back an instant, as a butterfly might pause at the entrance of a dark wood. She glanced into the shadowy vestibule before her inquiringly. Her eyebrows were critically elevated.

"Is it a—a rooming-house?" she faltered.

"Nonsense! It's always been called a mansion. It's a charming old place, too—I assure you! Come, we ought not to stand here."

He was irritated; he was nervous, too. There wasn't any telling what his mother would do when he said to her, in effect: "Here's a lost child. I don't know anything at all about her, but I expect you to help her."

Suppose she should decide to express her opinion of waifs, and of people who brought them home?

He fumbled a little as he unlocked the door. His heart was fairly pounding.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. His voice was as gayly hospitable as he could make it; but his secret thought was: "If she weren't so—so—oh, darn it, if she were like any other child I'd shut her out this minute and let that be the end of it."

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"I thought everybody knew me," she said. "I'm Bonnie May."—Page 291.

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The hall was shadowy; yet even in the dim light Baron perceived that the marble balustrade of the stairway was strangely cold and unattractive—and he had always considered this one of the fine things about the house. So, too, was the drawing-room gloomy almost to darkness. The blinds were down as always, save on special occasions. And Baron realized that the family had long ago ceased to care about looking out upon the street, or to permit the street to get a glimpse of the life within. Indeed, he realized, with a bit of a shock, that the home life had been almost entirely removed to the upper floor—as if the premises were being submerged by a flood.

He lifted one of the blinds. "Sit down," he said. "I'll find mother."

"What do you use this room for?" inquired Bonnie May. She was slightly pale. She seemed to be fortifying herself for weird developments.

"I hardly know," Baron confessed. "I think we don't use it very much at all."

"You might think from the properties that it was a rooming-house." She had wriggled into a chair that was too high for her. Her curiosity was unconcealed. Baron could see by the look in her eyes that she had not meant her comment to be derisive, but only a statement of fact.

"Possibly you haven't seen many quite old, thoroughly established homes," he suggested. The remark wasn't meant at all as a rebuke. It represented the attitude of mind with which Baron had always been familiar.

"Anyway," she persisted, "it wouldn't do for an up-to-date interior. It might do for an Ibsen play."

Baron, about to leave the room to find his mother, turned sharply. "What in the world do you know about Ibsen plays?" he demanded. "Besides, you're not in a theatre! If you'll excuse me a minute——"

There were footsteps on the stairway, and Baron's countenance underwent a swift change. He withdrew a little way into the room, so that he stood close to Bonnie May. He was trying to look conciliatory when his mother appeared in the doorway; but guilt was really the expression that was stamped on his face.

It was a very austere-looking old lady who gazed into the room. "Good evening," she said, as if she were addressing strangers. Still, Baron detected a wryly humorous smile on her lips. She stood quite still, critically inspecting her son as well as his companion.

Baron was glad that Bonnie May sprang to her feet instantly with comprehension and respect. "This is my mother, Mrs. Baron," he said to the child, and to the quizzical old lady, who regarded him with a steady question, he added foolishly: "This is a little girl I have brought home."

"So I should have surmised." Her tone was hardening. Her attitude was fearfully unyielding. It seemed to Baron that her gray hair, which rose high and free from her forehead, had never imparted so much severity to her features before, and that her black eyes had never seemed so imperious.

But Bonnie May was advancing very prettily. "How do you do, Mrs. Baron?" she inquired. She was smiling almost radiantly. "I do hope I don't intrude," she added.

Mrs. Baron looked down at her with frank amazement. For the moment she forgot the presence of her son. She took the child's outstretched hand.

Perhaps the touch of a child's fingers to a woman who has had children but who has them no longer is magical. Perhaps Bonnie May was quite as extraordinary as Victor Baron thought her. At any rate Mrs. Baron's face suddenly softened, and she drew the child into the protection of her arm and held her close, looking at her son.

"Who in the world is she?" she asked; and Baron saw that her eyes were touched with a light which was quite unfamiliar to him.

"I was going to tell you," he faltered; and then he remembered that there was practically nothing he could tell. He saved time by suggesting: "Perhaps she could go up-stairs a minute, while I talk to you alone?"

"Would it be wrong for me to hear?" This was from the child. "You know I might throw a little light on the subject myself."

Mrs. Baron blushed rosily and placed her hand over her mouth, wrenching a

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"Good evening," she said, as if she were addressing strangers.—Page 298.

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swift smile therefrom. She had heard of precocious children. She disapproved of them. Neither of her own children had been in the least precocious. "Who ever heard anything like that?" she demanded of her son in frank amazement.

"There are some things I ought to say to my mother alone," declared Baron. He placed a persuasive hand on the child's shoulder. "Afterward you can talk the matter over together."

Mrs. Baron's doubts were returning. "I don't see why we should make any mysteries," she said. She looked at the child again, and again all her defenses were laid low. "I suppose she might go up-stairs to my sitting-room, if there's anything to say. Tell me, child," and she bent graciously over the small guest, "what is your name?"

"I am Bonnie May," was the response. The child was inordinately proud of her name, but she did not wish to be vainglorious now. She lowered her eyes with an obviously theatrical effect, assuming a nice modesty.

Mrs. Baron observed sharply, and nodded her head.

"That's a queer name for a human being," was her comment. She looked at her son as if she suddenly had a bad taste in her mouth. "It sounds like a doll-baby's name."

The child was shocked by the unfriendliness—the rudeness—of this. Mrs. Baron followed up her words with more disparagement in the way of a steady, disapproving look. Precocious children ought to be snubbed, she thought.

The good lady would not have offended one of her own age without a better reason, but so many good people do not greatly mind offending a child.

"You know," said Bonnie May, "I really didn't have anything to do with picking out my name. Somebody else did it for me. And maybe they decided on it because they thought it would look good on the four-sheets."

"On the——"

But Baron swiftly interposed.

"We can go into matters of that sort some other time," he said. "I think it would be better for you to leave mother and me alone for a minute just now."

Bonnie May went out of the room in response to Baron's gesture. "I'll show you the way," he added; and as he began to guide her up the stairs she turned toward him, glancing cautiously over his shoulder to the room they had just quitted.

"Believe me," she whispered, "that's the first time I've had stage fright in years." She mounted three or four steps and then paused again. "You know," she confided, turning again, "she makes you think of a kind of honest sister to Lady Macbeth."

Baron stopped short, his hand on the balustrade. "Bonnie May," he demanded, "will you tell me how old you are?"

He had a sudden fear that she was one of those pitiable creatures whose minds grow old but whose bodies remain the same from year to year.

"I don't know," she replied, instantly troubled. "Miss Barry never would tell me."

"Well, how far back can you remember?"

"Oh, quite a long time. I know I had a real speaking part as long as four seasons ago. I've been doing Little Eva off and on for over two years."

"It seems to me," he said severely, "that you know about plays which a little girl ought not to know anything about."

"Oh! Well, I was with Miss Barry in lots of plays that I didn't have any part in, unless it might be to help out with the populace, or something like that. And we did stock work for a while, with a new play every week."

Somehow this speech had the effect of restoring her to favor with Baron. Her offenses were clearly unconscious, unintended, while her alertness, her discernment, were very genuine and native. What a real human being she was, after all, despite her training in the unrealities of life! And how quick she was to see when she had offended, and how ready with contrition and apology! Surely that was the sort of thing that made for good breeding—even from the standpoint of a Baron, or a Boone!

They traversed the upper hall until they reached an immense front room which was filled with the mellow sunlight of the late afternoon, and which was in-

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vitingly informal and untidy in all its aspects. It was one of those rooms which seem alive, because of many things which speak eloquently of recent occupation and of the certainty of their being occupied immediately again.

A square piano, pearl inlaid and venerable, immediately caught Bonnie May's eyes. "Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed. She stood a moment, pressing her hands to her cheeks. "Yes," she added musingly, "I *can actually see them.*"

"See whom?" Baron demanded, slightly impatient.

"The nice, sweet girls, wearing crinoline and dancing with their arms around one another's waists, and one of them sitting at the piano playing and looking over her shoulder at the others. There are tender smiles on their lips, and their eyes are shining like anything. They are so dear and happy!"

Baron frowned. Why should the child associate the house, his home, only with things so remote with respect to time and place? It was a jealously guarded family secret that life was relentlessly passing on, leaving them stranded in old ways. But was a child—a waif picked up in pity, or in a spirit of adventure—to wrest the secret from among hidden things and flaunt it in his face?

She had gone into the big bay window, and was standing with one hand on the long willow seat covered with pale-hued cushions. For the moment she was looking down upon the bit of grass plot below.

"Make yourself at home," invited Baron. "I won't be long."

He went back to his mother. He wished she might have heard what the child had said about the girls who were dancing, far away in the past.

"Well, who is she?" was Mrs. Baron's abrupt, matter-of-fact question.

"I don't know. That's the plain truth. I'm thinking more about *what* she is—or what she seems to be."

He described the incident in the theatre and explained how he had been in fear of a panic. "I felt obliged to carry her out," he concluded rather lamely.

"I quite see that. But that didn't make you responsible for her in any way," Mrs. Baron reminded him.

"Well now, governess, do be friendly. I'm not responsible for her—I know that. But, you see, she appears to be alone in the world, except for a Miss Barry, an actress. I couldn't find her. Of course she'll be located to-morrow. That's all there is to it. And let's not be so awfully particular. There can't be any harm in having the little thing in the house over night. Honestly, don't you think she is wonderful?"

Mrs. Baron was diligently nursing her wrath. "That isn't the question," she argued. "I dare say a good many unidentified children are wonderful. But that would scarcely justify us in turning our house into an orphan asylum."

"Oh! An orphan asylum!" echoed Baron almost despairingly. "Look here, mother, it was just by chance that I ran across the little thing, and under the circumstances what was I going to do with her?"

"There were the police, at least."

"Yes, I thought of that."

He went to the window and stood with his back to her. For a full minute there was silence in the room, and then Baron spoke. He did not turn around.

"Yes, there were the police," he repeated; "but I couldn't help remembering that there was also I—and we. I had an idea we could do a good deal better than the police, in a case like this. I don't understand how you women feel, mother, but I can't help remembering that every little girl is going to be a woman some day. And I've no doubt that the kind of woman she is going to be will be governed a good deal by seemingly trivial events. I don't see why it isn't likely that Bonnie May's whole future may depend upon the way things fall out for her now, when she's really helpless and alone for the first time in her life. I think it's likely she'll remember to the end of her days that people were kind to her—or that they weren't. We've nothing to be afraid of at the hands of a little bit of a girl. At the most we'll have to give her a bed for the night, and a bite to eat, and just a little friendliness. It's she who must be afraid of us!—afraid that we'll be thoughtless, or snobbish, and refuse to give her the comfort she needs, now that she's in trouble."

He paused.

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"A speech!" exclaimed Mrs. Baron, and Baron could not fail to note the irony in her voice. She added, in the same tone: "The haughty mother yields to the impassioned plea of her noble son!"

Baron turned and observed that she was smiling rather maliciously.

"You'd better go up and look after her," she added. "Flora will be home before long."

IV

A CRISIS

At five o'clock, during a brief lull in the usual noises on the avenue, there was a faint murmur of machinery in front of the mansion. The McKelvey girls' motor-car drew up at the curb, and Miss Flora Baron alighted.

She was the sort of girl that people love unquestioningly: gentle, low-voiced, seemingly happy, grateful, gracious.

"Good-by, Flora," called the McKelvey girls almost in one voice, as their guest hurried toward her gate. Their cheerful faces were framed by the open door of their shining coupé. And Flora looked back over her shoulder and responded gayly, and then hurried up into the vestibule of the mansion.

She carried an armful of roses which the McKelveys had insisted upon her bringing home—roses with long stems, with many green, wax-like leaves.

When she entered the hall she paused and sighed. Now that her friends could not see her any longer she abandoned a certain gladsome bearing. It was so lovely out at the McKelveys', and it was so—so different here at home. She had the feeling one might have on entering a dungeon.

The fingers of her right hand closed upon the dull-green-and-silver tailored skirt she was wearing, and one foot was already planted on the first step of the stairway. She meant to offer the roses to her mother, who would be in the sitting-room up-stairs.

But before she had mounted to the second step she heard her brother Victor's voice in the dining-room, and she knew by his manner of speaking that he was at the telephone. This circumstance in itself was not remarkable; but he was asking for police headquarters!

Visions of a burglary passed before her mind, and she wondered whimsically what anybody could find in the house worth stealing. Her brother's next words reached her clearly:

"Oh, I couldn't say just how old she is. Say about ten. Somebody must have reported that she is lost. . . . Well, that certainly seems strange . . ."

Flora changed her mind about going up-stairs immediately. Instead, she turned toward the dining-room. Victor was continuing his message: "Are you sure such a report hasn't been made at one of the substations?" And after a brief interval there was the sound of the receiver being hung up.

However, when Flora entered the dining-room her brother was speaking at the telephone again. More about a little girl. "Mr. Thornburg's office? Mr. Thornburg? This is Baron speaking. Say—has anybody spoken to you about losing a little girl this afternoon?"

Flora perceived that he was deeply concerned; his attitude was even strikingly purposeful—and Victor usually appeared to have no definite purposes at all.

"Yes," he continued, clearly in answer to words from the other end of the wire, "I brought her home with me. I didn't know what else to do. I thought somebody might have inquired at the theatre about her. If they do, you'll let me know right away, won't you? She'll probably be with us here until she's claimed."

He hung up the receiver. His eyes were unusually bright.

"Here? Who?" demanded Flora.

Baron beamed upon her. "Flora!" he cried. "I'm glad you've come. Something has happened!"

"Who's here?"

"The renowned actress, Bonnie May."

"Please tell me!" she begged, as if he had made no response at all.

"A little lost girl." Then Baron briefly explained.

Miss Baron's eyes fairly danced. "What an adventure!" she added presently. "Is she—nice?"

"Nice? That's a woman's first ques-

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tion every time, isn't it?" Baron reflected. "I suppose so. I know she's pretty—the very prettiest thing!"

"That would be a man's first consideration, I suppose. What did mother say?"

"Mother is—resigned." They moved toward the stairway. "Try to persuade mother that a child doesn't count," Baron urged. "I'm sure Mrs. Grundy never had any children. None like Bonnie May, anyway. When you've once seen her——"

They were ascending the stairway, eagerly whispering. A dozen years at least seemed to have slipped from their shoulders. They entered Mrs. Baron's sitting-room quite gayly.

Mrs. Baron and Bonnie May were sitting close together, the guest in a low chair that was Flora's. Mrs. Baron was maintaining the rôle of indulgent but overriden oracle; Bonnie May was amiably inclined to make allowances. They were conversing in a rather sedate fashion.

"My sister Flora, Bonnie May," said Baron.

The child came forward eagerly. "How lovely!" she exclaimed, extending her hand.

Flora regarded the child with smiling eyes. "Oh! you mean the roses," she said. "Yes, they are." But she did not look at the flowers on her arm. She pushed a pennon-like fragment of veil away from her face and smiled quietly at the child.

"I didn't mean them," explained Bonnie May. "I meant it was lovely that you should be—that I'm to have— Do excuse me, I mean that *you* are lovely!"

Only an instant longer Miss Baron remained as if happily spellbound. A breath that was fragrant and cool emanated from her and her roses. The hue of pleasure slowly deepened in her cheeks.

"You dear child!" she said at last, the spell broken. "I can't remember when anybody has said such a thing to me before."

She laid the roses in her mother's lap. "And to think we're to keep her!" she added.

"Over night," Mrs. Baron made haste to say. "Yes, she is to be our guest until to-morrow."

"But nobody has inquired for her," said Flora. "Victor's been telephoning. The police and the people at the theatre——"

"Where did you get such beautiful roses?" inquired Mrs. Baron, wholly by way of interruption. The arch of her eyebrows was as a weather-signal which Flora never disregarded. She changed the subject. She had much to say about her ride. But her eyes kept straying back to Bonnie May, who remained silent, her body leaning slightly forward, her head pitched back, her eyes devouring Miss Baron's face. The attitude was so touchingly childlike that Flora had visions of herself in a big rocking-chair, putting the little thing to sleep or telling her stories. "Only until to-morrow," her mother had said; but no one was asking for the child anywhere. Of course she would stay until—until——

"Yes," she said, absent-mindedly, in response to a question by her mother, "they brought me home in their car. They were so lovely to me!" Her eyes strayed back to Bonnie May, whose rapt gaze was fixed upon her. The child flushed and smiled angelically.

If any constraint was felt during the dinner-hour, Bonnie May was evidently less affected than the others at table.

The one test which might have been regarded as a critical one—the appearance of the head of the household—was easily met.

Mr. Baron came home a little late, and immediately disappeared to dress for dinner. Bonnie May did not even get a glimpse of him until the family took their places at table.

"Hello! Who said there weren't any more fairies?" was his cheerful greeting, as he stood an instant beside his chair before he sat down. He was a tall, distinguished-looking man, with a pointed gray beard, which seemed always to have been of its present color, rather than to suggest venerableness. He had piercing gray eyes which seemed formidable under their definite black eyebrows. However, his eyes readily yielded to a twinkle when he smiled. He still adhered rigidly to the

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custom of dressing formally for dinner, and he entertained a suspicion that Victor's vocation, which consisted of literary work of some indefinite kind, was making him sadly Bohemian, since his son did not perceive the need of being so punctilious. "It's not as if we had company often," had been Victor's defense, on one occasion, of the course he had adopted; but his father's retort had been that "they were still in the habit of dining with one another."

"A little girl we are sheltering to-night," was Mrs. Baron's explanation to her husband, who still regarded the child at the opposite end of the table.

"I'm Bonnie May," amended the child. "I am very glad to meet you, I'm sure." She smiled graciously and nodded with such dignity as was compatible with a rather difficult position. She was occupying an "adult" chair, and little more than her head and shoulders was visible. She had briefly yet firmly discouraged the suggestion that she sit on a book.

"A—protégé of Victor's," added Mrs. Baron, with the amiable malice which the family easily recognized.

But Flora noted the word "protégé" and smiled. To her mind it suggested permanency.

"A very fine little girl, I'm sure," was Mr. Baron's comment. He was critically looking at the fowl which Mrs. Shepard, housekeeper and woman of all work, had placed before him. His entire attention was immediately monopolized by the carving implements. He appeared to forget the child's presence.

This fact is set down as a significant one, because Flora and Baron, Jr., were both keenly and frankly interested in his impression. If he didn't mind having her about, another point in her favor would have been gained. Mrs. Baron, too, was covertly interested in his attitude. She was not quite sure whether she wished him to confirm her fears, or to share her son's and daughter's faith in the unexpected guest.

Thereafter the meal progressed somewhat silently. Every individual in the group was alertly awaiting developments.

"Children always like the drumstick," declared Mr. Baron genially, looking at Bonnie May.

"Yes, I believe so," admitted the guest politely. She added casually: "I usually prefer the wing."

Mr. Baron rested the carving knife and fork on his plate and scrutinized the speaker sharply. The child was opening her napkin with a kind of elegant deliberation.

Then he smiled. "A wing it shall be," he declared.

Later Mrs. Baron took occasion to assert her authority. "Children should not stare," she declared, trying to assume a severe contralto tone, but taking care to smile, so that her rebuke would seem to have been kindly offered.

Indeed, Bonnie May was paying less attention to her dinner than to the pretty napery, the cut-glass vase in which some of Flora's roses had been placed, the dinner set of chaste design, and to the countenances about her.

"Quite true," she admitted, in response to Mrs. Baron. "But, you know, when you get into a new company, it's quite natural to size everybody up, so you can make up your mind what to expect of them."

She took a very small bite from a young green onion, holding her little finger elegantly apart. "How prettily the white blends with the green!" she said approvingly, looking critically at the onion.

Mrs. Baron flushed. "My remark was that children ought not to stare," she repeated, persistently and less gently.

The child's serenity failed her. "I don't usually," she said in painful embarrassment, "and I don't believe I criticise people's manners, either, unless it's in private."

She regained her self-control immediately. She replaced the onion on her plate and lifted her napkin to her lips with exquisite care.

The adult persons at the table were all looking from one to another. There were horizontal lines in every forehead.

"I can't remember having been anywhere where the service was so admirable," the guest added, directing her glance toward her own section of the board. There was a suggestion of gentle ennui in her tone.

Mrs. Baron was glaring at her, her face aflame with mortification. It was

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a countenance the family was familiar with.

"Well, what have you been doing to-day, Victor?" inquired Mr. Baron jocosely.

It was the tone—and the tactics—he always adopted when he wished to avoid a crisis.

When the family were about to leave the table, Mrs. Baron called the housekeeper. The others appeared not to notice particularly, but secretly they were all attention.

Said Mrs. Baron: "Mrs. Shepard, this little girl's name is Bonnie May. She is to stay with us this evening. Will you see that the spare room in the attic is made ready? and if you can add to her comfort in any way I'm sure you will."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Shepard. The good, simple creature was trying to hide her amazement. The child had been a guest at the table—and she was to be put up in the attic to sleep! The attic was really a third floor, but it was used mainly for storing things, and for the houseman's quarters. She regarded Bonnie May briefly—and her eyes twinkled! The child was smiling at her amiably.

"Mother!" was Flora's hesitating remonstrance, and Victor paid such studious heed to the folding of his napkin that it was evident he was trying to hide his discomfort. In a moment he spoke—quite casually: "I'm afraid it will be lonesome up there for her, mother. Suppose you let her have my room to-night. I won't mind giving it up."

"Nonsense! There's no need of your being disturbed." Mrs. Baron's forehead was still creased by menacing horizontal lines.

The guest interposed. The family was rising, and she stood with her back to the table. "If you don't mind, Mrs. Baron," she said evenly, "I'll go back and make friends with Mrs. Shepard. You know I dearly love the people who take the—the character parts. They're usually so comfortable!"

"Well, run along." Mrs. Baron tried not to speak impatiently. She felt that there was general disapproval of her mood.

The guest went into the kitchen. At the door she turned. "It was a lovely dinner," she said politely. Then she disappeared.

In the kitchen her glad bearing vanished. She became strangely pensive for a little girl. Mrs. Baron did not like her! That was evident. Yet what had she done, save to take her own part, as she had always had to do?

Mrs. Shepard did not realize that the child was troubled. When children were troubled, according to Mrs. Shepard's experience, their lips trembled or their eyes filled with tears. There were no such signs to be read in Bonnie May's face. She was standing there in that dazed fashion because she was in a strange place, of course.

"Wait until my work's done and I'll bake you a little cake!" said Mrs. Shepard. She was delighted with the idea. It occurred to her that it would be a great pleasure to bake a little cake for the child.

"A little cake?" responded Bonnie May dubiously. "It's kind of you, you know, but really I've just dined." She put all troubled thoughts away from her. The kitchen was really a wonderful place. She examined various utensils with interest. They had all been *used*. She had seen many of these things before, but they had always been shiny and new. The property man had taken care of them.

A little bell above Mrs. Shepard's head tinkled energetically. The housekeeper sighed heavily and began wiping her hands.

"What is it?" inquired Bonnie May.

"The front-door bell," was the answer.

"Oh! how interesting. Let me answer it—do!"

And before Mrs. Shepard could carefully consider the matter she gave a reluctant consent. She would have explained what one should do under certain contingencies, but there hadn't been time. Bonnie May was gone.

As the child passed through the hall she heard the family moving about upstairs. Their voices seemed quite remote; they were almost inaudible. Bonnie May thought it probable that they had not heard the summons at the door.

She felt a new kind of elation at being permitted to officiate in even a very small domestic function. She was going to ad-

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mit some one who really came from out of the unknown—whose every word and movement would not be known to her beforehand.

Then the mansion seemed to become strangely silent, as if it were listening uneasily to learn who it was that had come out of the darkness and sounded a summons to those within.

Bonnie May caught her breath. Her face was fairly glowing when she opened the door.

(To be continued.)

MY REMEMBRANCES

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

WITH THE BOSTON MUSEUM COMPANY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I CHOOSE A PROFESSION

THE mind's eye blinks a bit when it contemplates my Lord Dundreary in the pulpit. The church, however, was my father's original destination. My grandfather, a very conservative merchant of Liverpool, had set his heart on his son's entrance into holy orders. Indeed, my father studied diligently to that end; but nature rebelled and he compromised later on by taking up the study of medicine. This he pursued for some time, even going so far as to enter the hospital of St. Bartholomew in London. However, he abandoned the temple of Æsculapius and suddenly went on the stage; so much to the horror of his father that he was obliged to shift for himself for many years, and underwent such labor and disappointment that, after ten years of acting, he seriously considered giving up the theatre and returning to commercial life, the church and the consulting room being now out of the question.

Owing to these hard experiences, my father was most eager that his sons should seek less thorny paths. But, on the other hand, he determined to allow our natural inclinations to have full sway, for he remembered how he had rebelled at the authority which compelled him to labor at two callings which were distasteful to him.

During the later years of his life, I saw my father seldom, for he was usually playing in America while I was at school in England. Whenever I did see him, however, this question as to what I was to be was always broached. Quite suddenly and unexpectedly my father would say: "Well, what are you going to be? This is very important and must be settled before you are much older. You must make up your mind about it at once."

As a matter of fact, I had not the vaguest idea of what I wanted to be, since no profession had been chosen for me—for the theatre was tabooed as being a hard, precarious, and impossible field for stupid people, of whom it was admitted I was one. I was greatly disconcerted when these attacks were levelled at me. Once I had wished to be a red Indian, later a sailor; by and by, being a very nervous, shy child, I had wished to have the iron nerve and pale, impassive countenance of the Count of Monte Cristo. "The Count was pale but firm," struck me as a satisfactory state to be in permanently. My latest plan was to be a farmer. The country, solitude, open air; these things appealed to me strikingly. None of these ambitions but the "farmer" did I confide to my parent. He was not enthusiastic and I abandoned the idea. I had some small inclination for drawing, and my father seized on that as the direction I should travel.

"How would you like to be a painter?" said he one day.

"I think I should like it," said I.

"Good!" said he. "That's settled. I'll

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send you at once to O'Connor. Scene-painting will give you a fine, broad style. Meantime, you stoop too much, so we'll go and buy some braces to hold the shoulders back."

This we did with swift decision. I was braced like a soldier in half an hour, and in an hour it had been arranged that I should leave school and take up the study of drawing and color.

I studied scene-painting with those braces on, suffering torture as I wielded a huge brush in either hand. The connection between scene-painting and standing up straight puzzled me then and I can't perceive it now, but it was enough for me that my father saw it. What a happy age that when the parent is a god-like being who knows all things! My father was the most adorable of men, all that affection could offer he gave to his children, and in his glorious, buoyant, effervescent nature we saw the constant sunshine of youth and knowledge. To him everything seemed possible. His swift decisions seemed to us the decrees of happy Fate. So with enthusiasm I attacked my painting and indeed was happy and content until I came to know, after three or four years, that my gift was small and that it was necessary for me to earn a living more securely and more rapidly than my meagre talent would allow. My father did not believe this, but I knew it.

I came out to America in 1879 with my mother's brother, Captain Hugh Stewart. My father was living at the Gramercy Park Hotel in New York. One day we were at breakfast.

"Now," said my father to me, "let us decide what you are going to be."

We sat down to consider this weighty matter.

"Come in!" cried my father, who always applied himself to reply to his letters after breakfast, a matter of a couple of hours—he was very methodical about this, punctilious to a degree. "Come in!"

It was Earp! Now, Earp was the barber at the Gramercy Park Hotel. He lived in the basement—a perfectly unbelievable man, thin as a rail, six feet three in height, solemn as the Sphinx. He eked out his income from barbering by raising white mice; he also kept parrots, love-birds, flying squirrels, a jackdaw. My father was very fond of animals; he always had one, sometimes two dogs with him, and frequently purchased some of Earp's menagerie for his rooms in New York. Earp usually looked after these purchases each night and brought them to my father when he came in the afternoon. He now appeared. This was the first time I had seen him. He carried his barber's implements in his two hands. My father sat in the middle of the room where Earp had placed a chair. Earp then took from a large pocket a parrot which crawled onto his shoulder. My father paid no attention. From another pocket he took two love-birds which crawled up his chest to his head and perched thereon. Two flying squirrels emerged next and flew at once to the window-curtains and clung there chattering. Several white mice then appeared and began to crawl over my father. At last another parrot bestrode Earp's other shoulder and a jackdaw jumped out of a small bag of razors and stood on a table. I, of course, was surprised. My father spoke not—the thing was customary.

"Fine day," said Earp.

"Isn't it?" said my father.

"Hair cut!" said a parrot.

I laughed with glee.

"My son—Earp," said my father by way of introduction.

Earp held out a sad hand which I shook solemnly. I felt strangely abashed at living a birdless life.

"Next!" cried the jackdaw.

It is a fact that these parrots and this jackdaw spoke this barbarous talk. "Shave or hair cut," would one say. "How much?" "Fifteen cents!" would another remark.

Meantime Earp conversed on the topics of the day—politics, stocks, the theatre, real estate, mice, and men. It was all very instructive and amazing to me, lately landed. At last the conversation languished.

"Now, Eddy," said my father, "what is it to be? What are you going to be?"

I had been wool-gathering, watching the mice and the squirrels. Recalled to the serious affairs of the planet, I looked rather blank; at last I ventured: "I think I should like to go on the stage."

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My father sat up so suddenly that Earp's birds nearly lost their balance.

"You want to give up your drawing!" said he.

I told him my reasons at length. I knew I was hurting him and hated to do it. He had set his heart on my being a painter, but I lamed him with reasons. At last he seemed to make up his mind suddenly.

"Good!" said he as Earp finished him up. "I'll send you to the Boston Museum. You shall go at once—to-morrow! I'll give you a letter to Mr. Field, the manager. Mrs. Vincent will take rooms for you. You won't get any salary, because you are not worth any. I'll give you twenty dollars a week on which you will have to live, as I and other poor actors have done before you. You'll have to work hard; it's no joke. You are making an awful mistake, but I won't stand in your way. I want you to choose, but you must get at it quick and find out what it is like."

I knew what it was like, for children have sharp ears and I had heard ever since I was a child how my father had failed and failed and failed; how he landed in 1852 in Boston, whither I was going, and appeared in "The Heir-at-Law" as Doctor Pangloss; how the audience at the National Theatre hissed him; how Mr. Leonard, the manager, discharged him after the play; how he went next day to the Howard Athenæum and asked the manager for a job; how the manager engaged him and he played four performances a day while my mother played small parts also and nursed her little son Lytton, and when the next day after his discharge a man appeared at Mrs. Fisher's boarding-house in Bullfinch Place—a man who said he represented a newspaper, which, of course, he did not—and calling my father to the door suggested that a small sum would prevent a certain article recounting his lamentable failure from appearing in print, my mother, who was at the top of the staircase, came down and cried out: "If you don't thrash him I'll never speak to you again!"

The conflict which ensued and the rejoicing which followed; the penury; the hardships; the determination to give up the theatre after ten years of labor—all this I knew, and had heard with those same sharp ears of childhood. But it mattered not.

"Remember," said my father, "always say you will do anything and take anything. You can't learn to act by telling yourself how much you are worth; other people will have to tell you that."

I went to Boston and entered the Museum Company.

I returned to New York to see my father in about a month. Again Earp entered. Again the mice and the parrots and the love-birds and the squirrels took their part in the proceedings.

"How do you like the stage?" said my father.

"I like it," said I.

"You will suffer," said my father, and his eyes looked moist. "I hope soon you'll be worth a salary," he added seriously.

"How much?" said one parrot.

"Fifteen cents," said the other.

"Not yet," said I, and my father smiled sadly.

"ST. VINCENT"

THE Boston Museum was one of the last remnants of Puritan prejudice against the theatre as a place of amusement. It was a "museum," *not* a "theatre." The word "theatre" was not permitted on any advertisement or playbill. For many years its doors were closed from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning—there being no Saturday evening performance. In the front of the building, on the floors over the box-office, was an exhibition of stuffed animals, wax figures, mummies, mineral specimens, and other odds and ends, which enabled the tender of conscience to persuade themselves that this was an institution of learning, a school of instruction, and by no means a place of amusement.

In 1879, when I joined the Museum Company, that temple of the drama still had a distinct following of its own. Each member of the organization had, from long association and distinguished service, become something of an institution. Citizens had been brought up from childhood to love and revere them. Especially was this the case with Mr. William Warren and Mrs. Vincent, whose service

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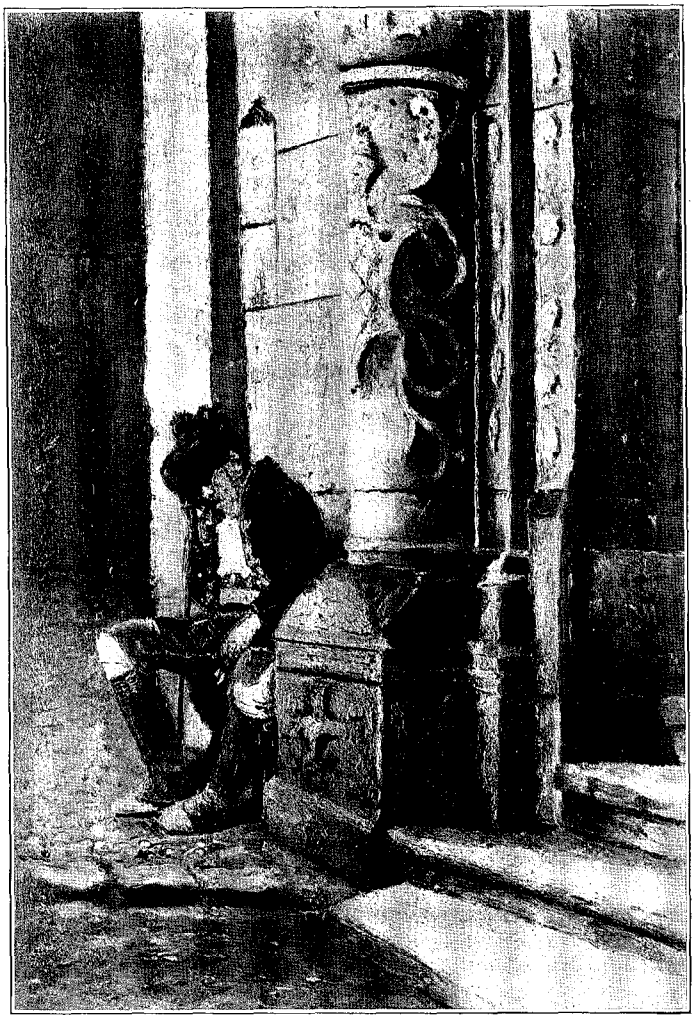
in this one theatre covered a period of nearly fifty years. Writes an historian: "The actual merit of the performance at the Boston Museum was perhaps greater than that of any other stock company in the country." Mr. Warren has been declared the superior of his cousin, Joseph Jefferson. And yet, outside of the city of Boston—save in a few New England towns—neither he nor Mrs. Vincent were known at all. To them, however, a modest but established home and the perpetual enjoyment of a circle of intimate and admiring friends compensated for a wider fame. Many of greater notoriety, on looking back, would gladly have changed places with them; to have been able to contemplate in retrospect so many years of peaceful labor, and to have been so truly honored and so well beloved. To such an extent did this sentiment prevail in the case of Mrs. Vincent that the Vincent Hospital, founded in her name under the auspices of Trinity Church, is in these days sometimes inadvertently called "St. Vincent's Hospital."



A picture by E. H. Sothern, painted in Spain in 1877, during his career as a painter.

Some years ago was sold in Boston the collection of one Mr. Brown, a famous

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From a photograph by Sarony.

Edward H. Sothern in 1879.

gatherer of theatrical programmes, autograph letters, and so forth. I purchased at this sale some letters of my father. One of these was written from Weymouth, England, in 1852, to Mr. Leonard, the manager of the National Theatre, Boston. My father applied for an engagement, giving a list of three hundred and ninety-six parts which he had played and was prepared to play. He was at this time twenty-five years of age, so his experience as an actor in England may be deduced therefrom. Mr. Leonard engaged him for leading comedy.

In 1852, under the name of Douglas Stewart, as I have said, he opened in the part of Doctor Pangloss in "The Heir-at-Law." His failure was so complete that the audience in an uproar interfered with the progress of the play.

On arriving in Boston my father had found shelter in a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Fisher at No. 2 Bullfinch Place —a quaint, quiet street with a kind of toll-gate across it close to Mrs. Fisher's house. Here in this secluded retreat Mr. William Warren and a few other actors resided.

After this disastrous first appearance my father and mother and their one son, Lytton, moved their abode to the house of Mrs. Vincent. Now began a friendship

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From a photograph by the Notman Studio.

"St. Vincent" (Mrs. R. H. Vincent).

that lasted until my father's death and which was bequeathed to me, for Mrs. Vincent survived him by some years.

Often have I pictured to myself these penniless babes-in-the-wood. My mother, then a girl of twenty, and my father in the heyday of his youth, making fun of misfortune as though that monster were a friend, snapping their fingers at disaster and quite disconcerting the demon of poverty by laughing in his face. No ill fortune is terrible at the age of twenty-five.

It was at this moment that his lifelong friendship for Mrs. Vincent began. It was on her sympathetic bosom that my mother relieved her grief; and it was her joyous counsel and all-conquering chuckle that fortified these children to face fortune anew. Mrs. Vincent always spoke of my father as "her son" and he forever called her "Little Mother." In her memoirs she says: "He was the most impudent, audacious, good-for-nothing, good-hearted fellow." He was forever making her the victim of all sorts of mad pranks. To the last of her days she could never speak of him without uncontrollable laughter, even when she was pausing to dry her tears at the thought of his having passed away.

Mrs. Vincent, all her life long, was de-

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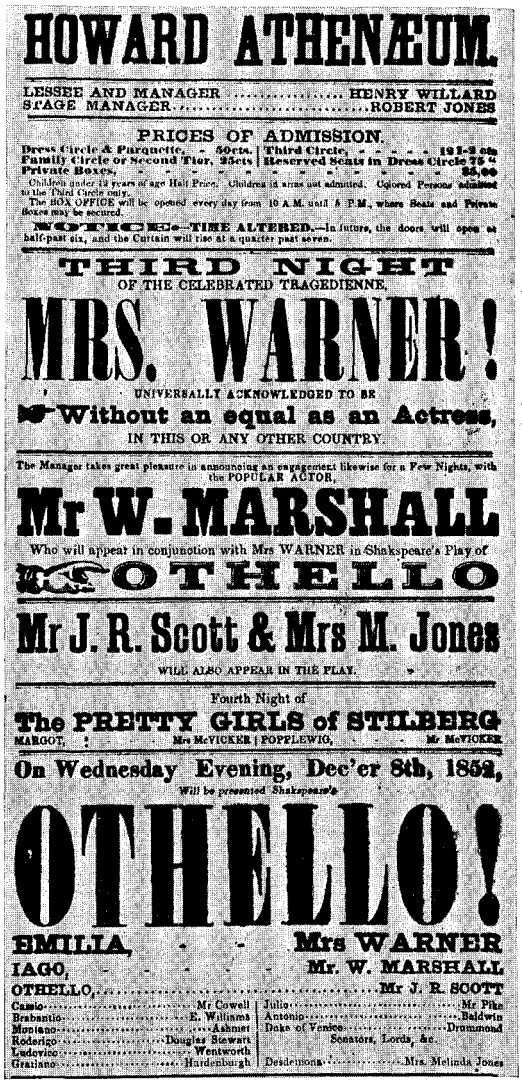
voted to a modest and quiet charity, and she found at once a ready disciple in my father. Early in their friendship he de-



HOWARD ATHENÆUM.

LESSEE AND MANAGER ..... HENRY WILLARD
STAGE MANAGER ..... ROBERT JONES

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle & Parquette, - 50cts. | Third Circle, - - - - - 12 1-2 cts
Family Circle or Second Tier, 25cts | Reserved Seats in Dress Circle 75 "
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - - $5.00

Children under 12 years of age Half Price. Children in arms not admitted. Colored Persons admitted to the Third Circle only.
The BOX OFFICE will be opened every day from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M., where Seats and Private Boxes may be secured.

NOTICE.—TIME ALTERED.—In future, the doors will open at half-past six, and the Curtain will rise at a quarter past seven.

THIRD NIGHT
OF THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIENNE,

MRS. WARNER!

UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE
Without an equal as an Actress,
IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY.

The Manager takes great pleasure in announcing an engagement likewise for a Few Nights, with the POPULAR ACTOR,

Mr W. MARSHALL

Who will appear in conjunction with Mrs WARNER in Shakspeare's Play of

OTHELLO

Mr J. R. Scott & Mrs M. Jones

WILL ALSO APPEAR IN THE PLAY.

Fourth Night of
The PRETTY GIRLS of STILBERG
MARGOT, - Mrs McVICKER | POPPLEWIG, - Mr. McVICKER

On Wednesday Evening, Dec'er 8th, 1852,
Will be presented Shakspeare's

OTHELLO!

EMILIA, - - - Mrs WARNER
IAGO, - - - - - Mr. W. MARSHALL
OTHELLO, ... Mr J. R. SCOTT

Cassio	Mr Cowell	Julio	Mr Pitt
Brabantio	E. Williams	Antonio	Baldwin
Montano	Ashmet	Duke of Venice	Drummond
Roderigo	Douglas Stewart	Senators, Lords, &c.	
Ludovico	Wentworth		
Gratiano	Hardenburgh	Desdemona	Mrs. Melinda Jones

Programme of Howard Athenæum, Boston, December 8, 1852.
E. A. Sothern, as Douglas Stewart, plays Roderigo in "Othello."

posited with her a magic hundred dollars which was never to grow less. When, in the course of her ministrations to the unfortunate, the low-water mark of twenty dollars was reached, my father was to be notified and the balance restored. When Mrs. Vincent died a twenty-dollar bill was found by Miss Mina Berntsen under the paper of her bureau-drawer where she habitually kept it—part of this fairy fund, which had maintained its evergreen quality for twenty years.

My father's annual visit to Boston was a time of whirlwind excitement for Mrs. Vincent. His approach was heralded weeks before by all sorts of extravagant letters and post-cards and telegrams; love messages written in red ink on the outside of envelopes—ten, twenty of them posted at a time—calling her "Adored One," "Beautiful Stalactite," "Lady Godiva," "Boadicea," a thousand extravagances. Then one day his card would be taken up by an hysterical maid-servant named "Mattie," who, with starting eyes and a fist in her mouth, would announce: "The Duke of Wellington," or "The Sultan of Turkey." Mrs. Vincent would welcome him in her best frock, with such dear, old-fashioned curls on either side of her rotund face, chuckling so that her whole body shook. Then such greetings, such laughter, such tears, such stories, such mad doings on my father's part, and such delight in his mischief by this dearest of old ladies! Parrots, cats, canaries; Mattie, the eccentric maid, with her face full of wonder! Then an account of the various charities to which the hundred dollars had contributed most faithfully, and in much detail delivered, and many tales of poor creatures yet to be relieved, and plans and confidences and reminiscences of old friends long gone.

On my arrival in Boston, it was to Mrs. Vincent's house in Chambers Street that I made my way. I had many misgivings as I walked through the curious, intricate, winding, irregular Boston streets, so like the streets of an old English town. The queer New England laws my father had threatened me with, the historical associations—Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of liberty"; the old State House with the lion and the unicorn still rampant; the Boston tea-party; the mad experience of the mad Edmund Kean; my father's disastrous failure in 1852—all these kept

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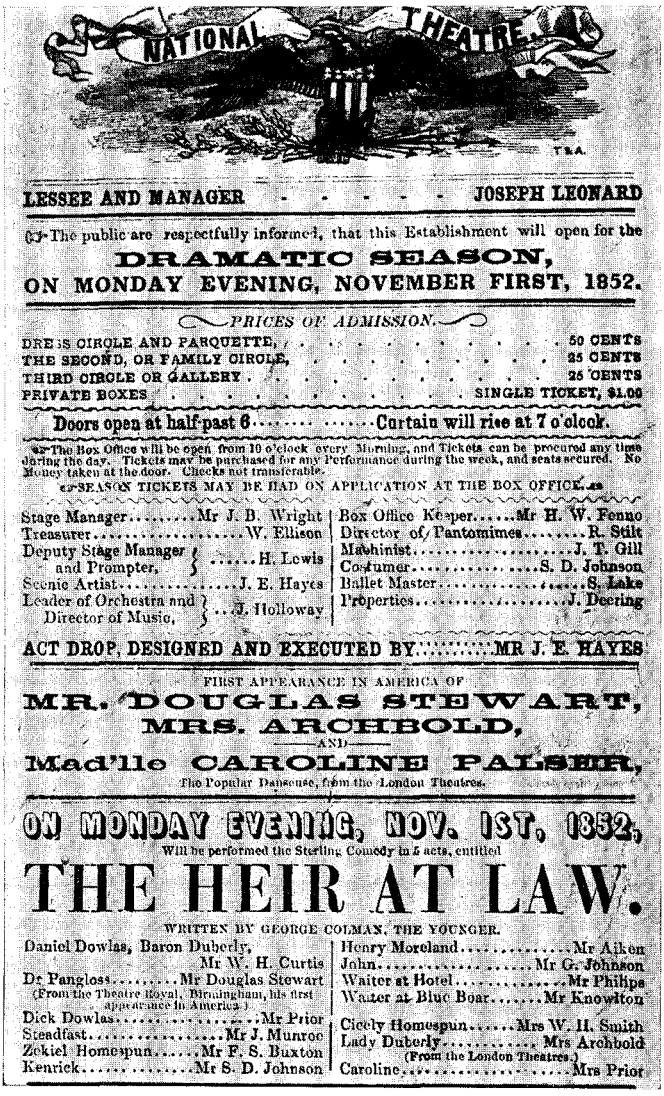
me busy thinking as I walked along. I was quite sure I should fail, to begin with. I was not yet nineteen. Public life, curiously enough, was entirely distasteful to me; not especially theatre life, but any life with crowds of people. I hated the thought that I should have to perfect my work in public at rehearsal, to exhibit myself in the process; all my ignorance and stupidity and imperfection I knew would tie me up in knots and paralyze me and sicken and dishearten me. How I wished that I could study it all in private and then stand forth confident, victorious. But it could not be done; one has to rehearse and look ridiculous and feel ridiculous and be made ridiculous, and generally pay for one's footing in the theatre. A conceited person with a comfortably thick skin may pass through this period without discomfort, but a diffident young man who has the fortune to be sensitive and is aware of his own insufficiency must undergo torture. People are not consciously unkind, but there are few things so comic as an utterly untrained male actor trying to act. I knew well what was in store for me and looked forward with a definite dread to my initiation into the Boston Museum company.



NATIONAL THEATRE.

T. B. A.

LESSEE AND MANAGER - - - - - JOSEPH LEONARD

☞ The public are respectfully informed, that this Establishment will open for the

DRAMATIC SEASON,

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER FIRST, 1852.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

DRESS CIRCLE AND PARQUETTE, ... 50 CENTS
THE SECOND, OR FAMILY CIRCLE, ... 25 CENTS
THIRD CIRCLE OR GALLERY . . . . . 25 CENTS
PRIVATE BOXES . . . . . SINGLE TICKET, $1.00

Doors open at half-past 6 ..... Curtain will rise at 7 o'clock.

☞ The Box Office will be open from 10 o'clock every Morning, and Tickets can be procured any time during the day. Tickets may be purchased for any Performance during the week, and seats secured. No Money taken at the door. Checks not transferable.

☞ SEASON TICKETS MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION AT THE BOX OFFICE. ☜

Stage Manager.....Mr J. B. Wright
Treasurer.....W. Ellison
Deputy Stage Manager and Prompter, ...H. Lewis
Scenic Artist.....J. E. Hayes
Leader of Orchestra and Director of Music, ...J. Holloway
Box Office Keeper.....Mr H. W. Fenno
Director of Pantomimes.....R. Stilt
Machinist.....J. T. Gill
Costumer.....S. D. Johnson
Ballet Master.....S. Lake
Properties.....J. Deering

ACT DROP, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY.....MR J. E. HAYES

FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA OF

MR. DOUGLAS STEWART,
MRS. ARCHBOLD,
AND
Mad'lle CAROLINE PALSER,

The Popular Danseuse, from the London Theatres.

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 1ST, 1852,

Will be performed the Sterling Comedy in 5 acts, entitled

THE HEIR AT LAW.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly, Mr W. H. Curtis
Dr Pangloss.....Mr Douglas Stewart
(From the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, his first appearance in America.)
Dick Dowlas.....Mr Prior
Steadfast.....Mr J. Munroe
Zekiel Homespun.....Mr F. S. Buxton
Kenrick.....Mr S. D. Johnson
Henry Moreland.....Mr Aiken
John.....Mr G. Johnson
Waiter at Hotel.....Mr Philips
Waiter at Blue Boar.....Mr Knowlton
Cicely Homespun.....Mrs W. H. Smith
Lady Duberly.....Mrs Archbold
(From the London Theatres.)
Caroline.....Mrs Prior

Programme of National Theatre, Boston, November 1, 1852.

E. A. Sothern's first appearance in America.

Wrote my father to Mrs. Vincent: "Eddy is a dear boy, but he will never make an actor." Indeed, it is not for me to say that my father was wrong. Thus recommended, there I was on my way to the dear old lady's arms. My father had failed in this very town and had succeeded. Edmund Kean had been pelted with cabbages and was a great man notwithstanding. Truly, I had no hunger for these experiences, yet should they be mine it was evident there was no need to despair. Let me proceed toward disaster with a light heart, catch my cabbage on the wing dexterously. Perhaps some day this same cabbage would be pointed to with proud interest—maybe sold at auc-

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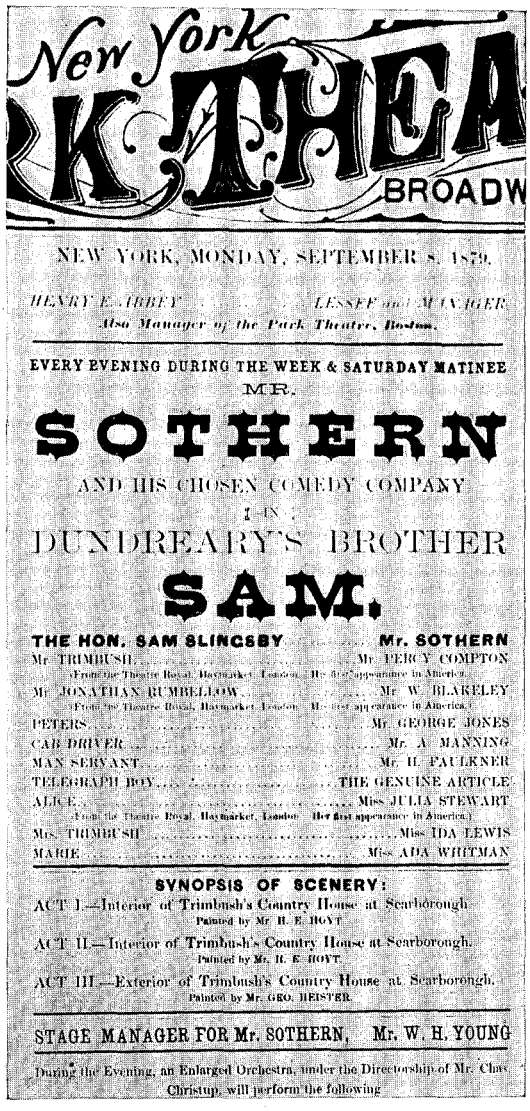
tion as a valuable memento—who could tell? In the Players Club is preserved a back tooth which once belonged to George Frederick Cook. I was to open in the play called "The Duke's Motto." I had my part in my pocket. There were many cues, but the only line for me was: "To the health of our noble host." There was not much opportunity for distinction, nor, on the other hand, could I excite any great disgust or antipathy. There seemed no chance for cabbages!



NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1879.

HENRY E. ABBEY ..... LESSEE and MANAGER
Also Manager of the Park Theatre, Boston.

EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK & SATURDAY MATINEE
MR.

SOTHERN

AND HIS CHOSEN COMEDY COMPANY
IN
DUNDREARY'S BROTHER

SAM.

THE HON. SAM SLINGSBY	Mr. SOTHERN
Mr. TRIMBUSH	Mr. PERCY COMPTON
(From the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London. Her first appearance in America.)	
Mr. JONATHAN RUMBELLOW	Mr. W. BLAKELEY
(From the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London. His first appearance in America.)	
PETERS	Mr. GEORGE JONES
CAB DRIVER	Mr. A. MANNING
MAN SERVANT	Mr. H. FAULKNER
TELEGRAPH BOY	THE GENUINE ARTICLE
ALICE	Miss JULIA STEWART
(From the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London. Her first appearance in America.)	
Mrs. TRIMBUSH	Miss IDA LEWIS
MARIE	Miss ADA WHITMAN

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY:

ACT I.—Interior of Trimbush's Country House at Scarborough.
Painted by Mr. H. E. HOYT.

ACT II.—Interior of Trimbush's Country House at Scarborough.
Painted by Mr. H. E. HOYT.

ACT III.—Exterior of Trimbush's Country House at Scarborough.
Painted by Mr. GEO. HEISTER.

STAGE MANAGER FOR Mr. SOTHERN, Mr. W. H. YOUNG

During the Evening, an Enlarged Orchestra, under the Directorship of Mr. Chas Christup, will perform the following

Programme of Park Theatre, New York City, September 8, 1879.

Mr. E. H. Sothern's first appearance on the stage when he took Mr. A. Manning's part as the cab-driver.

It was in a cheerful mood, therefore, that I knocked at Mrs. Vincent's door.

"My grandson!" cried that dear creature as she took me to her embrace, "for your father is my son."

Well, I made friends with the parrots and the cats and the canaries and the strange Swedish girl, Mattie, who always walked either sideways or backward and forever was laughing or falling down stairs. Some friends of Mrs. Vincent were present. They looked rather startled when told I was to be an actor. One man began to laugh in a breathless way—I learned later it was his habit to laugh like that even in grief. He meant no comment on my intentions, but he distressed me sorely. Mrs. Vincent took in lodgers; also she rented wardrobe to amateur actors. The lower floor of her house was filled with costumes of all periods. Members of the Harvard University "Hasty Pudding Club" were great customers of hers. It was a quaint household, old-fashioned, Dickensonian. To me all the people were new and strange and delightful; hospitable, affectionate, saturated with remembrances of my father, and looking on me with an amused curiosity, as children might look on a firecracker. They seemed to speculate as to what direction I should explode in, whether I would be able to act or not. I was quite sure I could not, and again a kind of despair settled on me.

The next morning I went to rehearsal. Rehearsal was a daily ceremony at the Boston Museum, such as prayers in an English house or grace at a proper dinner-table. Ten o'clock each morning a rehearsal. Punctual as I was, my dear Mrs. Vincent was before me. She introduced me to the company as they came in, thirty or forty of them. Up I would bob and shake hands and be greeted and sit down again by my guide, philosopher, and "mother."

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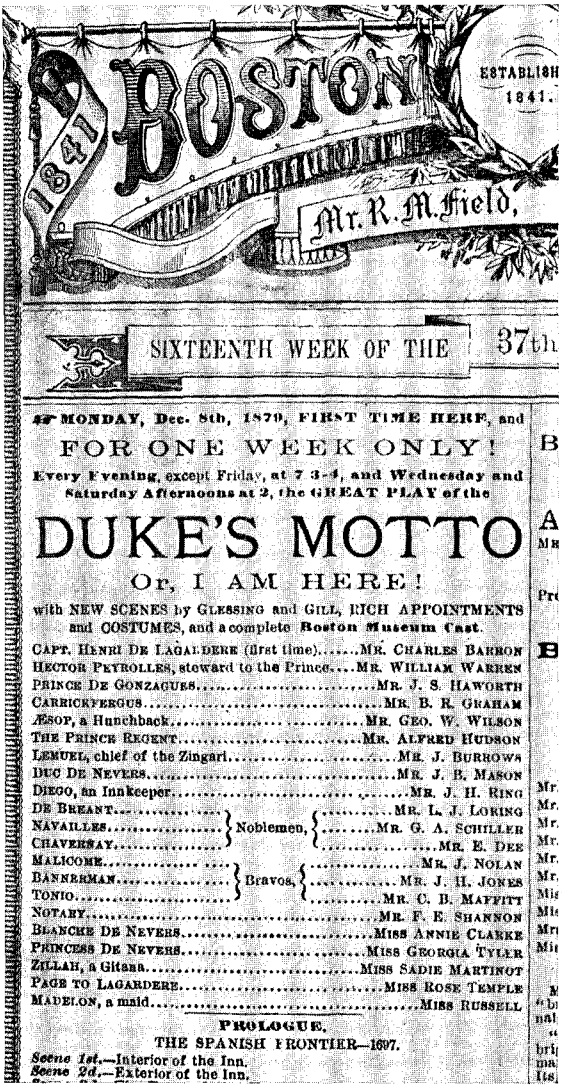
The ceremony became quite embarrassing and even comic, for I was shy and self-conscious. At length Mr. William Warren entered. I was just from England; I had never heard of Mr. Warren; I had never, until a few days before, known that such a place as the Boston Museum existed. Mr. Warren's long and devoted career as an artist was as foreign to me as it is at this day to the vast majority of Americans, to say nothing of English people. His great light had been hidden under the Boston bushel all these years, and his happy lot was that he practically had no history outside his native common.

"Mr. William Warren," said Mrs. Vincent, "this is Mr. Sothern, the son of E. A. Sothern."

I did not rise, so distracted was I with much introduction. Mr. Warren shook me by the hand and spoke a kindly word, greeted Mrs. Vincent, and passed on. But I had made an awful mistake. I had not risen to greet the idol of Boston. The manner of the entire company, which had been kindly tolerant before, now became frigid. I felt something was wrong, but I could not tell what. For a week I suffered the cold shoulder. At last Joseph Haworth, with whom I had struck up a friendship, thanks to Mrs. Vincent's intercession, took pity on my ignorance and told me that everybody resented my treatment of Mr. Warren. Mr. Warren himself had remained behind on that fateful day after the rehearsal. As I left my dressing-room, where I had been busy, I encountered him. He patted me on the back. Said he: "My boy, I knew your father and mother; come and see me at my lodgings at Mrs. Fisher's; we must have a chat. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

Of course I called and of course the dear old actor was sweet and kind. Here, in the very house wherein my boy-father and girl-mother had lodged, Mr. Warren took me under his wing.



1841 BOSTON ESTABLISH 1841.

Mr. R. M. Field,

SIXTEENTH WEEK OF THE 37th

MONDAY, Dec. 8th, 1879, FIRST TIME HERE, and

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

Every Evening, except Friday, at 7 3-4, and Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at 2, the GREAT PLAY of the

DUKE'S MOTTO

Or, I AM HERE!

with NEW SCENES by GLESSING and GILL, RICH APPOINTMENTS and COSTUMES, and a complete Boston Museum Cast.

CAPT. HENRI DE LAGARDERE (first time).....MR. CHARLES BARRON
HECTOR PETROLLES, steward to the Prince....MR. WILLIAM WARREN
PRINCE DE GONZAGUES.....MR. J. S. HAWORTH
CARRICKFERGUS.....MR. B. R. GRAHAM
ÆSOP, a Hunchback.....MR. GEO. W. WILSON
THE PRINCE REGENT.....MR. ALFRED HUDSON
LEMUEL, chief of the Zingari.....MR. J. BURROWS
DUC DE NEVERS.....MR. J. B. MASON
DIEGO, an Innkeeper.....MR. J. H. RING
DE BREANT.....MR. L. J. LORING
NAVAILLES.....Noblemen, MR. G. A. SCHILLER
CHAVERSAY.....MR. E. DEE
MALICORNE.....MR. J. NOLAN
BANNERMAN.....Bravos, MR. J. H. JONES
TONIO.....MR. C. B. MAFFITT
NOTARY.....MR. F. E. SHANNON
BLANCHE DE NEVERS.....MISS ANNIE CLARKE
PRINCESS DE NEVERS.....MISS GEORGIA TYLER
ZILLAH, a Gitana.....MISS SADIE MARTINOT
PAGE TO LAGARDERE.....MISS ROSE TEMPLE
MADELON, a maid.....MISS RUSSELL

PROLOGUE.

THE SPANISH FRONTIER—1697.

Scene 1st.—Interior of the Inn.
Scene 2d.—Exterior of the Inn.

Programme of Boston Museum, December 8, 1879.

Mr. E. H. Sothern, as Mr. E. Dee, played his first rôle, having a part consisting of only one line.

Said Haworth: "The people resent your behavior to Mr. Warren."

"But Mr. Warren doesn't resent it," said I, while before me arose visions of cat-o'-nine-tails and burning witches, and heads without ears, and Edmund Kean standing there a mark for cabbages, and my father's speech to the audience in 1852.

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"My adventures have begun," I reflected.

"To the health of our noble host!" I cried with much assurance on the opening night of "The Duke's Motto." Already one line had become a small matter to me. I began to feel my wings.

The economy of a stock company offered interesting instances here at the Museum. Some of the actors had no intention of letting grass grow under idle feet. One player was a barber by day; another, the beloved "Smithy," was a tailor—very properly, the tailor played fops. I had a particular friend who was a cab-driver. Who shall point the finger of scorn that these had two strings to their bow? Their example might be well followed; an honest barber or, for that matter, an honest cab-driver, may be the noblest work of God. And well may the actor's study of mankind be multiplied a thousandfold by the scraping of innumerable chins or the driving of the accidental wayfarer from the cradle to the grave. Who could better take man's measure than the tailor, dissect him to a hair than the barber, or consider his final destination than the cab-driver?

For three months I disported myself at the Museum. Then my father arrived in Boston on his annual visit. We were at the time playing a burlesque called "Pippins." I had quite a part in this and was made up to look like "Lord Dundreary." My father had sent me one of his wigs and a pair of whiskers. His delight when he saw me thus decorated was unbounded. I had to sing a song and execute a dance. Most excellently foolish I was, but it was one of the rungs of the ladder and I was learning that I had feet.

Immediately on my father's arrival in Boston, I went with him to call on Mrs. Vincent. She had just moved from Chambers Street to Charles Street. As the door opened, my father dashed past the startled servant-maid, rushed upstairs two steps at a time, flew like a cyclone into Mrs. Vincent's room, saying:

"Come, we must fly instantly; all is discovered! We are lost! Your parents are in hot pursuit. Quick! Send for hot rum and water and an onion! I have pistols and asafœtida!"

Meanwhile, to the terror of some sedate persons whom Mrs. Vincent had invited to meet my parent, he seized that gentle, sweet, and hysterical matron, wrapped a camel's-hair shawl around her and carried her down-stairs, placed her in her rustling silks into the carriage which had brought us to her door, cried to the driver: "Quick, drive for your life! We are pursued! Five dollars! ten dollars! twenty dollars if we escape!" The driver was on the box by now; the horses were prancing, for this excitement was contagious. Heads appeared from neighboring windows, passers-by stopped and stared. I, myself, was bewildered, so intense and earnest was my father. Dash! we went up Charles Street.

"They are after us!" cried my father out at the window. "Go on! drive round and round the common till I tell you to stop! Ten dollars! Twenty dollars!"

The driver was now standing up on the box, belaboring the horses. Mrs. Vincent's cries and laughter alarmed persons in the street. We went at much risk quite round the public garden and back to the Charles Street house, my father violently directing operations from the window, and intermittently declaring to Mrs. Vincent his adoration for her, saying that "since they had to die, they would die together!" and much to the same effect. Mrs. Vincent's perturbed household gathered her up and took her back to her room; the cabman, wild-eyed and rewarded, went his way, and an uproarious party discussed the amazing adventure.

How could such people ever grow old? They never did grow old; evergreen was Mrs. Vincent, a perennial was my father, both of them had the hearts of children, responsive as children to the touch of joy or sorrow.

My father was like no other man alive. His moods were as violently varied as the wind. His tenderness, his audacity, his agility of mind and body, his elfin spirit of mischief, his pity for the unfortunate, his schoolboy delight in the strangest of pranks made up a very lovable and unique personality.

Now I went away from Boston to travel and play small parts in my father's company. His last season on the stage it proved to be. In a little while he was no more.

It was after my father's death in 1881 that Mr. Warren's jubilee—his fiftieth

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From a photograph by the Notman Studio.

William Warren.

year in one theatre—was celebrated with much ceremony. He was now seventy years of age, and Boston paid him a worthy tribute. Then shortly came Mrs. Vincent's turn. Her dear heart was gladdened too with the homage of her thousands of friends. Again a little while and her time had come. According to her desire, all her pet birds were buried with her. They were mercifully chloroformed, and she and her parrots and canaries were borne to one grave, followed by a sorrowing multitude.

The Vincent Hospital is one of the proudest monuments ever erected to an actor. Here in New England, in Boston, where the prejudice against the playhouse was so powerful that the astute managers had to practically charm the godly into the belief that a theatre was not a theatre; here has been erected by Trinity Church, under the direct, immediate instigation of Bishop Brooks, a noble memorial to a noble woman of the stage. Mrs. Vincent, "the actress," in the very hotbed of prejudice, by merely living her gentle, kindly, loving existence, had become such a shining light of sweetness and goodliness that with one accord people raised this hospital to her.

(To be continued.)

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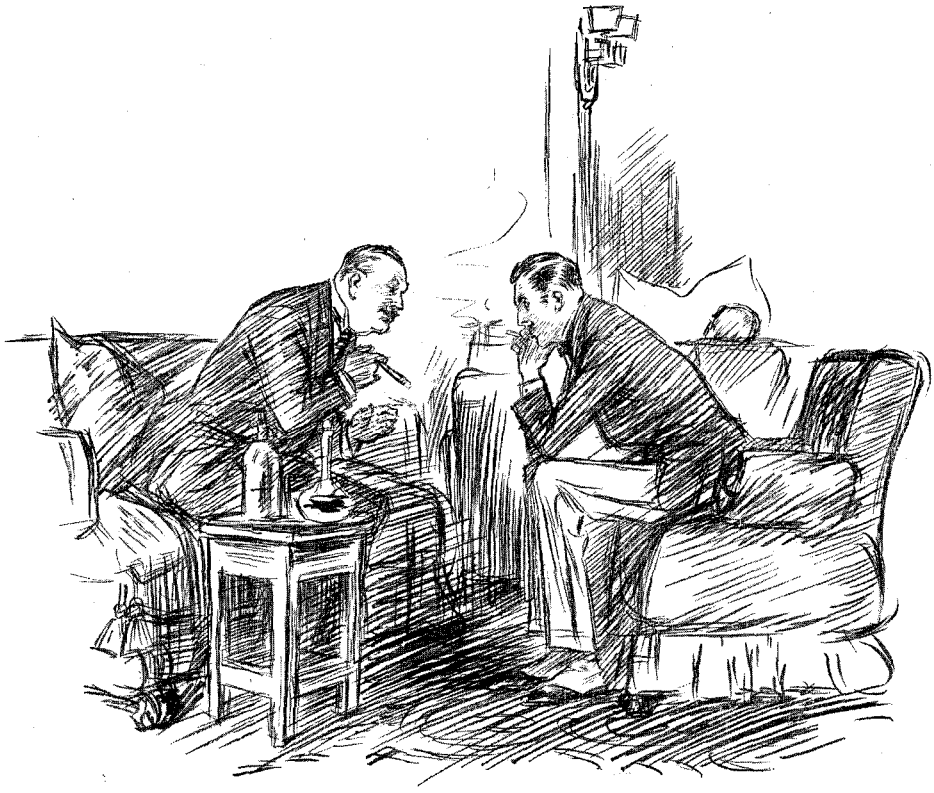

The men would linger and exchange anecdotes of their children for hours at a time.—Page 322.

REMATING TIME

III

THE UNITED HOME. A HAPPY ENDING TO THE QUESTION: "BUT HOW ABOUT THE CHILDREN OF THE DIVORCED?"

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT was all very well in the romantic days of the old-fashioned novel to assert arbitrarily, "And so they were divorced and lived happily ever after"; but sentimental conclusions like that are no longer conclusive, even to the idealists.

For in this clear-sighted age every honest-minded person will acknowledge that it is at the sacrifice of much that is desirable in life and only by constant compromise that a real success can be made of marriage, and the same must be admitted, therefore, of remarriage. Nothing is perfect in this world, alas, not even divorce.

Especially is this true when children are involved. Even the most ardent advocates of divorce have never been able adequately to answer this insuperable argument, to adjust this fundamental defect in the new social order.

True, Mary had instituted the divorce proceedings against her impecunious poet only from the most social and least selfish of motives, namely, to save the family,

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the very basis of society; and likewise Evadne had divorced Bill in the least unpleasant way permitted by the laws of our land. True also that, after impoverished Mary was happily united to Evadne's eminently solvent husband, and wealthy Evadne was joyously joined in holy matrimony to Mary's helpless helpmate, the children, each set of children, had not only all the material advantages money and intelligence could bestow, but also the spiritual blessings of a happy home flooded with the sunshine of love and sincerity, in place of a miserable home blighted by the miasma of despondency and deception, which unfortunately cannot deceive growing children for long.

But even admitting that the right to lead their own lives should be granted in extreme cases to madly happy children—

"Then why does my real mamma live at my other papa's house?"—Page 322.

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They had no defense. They knew full well that

how about the parents? Think of the cruel unfairness to poor fathers and mothers condemned by law to be abandoned by their little ones at stated intervals every year of their lives! Yes, children do complicate the problem. Here lay the fundamental defect in two otherwise divine divorces.

The worst of it was that the self-indulgent little dears basely enjoyed leading a dual life. They approved of having two well-equipped homes instead of one, being quite domestic in their tastes. They looked forward with adventurous expectancy to these frequent changes of scene, wondering what new toys they would find awaiting them; for the parents vied with each other in making their homes attractive to their children—a thing too often neglected in dreary, undivorced families.

Of course, the law was not so hard on

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they had no right to their own children.—Page 324.

the mothers as on the fathers. Mary and Evadne had the custody of their children for all but a fraction of the year, though even then the mothers wept and worried and ran to the telephone to sound long-distance warnings against wet feet, to plot with governesses against infatuated fathers given to feeding their young between meals with candy.

The poor fathers had very little sympathy from any one, except each other, and even that was unexpressed—as yet. For, you see, throughout all but that same small fraction of the year, each was blessed with the other's offspring. Of course, they knew that it was all for the best, but it seemed an odd contrivance of justice. Even fathers have some rights.

The poet, though he adored all children, himself having the heart of a child, naturally preferred to see more of his own and less of Bill's about the place. But he could not object, because they were his precious Evadne's children, and, besides, it was her place. But sometimes, as he held Bill's little dears upon his knee telling them beautiful fairy stories by the firelight, he wondered what his own were doing and how Bill felt about it and whether something could not be done.

Bill felt the same way about it exactly, only with more right since he had a place of his own. Of all his property he took the greatest pride in his progeny, being the kind of man who finds happiness in saying, "My house, my wife, my horse, my children," and he was more than kind to all of them.

Meanwhile the children, like many older persons leading irregular lives, sincerely loved both ménages and shamelessly called each father "Papa." This aroused the demon of jealousy in their true papas, though they were obliged to beam and pretend to like it because their loving wives encouraged this quaint custom.

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"But which *is* my real papa?" asked one of the dear little tots, to whom an injured parent had protested in private.

"I am, dear."

"Then why does my real mamma live at my other papa's house?" It is one of the quaint customs of childhood to ask embarrassing questions.

It was, indeed, confusing, having so many apparent parents — no less than four apiece all told. The darlings soon acquired the quaint custom of calling all grown-ups generically "Papa" and "Mamma," which astonished strangers, and made not only the fathers but the mothers somewhat thoughtful.

Clearly something would have to be done about it. But what could they do? Again the iniquitous laws of the land were all against them.

II

WELL, the first step toward improving the condition of the poor parents was taken by the husbands. Their need was greater than that of the wives. Besides, the wives, it may be recalled, had taken the initiative in the matter of remating, so it was no more than fair that the men should be the natural leaders in this fresh problem of the home, even though the Home is Woman's sphere.

In order to get the latest news of their children from each other, they had fallen into the pleasant habit of meeting at the club, man's sphere being the Club.

"Bill, it was awfully good of you to give my boy that pony," Leonard would say. "How is the little devil getting along, anyway?"

And, "How does my little daughter like her new governess?" Bill would inquire after finishing his report. "I appreciate your kindness in directing her literary taste, Len."

Then, all unknown to their unsuspecting wives waiting patiently in their spheres, the men would linger and exchange anecdotes of their children for hours at a time. And because each parent retailed the extraordinarily bright sayings—not of his own, but of the other's offspring, they were perhaps the only members of the club, the only men in the vast city, not bored by listening to such recitals.

"Billy dear, what makes you so late?" Mary would ask unsuspiciously.

"Had to see a man on important business," he would reply evasively, after the manner of guilty husbands.

And, "Oh, Leonard, I was so afraid you had been run down by a motor-car."

"Not at all, my dear, not at all. Met an old pal at the club—gave me a beautiful idea for my sonnets on childhood."

No doubt it was wrong to deceive their trusting wives, but it cemented the bond of friendship between the two husbands. Formerly it was their wives, now it was their children, that brought them together.

But it did not stop there. As time went on and they became more sympathetic with the discovery that each had a similar secret sorrow, they confided their parental yearnings to each other, their hopes, their fears, their dreams; shyly, like youths in love, furtively, like respectable citizens trying to keep up appearances.

"Look here, Bill," said Leonard one day over a cocktail, "to-morrow I'm going to take your children up to the Zoo to show them some of the animals I've been telling them stories about." He stopped and finished his glass.

"That's very kind of you," said Bill, choking his jealousy with a strong cigar.

"I was just thinking," said the first father, with a conspirator's glance at the other. "You might happen to be taking my children up there for the same purpose at the same hour, eh, what?"

"Oh, I get you!" cried Bill, his heart giving a bound. "You mean—trade children when we arrive there?"

The poet winked one of his beautiful wicked eyes.

They did it. It was a success. No one saw or suspected. They did it again.

This became a habit, too.

It grew upon them insidiously.

But deception never pays. Their sin might not have been found out if they had only been contented with surreptitious meetings in out-of-the-way places. But as time went on they became less furtive, more reckless in their stolen pleasures, as one will in these clandestine affairs, until finally the inevitable dénouement arrived.

One day the two gay deceivers might

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Evadne, who had perfect taste, chose distinguished hats and becoming gowns for Mary.—Page 327.

have been seen (and were seen!) brazenly issuing forth from a notorious resort on Fifth Avenue where children are plied with ice-cream soda between meals, each infatuated father shamelessly flaunting his own offspring in public, in broad daylight, in open defiance of decency and decorum and in criminal contempt of the majesty of the law. And whom should they meet, face to face, like a beautiful

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double-barrelled rebuke, but—the two mothers side by side!

"My Heavens! My wife!" groaned the poet. "All is discovered!"

"Caught with the goods!" muttered the man of business.

The culprits hung their heads in shame, drawing close together for mutual protection, waiting for the blow to fall. They had no defense. They knew full well that they had no right to their own

"This is all very nice for you fathers," she said, wiping a bit of chocolate from little Leonard's lips, "but think what it means to us mothers!" And she gave her former husband one of her former looks.

"I know," stammered Leonard guiltily, "we have broken the law."

"The law!" cried the aggrieved mother. "What do Evadne and I care about the law! It's their livers that concern us."

True, all kinds of children are good, but this kind, even the direst foes of divorce must admit, are the very best of all.—Page 328.

children. It was the close season. Why, oh, why, could not each have been content with the other's children, like nice, respectable divorced people?

At first their wives only laughed at them. "You silly old things!" cried Evadne; "don't you suppose we guessed what was going on? That's what brought Mary and me together again!"

It was true. The men marvelled at it. And yet, why should they? They, too, had been brought together by a similar process.

But Mary did not let them off so easily.

It was too true. Twice within one month the two wives had been up half the night supplementing previous orgies with rhubarb and soda. For it is the woman, always the woman, who pays.

Well, the secret sorrow was now an open wound. Therefore their loving wives put their heads together to devise a remedy. For they were old-fashioned women and wanted their husbands to have everything, even their own children.

But here was a task to tax even woman's ingenuity. Law, custom, and society's ideals were all against them.

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III

A PERIOD of one month had elapsed.

"It's a wonderful idea, dearest," said Mary to Evadne, "but will it work?"

"That is where *you* come in," Evadne replied. "You are so practical. No wonder Bill adores you." These two good friends were rather given to teasing each other about their husbands' devotion, and to some it might seem questionable taste under the circumstances. And yet it must be admitted that it was better than being joked about the devotion of some one else's husband, as might have been the case if the circumstances had remained different.

"Well," said Mary wisely, "as we shall have to submit the question to our husbands eventually, why not seek their cooperation at once?"

"I have it!" cried Evadne—"why couldn't you and Bill give us a week-end out in the country? Then we can all thresh it out together!"

Mary hesitated. She and Bill had not been out there since the day she and Evadne started West for their divorces.

"We all ought to see more of each other," urged Evadne, like a true hostess. "I'm sure Leonard would be delighted."

"I'm sure Bill would love to see the old place," said Mary politely. But all the same she was afraid her husband would not accept, he being still rather conventional.

"I know how to bring him!" cried Evadne: "bring the children! Then, you see, your husband can play with ours, while my husband plays with yours!"

That was wily of Evadne. For by this time the fathers, their parental passions half starved, would have done anything, gone anywhere, to get a glimpse of their loved ones. It was so arranged.

The main purpose of the visit, however, had been kept a secret. It was to be a little surprise for the fathers. But all the same, Bill and Leonard, such is the acuteness of father-love, suspected that something important was in store for them, and after a romping afternoon out-of-doors with their own boys and girls, the two men themselves seemed as excited as children awaiting the summons to a Christmas tree.

"Well, well," said Bill, taking Evadne out to dinner, but hardly realizing what he was saying, "this is like old times."

And so it was, and yet it was so different. Ah, yes, your true optimist, who rates human nature above human institutions, the creator above the created, would have felt a gratified glow at beholding the changes in the happy four now seated once more about the pretty dinner-table, formerly Bill's, and now Leonard's.

There was a contented expression in Evadne's once restless eyes: she had something to do in life. She had a poet to inspire and pay for with the money which, as she pointed out to Leonard, neither she had earned nor yet her father, but the public, which was now getting the benefit of it through poems devoted to the downtrodden masses.

Mary, too, was reaching her full growth, having a larger scope for her great talents than washing dishes. She managed not only Bill, but a dozen charities and a suffrage organization.

Leonard, no longer obliged to worry about money, was now making a good deal of it, as the poetry business goes, for he had acquired a new stock of ideas during the year's honeymoon in Japan and had begun to mingle once more with the world of art and letters. He was as happy as a liberated bird singing, or even more so—as a poet singing and receiving beautiful book reviews. Having discovered that poetry was not bred of poverty and adversity, as rich people like to think, he turned over all his royalties and magazine receipts to the support of minor poets.

And Bill, with the stimulation of a mate who understood and appreciated a real man's work, namely, acquiring property, was rapidly acquiring enough to enable his daughter, when her turn came, to endow a score of socialistic poets and an uplift magazine or two.

But the most surprising change of all was that each found in his former mate unimagined depths of kindly interest and generous good-will. It amounted almost to congeniality. They had dreaded this meeting. Before dinner was over they regretted that such reunions could not be made permanent features of their lives.

"Now let's get down to business,"

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said Bill, as soon as they were free of the servants. "What scheme have you girls cooked up? Remember, this is a practical world: how are you going to get around the bulwark of society this time?"

It was really quite simple. Briefly stated, it was that the two families should combine and build a large double house, or rather it was to be a triple home, having a private wing on either side completely equipped for each separate ménage, but in addition a common playroom, a day-nursery, a schoolroom, and an open court, all conveniently located in the central portion of the plan for the use of both families in common.

"Great!" shouted Bill. "I'm for it."

"Fine!" sang the poet. "It's just the thing."

"But remember!" Mary reminded her former husband, "we must respect the law. So long as I have the custody of our children, no ice-cream in unsanitary glasses!"

"That's all right," said her present husband, coming to the rescue of her former husband—"he and I shan't be driven to such measures any more. Isn't that so, Len?"

"That's the beauty of it!" agreed the poet jubilantly. "Why, Mary, your husband and I can be as free to see our own children as if both families happened to move into the same hotel!"

"Only much better, dear," put in Evadne gravely. "Our children, both yours and mine, will still have the sacred atmosphere of home."

"And yet we'll all be respecting the bulwark of society," Bill added, rejoicing.

"Right!" cried Leonard. "The wicked practical world can no longer harm us or our little ones!"

No wonder they admired their wives, and also their ex-wives.

"Do not forget," Mary now added, with her well-known practicality which Leonard feared and Bill adored, "that, owing to the architectural arrangement of the house, each family may still be just as private as it pleases to be, and yet when it's necessary to consult one another about the children, here we have this common meeting-ground." And she pointed out the place on the plan Evadne had drawn.

"Without so much as putting on our wraps!" Evadne remarked. "Mary, I was just thinking, why not start a custom of all dining together, say on Wednesdays and Sundays?"

"Why not?" asked Mary. "Let's put in a common dining-room on the plan—say here."

"And while we're about it," said Evadne, "a combination library and billiard-room—say there!"

The two men had listened and looked with breathless interest and beaming approval.

"Great!" said Bill—"a country club at home."

"Fine!" said Leonard—"the terrors of domesticity evicted."

Moreover, this arrangement would help to fill a want all four were beginning to feel. Since the double divorce and remarriage, friends and relatives had had very little to do with them. True, if, for example, Bill had been a drunken wife-beater, Evadne's family would have rallied about her, and the world would have sympathized with the exquisite creature for getting rid of a brute. Or, on the other hand, if the bankrupt poet had incontinently run away with his soul-mate, Mary's friends would have rejoiced at her remarriage with a generous protector, able and willing to support her and the abandoned children. And, in such circumstances, whether she really loved Bill or not, the church rector would have blessed the union.

In short, if any of them had been bad the rest of them might have been rewarded for it, but since all of them had been good, every one of them was punished for it. Throughout the long ordeal of their well-meant but mistaken marriages, each of the steadfast four had been uniformly kind, considerate, and faithful. Throughout the shorter but more tantalizing purgatory of the engagement and divorce proceedings, each had been scrupulously self-controlled, self-abnegating, and self-respecting. As a result, society turned its thumbs down and its nose up, and the church indignantly declined to perform either of the marriage ceremonies.

Of course, even this did not deter such strong characters from righteousness nor drive them into sin. They graciously forgave the church, and were married by the mayor. Nor could they blame soci-

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ety, since its attitude was backed by the laws of their State, which put a premium on impurity, and by the canon of their church, which forbade the remarriage of those who obtained divorce on any other ground.

But just as neither church nor state had succeeded in making these amiable martyrs wicked, so even now the same puissant influences utterly failed to drive them out into the darkness of despair, or down into the corrupting environment of dissolute companionship. On the contrary, it was driving them into pure and helpful association with the only persons in the whole world who really appreciated and understood them, namely, one another.

"But we must always remember," remarked Mary, summing up, "that however helpful and advantageous this arrangement may be for us, it is undertaken chiefly as a duty to the children. They will now have not only two parents of their own apiece in one home continuously, instead of one parent at a time in two homes alternately, but also they will now have proper playmates."

The problem of suitable intimacies during the formative period is usually one of the most difficult and delicate of all parental problems. Seldom, indeed, is it solved so safely and with such complete satisfaction to both the families concerned.

"How dear it will be!" cried Evadne enthusiastically to her former husband. "Our children to have their children to play with!"

"And all without leaving the home!" agreed orthodox Bill.

"Mary, isn't it sweet of my wife to say that of our children!" remarked Leonard to his former wife. And not to be outdone, he turned to Bill and said in all sincerity and truth: "I can honestly recommend your children for my children."

You see, by this time, he knew Bill's better than their fond father did, though that unfortunate state of affairs was now to be changed at last.

IV

Once again what was begun as a benefit for the children turned out to be an unexpected blessing for the parents as well, thus illustrating how happiness follows duty, even in a wicked world, when we have imagination to see the truth and courage to pursue it.

Every human being in this well-meaning, but as yet mismanaged, civilization of ours has something to give to every other human being. Mary gave her former husband advice in regard to changing his flannels and his publishers. Long experience in these fields had taught her more than Evadne would ever learn, though the latter undoubtedly proved to be a better critic of tone color in poetry. Some poets have one kind of helpful comradeship in the home, and again some have the other. Lucky Leonard, to have both without leaving the home.

In return for her dear friend's practical aid, Evadne, who had perfect taste, chose distinguished hats and becoming gowns for Mary, who had no taste at all, but kept Evadne from being cheated by tradesmen, and generously reorganized her kitchen on an efficiency basis.

It may be added that when, as was inevitable, Mary had gradually gained entire control of the executive management of the triplicate home, Evadne, who had always been bored by housekeeping problems, now had time to devote her brilliant talents to beautifying the home and developing the gardens and landscape effects of their combined and therefore extensive estate. This shows the advantages, artistic and economic, of the modern principle of combination and cooperation. Each could succeed at what she was well fitted for, instead of being obliged to fail at what she was ill fitted for —the lot, alas, of all too many women in the old-fashioned single home, as we all know.

Those former companions in crime, the fathers, also helped each other, not only to be better husbands but broader-minded citizens. Bill was rescued just in time from the timid reactionaryism of Wall Street, and the poet was saved from the rank radicalism of the studio. For that matter, they also helped each other's wives. Bill advised Evadne about reinvesting her excessive income. Leonard made impassioned suffrage speeches for Mary's clubs.

But, of course, under all these outward and obvious features of the triple home,

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there were other advantages of a more intimate nature and of a more important bearing upon remating and monogamy. Every man should at times see some other woman than his own. The present arrangement offered the maximum of opportunity with the minimum of danger. They could not possibly fall in love, having already tried their best to do so for many years in vain.

So the sanctity of the home was not imperilled, especially as they were not obliged to leave its protecting portals. The result was that Leonard, for example, who had formerly dreaded the long evenings at home with Mary, when they were compulsory and continuous, now found himself looking forward with relish to his occasional confidential conferences with her about the children, not merely because he admired Mary's ideas but also her eyes.

He wrote a sonnet about them which was highly praised by Evadne and which caused Bill to look into them with added pride and pleasure. Bill, no longer driven to drink by Evadne's vagaries, found her an amusing dinner companion now that he was not obliged to see her at breakfast.

In short, they not only helped one another, which is what we are here for, but also all four of them came to understand and appreciate one another far more than would have been possible had they remained either married or entirely separated. For, say what you will, divorce has just as many defects as marriage and needs as thorough reformation.

One trouble with perfectly contented trusting pairs like these is that they are too often inclined, when once they get each other, to cease to struggle. Wallowing in happiness, they become lazy and disintegrate. So, at least, in the normal circumstances of married life. But in this case, on Wednesdays and Sundays each was on his or her mettle not to suffer by comparison with his or her rival sitting there opposite as a warning and example.

And if by any chance some personal trait or physical feature or mental mood should ever make the comparison unfavorable, for even a moment, one had only to shift one's glance across the table, and there sat a living souvenir of the doleful past. The glad present beamed forth in bright relief again. One hugged one's self. Peace reigned. A happy, united home.

V

TRUE love, tried friendship, congenial interests, and the consciousness of duty well done, despite the opposition of the church, the machinations of the law, and the hostility of the world—what more could any worthy couples ask?

One thing more, and, ah, yes, that, too, came in time—to both wings of the house. And then, oh, the joy of the new life in the happy home! Children born of romantic love! True, all kinds of children are good, but this kind, even the direst foes of divorce must admit, are the very best of all.

One day, as the happy couples were seated in the beautiful, broad library which they called "The Commons," and in which they now spent more than the previously allotted time, Evadne, still lithe and eager as a girl, called excitedly to the other excellent parents to join her at the open French window which gave upon the terrace.

"Look!" she cried. "Oh, look!"

And it was, indeed, a goodly sight, one to encourage the dourest pessimist: four sets of children innocently playing on the level greensward, their white garments gleaming in the twilight against the darkening pines. "Isn't it wonderful!" she cried ecstatically. "We are like God. We love them all."

Bill chuckled and returned to the New York *Evening Post* by the fire, Leonard's beautiful eyes filled with tears of pure joy, and Mary, taking up her knitting again, remarked: "Well, I may be old-fashioned, but it all goes to prove that true happiness can be attained only by doing one's duty well."

"Or else," rejoined Evadne gayly, "that one can do one's duty well only by attaining true happiness!"

It made an interesting topic for discussion.

THE END

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KERFOL

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

I

"YOU ought to buy it," said my host; "it's just the place for a solitary-minded devil like you. And it would be rather worth while to own the most romantic house in Brittany. The present people are dead broke, and it's going for a song—you ought to buy it."

It was not with the least idea of living up to the character my friend Lanrivain ascribed to me (as a matter of fact, under my unsociable exterior I have always had secret yearnings for domesticity) that I took his hint one autumn afternoon and went to Kerfol. My friend was motoring over to Quimper on business: he dropped me on the way, at a cross-road on a heath, and said: "First turn to the right and second to the left. Then straight ahead till you see an avenue. If you meet any peasants, don't ask your way. They don't understand French, and they would pretend they did and mix you up. I'll be back for you here by sunset—and don't forget the tombs in the chapel."

I followed Lanrivain's directions with the hesitation occasioned by the usual difficulty of remembering whether he had said the first turn to the right and second to the left, or the contrary. If I had met a peasant I should certainly have asked, and probably been sent astray; but I had the desert landscape to myself, and so stumbled on the right turn and walked on across the heath till I came to an avenue. It was so unlike any other avenue I have ever seen that I instantly knew it must be *the* avenue. The grey-trunked trees sprang up straight to a great height and then interwove their pale-grey branches in a long tunnel through which the autumn light fell faintly. I know most trees by name, but I haven't to this day been able to decide what those trees were. They had the tall curve of elms, the tenuity of poplars, the ashen colour of olives under a rainy sky; and they stretched ahead of me for half a mile or more without a break in their arch. If ever I saw an avenue that unmistakeably led to something, it was the avenue at Kerfol. My heart beat a little as I began to walk down it.

Presently the trees ended and I came to a fortified gate in a long wall. Between me and the wall was an open space of grass, with other grey avenues radiating from it. Behind the wall were tall slate roofs mossed with silver, a chapel belfry, the top of a keep. A moat filled with wild shrubs and brambles surrounded the place; the drawbridge had been replaced by a stone arch, and the portcullis by an iron gate. I stood for a long time on the hither side of the moat, gazing about me, and letting the influence of the place sink in. I said to myself: "If I wait long enough, the guardian will turn up and show me the tombs—" and I rather hoped he wouldn't turn up too soon.

I sat down on a stone and lit a cigarette. As soon as I had done it, it struck me as a puerile and portentous thing to do, with that great blind house looking down at me, and all the empty avenues converging on me. It may have been the depth of the silence that made me so conscious of my gesture. The squeak of my match sounded as loud as the scraping of a brake, and I almost fancied I heard it fall when I tossed it onto the grass. But there was more than that: a sense of irrelevance, of littleness, of childish bravado, in sitting there puffing my cigarette-smoke into the face of such a past.

I knew nothing of the history of Kerfol—I was new to Brittany, and Lanrivain had never mentioned the name to me till the day before—but one couldn't as much as glance at that pile without feeling in it a long accumulation of history. What kind of history I was not

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prepared to guess: perhaps only the sheer weight of many associated lives and deaths which gives a kind of majesty to all old houses. But the aspect of Kerfol suggested something more—a perspective of stern and cruel memories stretching away, like its own grey avenues, into a blur of darkness.

Certainly no house had ever more completely and finally broken with the present. As it stood there, lifting its proud roofs and gables to the sky, it might have been its own funeral monument. "Tombs in the chapel? The whole place is a tomb!" I reflected. I hoped more and more that the guardian would not come. The details of the place, however striking, would seem trivial compared with its collective impressiveness; and I wanted only to sit there and be penetrated by the weight of its silence.

"It's the very place for you!" Lanrivain had said; and I was overcome by the almost blasphemous frivolity of suggesting to any living being that Kerfol was the place for him. "Is it possible that any one could *not* see—?" I wondered. I did not finish the thought: what I meant was undefinable. I stood up and wandered toward the gate. I was beginning to want to know more; not to *see* more—I was by now so sure it was not a question of seeing—but to feel more: feel all the place had to communicate. "But to get in one will have to rout out the keeper," I thought reluctantly, and hesitated. Finally I crossed the bridge and tried the iron gate. It yielded, and I walked under the tunnel formed by the thickness of the *chemin de ronde*. At the farther end, a wooden barricade had been laid across the entrance, and beyond it I saw a court enclosed in noble architecture. The main building faced me; and I now discovered that one half was a mere ruined front, with gaping windows through which the wild growths of the moat and the trees of the park were visible. The rest of the house was still in its robust beauty. One end abutted on the round tower, the other on the small traceried chapel, and in an angle of the building stood a graceful well-head adorned with mossy urns. A few roses grew against the walls, and on an upper window-sill I remember noticing a pot of fuchsias.

My sense of the pressure of the invisible began to yield to my architectural interest. The building was so fine that I felt a desire to explore it for its own sake. I looked about the court, wondering in which corner the guardian lodged. Then I pushed open the barrier and went in. As I did so, a little dog barred my way. He was such a remarkably beautiful little dog that for a moment he made me forget the splendid place he was defending. I was not sure of his breed at the time, but have since learned that it was Chinese, and that he was of a rare variety called the "Sleeve-dog." He was very small and golden brown, with large brown eyes and a ruffled throat: he looked rather like a large tawny chrysanthemum. I said to myself: "These little beasts always snap and scream, and somebody will be out in a minute."

The little animal stood before me, forbidding, almost menacing: there was anger in his large brown eyes. But he made no sound, he came no nearer. Instead, as I advanced, he gradually fell back, and I noticed that another dog, a vague rough brindled thing, had limped up. "There'll be a hubbub now," I thought; for at the same moment a third dog, a long-haired white mongrel, slipped out of a doorway and joined the others. All three stood looking at me with grave eyes; but not a sound came from them. As I advanced they continued to fall back on muffled paws, still watching me. "At a given point, they'll all charge at my ankles: it's one of the dodges that dogs who live together put up on one," I thought. I was not much alarmed, for they were neither large nor formidable. But they let me wander about the court as I pleased, following me at a little distance—always the same distance—and always keeping their eyes on me. Presently I looked across at the ruined façade, and saw that in one of its window-frames another dog stood: a large white pointer with one brown ear. He was an old grave dog, much more experienced than the others; and he seemed to be observing me with a deeper intentness.

"I'll hear from *him*," I said to myself; but he stood in the empty window-frame, against the trees of the park, and continued to watch me without moving. I

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looked back at him for a time, to see if the sense that he was being watched would not rouse him. Half the width of the court lay between us, and we stared at each other silently across it. But he did not stir, and at last I turned away. Behind me I found the rest of the pack, with a newcomer added: a small black greyhound with pale agate-coloured eyes. He was shivering a little, and his expression was more timid than that of the others. I noticed that he kept a little behind them. And still there was not a sound.

I stood there for fully five minutes, the circle about me—waiting, as they seemed to be waiting. At last I went up to the little golden-brown dog and stooped to pat him. As I did so, I heard myself laugh. The little dog did not start, or growl, or take his eyes from me—he simply slipped back about a yard, and then paused and continued to look at me. "Oh, hang it!" I exclaimed aloud, and walked across the court toward the well.

As I advanced, the dogs separated and slid away into different corners of the court. I examined the urns on the well, tried a locked door or two, and up and down the dumb façade; then I faced about toward the chapel. When I turned I perceived that all the dogs had disappeared except the old pointer, who still watched me from the empty window-frame. It was rather a relief to be rid of that cloud of witnesses; and I began to look about me for a way to the back of the house. "Perhaps there'll be somebody in the garden," I thought. I found a way across the moat, scrambled over a wall smothered in brambles, and got into the garden. A few lean hydrangeas and geraniums pined in the flower-beds, and the ancient house looked down on them indifferently. Its garden side was plainer and severer than the other: the long granite front, with its few windows and steep roof, looked like a fortress-prison. I walked around the farther wing, went up some disjointed steps, and entered the deep twilight of a narrow and incredibly old box-walk. The walk was just wide enough for one person to slip through, and its branches met overhead. It was like the ghost of a box-walk, its lustrous green all turning to the shadowy greyness of the avenues. I walked on and on, the branches hitting me in the face and springing back with a dry rattle; and at length I came out on the grassy top of the *chemin de ronde*. I walked along it to the gate-tower, looking down into the court, which was just below me. Not a human being was in sight; and neither were the dogs. I found a flight of steps in the thickness of the wall and went down them; and when I emerged again into the court, there stood the circle of dogs, the golden-brown one a little ahead of the others, the black greyhound shivering in the rear.

"Oh, hang it—you uncomfortable beasts, you!" I exclaimed, my voice startling me with a sudden echo. The dogs stood motionless, watching me. I knew by this time that they would not try to prevent my approaching the house, and the knowledge left me free to examine them. I had a feeling that they must be horribly cowed to be so silent and inert. Yet they did not look hungry or ill-treated. Their coats were smooth and they were not thin, except the shivering greyhound. It was more as if they had lived a long time with people who never spoke to them or looked at them: as though the silence of the place had gradually benumbed their busy inquisitive natures. And this strange passivity, this almost human lassitude, seemed to me sadder than the misery of starved and beaten animals. I should have liked to rouse them for a minute, to coax them into a game or a scamper; but the longer I looked into their fixed and weary eyes the more preposterous the idea became. With the windows of that house looking down on us, how could I have imagined such a thing? The dogs knew better: *they* knew what the house would tolerate and what it would not. I even fancied that they knew what was passing through my mind, and pitied me for my frivolity. But even that feeling probably reached them through a thick fog of listlessness. I had an idea that their distance from me was as nothing to my remoteness from them. In the last analysis, the impression they produced was that of having in common one memory so deep and dark that nothing that had happened since was worth either a growl or a wag.

"I say," I broke out abruptly, addressing myself to the dumb circle, "do you

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know what you look like, the whole lot of you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost—that's how you look! I wonder if there *is* a ghost here, and nobody but you left for it to appear to?" The dogs continued to gaze at me without moving. . .

It was dark when I saw Lanrivain's motor lamps at the cross-roads—and I wasn't exactly sorry to see them. I had the sense of having escaped from the loneliest place in the whole world, and of not liking loneliness—to that degree—as much as I had imagined I should. My friend had brought his solicitor back from Quimper for the night, and seated beside a fat and affable stranger I felt no inclination to talk of Kerfol. . .

But that evening, when Lanrivain and the solicitor were closeted in the study, Madame de Lanrivain began to question me in the drawing-room.

"Well—are you going to buy Kerfol?" she asked, tilting up her gay chin from her embroidery.

"I haven't decided yet. The fact is, I couldn't get into the house," I said, as if I had simply postponed my decision, and meant to go back for another look.

"You couldn't get in? Why, what happened? The family are mad to sell the place, and the old guardian has orders——"

"Very likely. But the old guardian wasn't there."

"What a pity! He must have gone to market. But his daughter——?"

"There was nobody about. At least I saw no one."

"How extraordinary! Literally nobody?"

"Nobody but a lot of dogs—a whole pack of them—who seemed to have the place to themselves."

Madame de Lanrivain let the embroidery slip to her knee and folded her hands on it. For several minutes she looked at me thoughtfully.

"A pack of dogs—you *saw* them?"

"Saw them? I saw nothing else!"

"How many?" She dropped her voice a little. "I've always wondered——"

I looked at her with surprise: I had supposed the place to be familiar to her. "Have you never been to Kerfol?" I asked.

"Oh, yes: often. But never on that day."

"What day?"

"I'd quite forgotten—and so had Hervé, I'm sure. If we'd remembered, we never should have sent you today—but then, after all, one doesn't half believe that sort of thing, does one?"

"What sort of thing?" I asked, involuntarily sinking my voice to the level of hers. Inwardly I was thinking: "I *knew* there was something. . ."

Madame de Lanrivain cleared her throat and produced a reassuring smile. "Didn't Hervé tell you the story of Kerfol? An ancestor of his was mixed up in it. You know every Breton house has its ghost-story; and some of them are rather unpleasant."

"Yes—but those dogs?" I insisted.

"Well, those dogs are the ghosts of Kerfol. At least, the peasants say there's one day in the year when a lot of dogs appear there; and that day the keeper and his daughter go off to Morlaix and get drunk. The women in Brittany drink dreadfully." She stooped to match a silk; then she lifted her charming inquisitive Parisian face: "Did you *really* see a lot of dogs? There isn't one at Kerfol," she said.

II

LANRIVAIN, the next day, hunted out a shabby calf volume from the back of an upper shelf of his library.

"Yes—here it is. What does it call itself? *A History of the Assizes of the Duchy of Brittany. Quimper*, 1702. The book was written about a hundred years later than the Kerfol affair; but I believe the account is transcribed pretty literally from the judicial records. Anyhow, it's queer reading. And there's a Hervé de Lanrivain mixed up in it—not exactly *my* style, as you'll see. But then he's only a collateral. Here, take the book up to bed with you. I don't exactly remember the details; but after you've read it I'll bet anything you'll leave your light burning all night!"

I left my light burning all night, as he had predicted; but it was chiefly because, till near dawn, I was absorbed in my reading. The account of the trial of Anne de Cornault, wife of the lord of Kerfol, was long and closely printed. It was, as my

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friend had said, probably an almost literal transcription of what took place in the court-room; and the trial lasted nearly a month. Besides, the type of the book was detestable. . .

At first I thought of translating the old record literally. But it is full of wearisome repetitions, and the main lines of the story are forever straying off into side issues. So I have tried to disentangle it, and give it here in a simpler form. At times, however, I have reverted to the text because no other words could have conveyed so exactly the sense of what I felt at Kerfol; and nowhere have I added anything of my own.

III

It was in the year 16— that Yves de Cornault, lord of the domain of Kerfol, went to the *pardon* of Locronan to perform his religious duties. He was a rich and powerful noble, then in his sixty-second year, but hale and sturdy, a great horseman and hunter and a pious man. So all his neighbours attested. In appearance he seems to have been short and broad, with a swarthy face, legs slightly bowed from the saddle, a hanging nose and broad hands with black hairs on them. He had married young and lost his wife and son soon after, and since then had lived alone at Kerfol. Twice a year he went to Morlaix, where he had a handsome house by the river, and spent a week or ten days there; and occasionally he rode to Rennes on business. Witnesses were found to declare that during these absences he led a life different from the one he was known to lead at Kerfol, where he busied himself with his estate, attended mass daily, and found his only amusement in hunting the wild boar and water-fowl. But these rumours are not particularly relevant, and it is certain that among people of his own class in the neighbourhood he passed for a stern and even austere man, observant of his religious obligations, and keeping strictly to himself. There was no talk of any familiarity with the women on his estate, though at that time the nobility were very free with their peasants. Some people said he had never looked at a woman since his wife's death; but such things are hard to prove, and the evidence on this point was not worth much.

Well, in his sixty-second year, Yves de Cornault went to the *pardon* at Locronan, and saw there a young lady of Douarnenez, who had ridden over pillion behind her father to do her duty to the saint. Her name was Anne de Barrigan, and she came of good old Breton stock, but much less great and powerful than that of Yves de Cornault; and her father had squandered his fortune at cards, and lived almost like a peasant in his little granite manor on the moors. . . I have said I would add nothing of my own to this bald statement of a strange case; but I must interrupt myself here to describe the young lady who rode up to the lych-gate of Locronan at the very moment when the Baron de Cornault was also dismounting there. I take my description from a rather rare thing: a faded drawing in red crayon, sober and truthful enough to be by a late pupil of the Clouets, which hangs in Lanrivain's study, and is said to be a portrait of Anne de Barrigan. It is unsigned and has no mark of identity but the initials A. B., and the date 16—, the year after her marriage. It represents a young woman with a small oval face, almost pointed, yet wide enough for a full mouth with a tender depression at the corners. The nose is small, and the eyebrows are set rather high, far apart, and as lightly pencilled as the eyebrows in a Chinese painting. The forehead is high and serious, and the hair, which one feels to be fine and thick and fair, drawn off it and lying close like a cap. The eyes are neither large nor small, hazel probably, with a look at once shy and steady. A pair of beautiful long hands are crossed below the lady's breast. . .

The chaplain of Kerfol, and other witnesses, averred that when the Baron came back from Locronan he jumped from his horse, ordered another to be instantly saddled, called to a young page come with him, and rode away that same evening to the south. His steward followed the next morning with coffers laden on a pair of pack mules. The following week Yves de Cornault rode back to Kerfol, sent for his vassals and tenants, and told them he was to be married at All Saints to Anne de Barrigan of Douar-

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nenez. And on All Saints' Day the marriage took place.

As to the next few years, the evidence on both sides seems to show that they passed happily for the couple. No one was found to say that Yves de Cornault had been unkind to his wife, and it was plain to all that he was content with his bargain. Indeed, it was admitted by the chaplain and other witnesses for the prosecution that the young lady had a softening influence on her husband, and that he became less exacting with his tenants, less harsh to peasants and dependents, and less subject to the fits of gloomy silence which had darkened his widowhood. As to his wife, the only grievance her champions could call up in her behalf was that Kerfol was a lonely place, and that when her husband was away on business at Rennes or Morlaix—whither she was never taken—she was not allowed so much as to walk in the park unaccompanied. But no one asserted that she was unhappy, though one servant-woman said she had surprised her crying, and had heard her say that she was a woman accursed to have no child, and nothing in life to call her own. But that was a natural enough feeling in a wife attached to her husband; and certainly it must have been a great grief to Yves de Cornault that she gave him no son. Yet he never made her feel her childlessness as a reproach—she herself admits this in her evidence—but seemed to try to make her forget it by showering gifts and favours on her. Rich though he was, he had never been open-handed; but nothing was too fine for his wife, in the way of silks or gems or linen, or whatever else she fancied. Every wandering merchant was welcome at Kerfol, and when the master was called away he never came back without bringing his wife a handsome present—something curious and particular—from Morlaix or Rennes or Quimper. One of the waiting-women gave, in cross-examination, an interesting list of one year's gifts, which I copy. From Morlaix, a carved ivory junk, with Chinamen at the oars, that a strange sailor had brought back as a votive offering for Notre Dame de la Clarté, above Ploumanac'h; from Quimper, an embroidered gown, worked by the nuns of the Assumption; from Rennes, a silver rose that opened and showed an amber Virgin with a crown of garnets; from Morlaix, again, a length of Damascus velvet shot with gold, bought of a Jew from Syria; and for Michaelmas that same year, from Rennes, a necklet or bracelet of round stones—emeralds and pearls and rubies—strung like beads on a gold wire. This was the present that pleased the lady best, the woman said. Later on, as it happened, it was produced at the trial, and appears to have struck the Judges and the public as a curious and valuable jewel.

The very same winter, the Baron absented himself again, this time as far as Bordeaux, and on his return he brought his wife something even odder and prettier than the bracelet. It was a winter evening when he rode up to Kerfol and, walking into the hall, found her sitting listlessly by the fire, her chin on her hand, looking into the fire. He carried a velvet box in his hand and, setting it down on the hearth, lifted the lid and let out a little golden-brown dog.

Anne de Cornault exclaimed with pleasure as the little creature bounded toward her. "Oh, it looks like a bird or a butterfly!" she cried as she picked it up; and the dog put its paws on her shoulders and looked at her with eyes "like a Christian's." After that she would never have it out of her sight, and petted and talked to it as if it had been a child—as indeed it was the nearest thing to a child she was to know. Yves de Cornault was much pleased with his purchase. The dog had been brought to him by a sailor from an East India merchantman, and the sailor had bought it of a pilgrim in a bazaar at Jaffa, who had stolen it from a nobleman's wife in China: a perfectly permissible thing to do, since the pilgrim was a Christian and the nobleman a heathen doomed to hell-fire. Yves de Cornault had paid a long price for the dog, for they were beginning to be in demand at the French court, and the sailor knew he had got hold of a good thing; but Anne's pleasure was so great that, to see her laugh and play with the little animal, her husband would doubtless have given twice the sum.

So far, all the evidence is at one, and the narrative plain sailing; but now the

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steering becomes difficult. I will try to keep as nearly as possible to Anne's own statements; though toward the end, poor thing . . .

Well, to go back. The very year after the little brown dog was brought to Kerfol, Yves de Cornault, one winter night, was found dead at the head of a narrow flight of stairs leading down from his wife's rooms to a door opening on the court. It was his wife who found him and gave the alarm, so distracted, poor wretch, with fear and horror—for his blood was all over her—that at first the roused household could not make out what she was saying, and thought she had gone suddenly mad. But there, sure enough, at the top of the stairs lay her husband, stone dead, and head foremost, the blood from his wounds dripping down to the steps below him. He had been dreadfully scratched and gashed about the face and throat, as if with a dull weapon; and one of his legs had a deep tear in it which had cut an artery, and probably caused his death. But how did he come there, and who had murdered him?

His wife declared that she had been asleep in her bed, and hearing his cry had rushed out to find him lying on the stairs; but this was immediately questioned. In the first place, it was proved that from her room she could not have heard the struggle on the stairs, owing to the thickness of the walls and the length of the intervening passage; then it was evident that she had not been in bed and asleep, since she was dressed when she roused the house, and her bed had not been slept in. Moreover, the door at the bottom of the stairs was ajar, and the key in the lock; and it was noticed by the chaplain (an observant man) that the dress she wore was stained with blood about the knees, and that there were traces of small blood-stained hands low down on the staircase walls, so that it was conjectured that she had really been at the postern-door when her husband fell and, feeling her way up to him in the darkness on her hands and knees, had been stained by his blood dripping down on her. Of course it was argued on the other side that the blood-marks on her dress might have been caused by her kneeling down by her husband when she rushed out of her room; but there was the open door below, and the fact that the finger-marks in the staircase all pointed upward.

The accused held to her statement for the first two days, in spite of its improbability; but on the third day word was brought to her that Hervé de Lanrivain, a young nobleman of the neighbourhood, had been arrested for complicity in the crime. Two or three witnesses thereupon came forward to say that it was known throughout the country that Lanrivain had formerly been on good terms with the lady of Cornault; but that he had been absent from Brittany for over a year, and people had ceased to associate their names. The witnesses who made this statement were not of a very reputable sort. One was an old herb-gatherer suspected of witch-craft, another a drunken clerk from a neighbouring parish, the third a half-witted shepherd who could be made to say anything; and it was clear that the prosecution was not satisfied with its case, and would have liked to find more definite proof of Lanrivain's complicity than the statement of the herb-gatherer, who swore to having seen him climbing the wall of the park on the night of the murder. One way of patching out incomplete proofs in those days was to put some sort of pressure, moral or physical, on the accused person. It is not clear what pressure was put on Anne de Cornault; but on the third day, when she was brought into court, she "appeared weak and wandering," and after being encouraged to collect herself and speak the truth, on her honour and the wounds of her Blessed Redeemer, she confessed that she had in fact gone down the stairs to speak with Hervé de Lanrivain (who denied everything), and had been surprised there by the sound of her husband's fall. That was better; and the prosecution rubbed its hands with satisfaction. The satisfaction increased when various dependents living at Kerfol were induced to say—with apparent sincerity—that during the year or two preceding his death their master had once more grown uncertain and irascible, and subject to the fits of brooding silence which his household had learned to dread before his second marriage. This seemed to show that things had not been going well at Kerfol;

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though no one could be found to say that there had been any signs of open disagreement between husband and wife.

Anne de Cornault, when questioned as to her reason for going down at night to open the door to Hervé de Lanrivain, made an answer which must have sent a smile around the court. She said it was because she was lonely and wanted to talk with the young man. Was this the only reason? she was asked; and replied: "Yes, by the Cross over your Lordships' heads." "But why at midnight?" the court asked. "Because I could see him in no other way." I can see the exchange of glances across the ermine collars under the Crucifix.

Anne de Cornault, further questioned, said that her married life had been extremely lonely: "desolate" was the word she used. It was true that her husband seldom spoke harshly to her; but there were days when he did not speak at all. It was true that he had never struck or threatened her; but he kept her like a prisoner at Kerfol, and when he rode away to Morlaix or Quimper or Rennes he set so close a watch on her that she could not pick a flower in the garden without having a waiting-woman at her heels. "I am no Queen, to need such honours," she once said to him; and he had answered that a man who has a treasure does not leave the key in the lock when he goes out. "Then take me with you," she urged; but to this he said that towns were pernicious places, and young wives better off at their own firesides.

"But what did you want to say to Hervé de Lanrivain?" the court asked; and she answered: "To ask him to take me away."

"Ah—you confess that you went down to him with adulterous thoughts?"

"No."

"Then why did you want him to take you away?"

"Because I was afraid for my life."

"Of whom were you afraid?"

"Of my husband."

"Why were you afraid of your husband?"

"Because he had strangled my little dog."

Another smile must have passed around the court-room: in days when any nobleman had a right to hang his peasants—and most of them exercised it—pinching a pet animal's wind-pipe was nothing to make a fuss about.

At this point one of the Judges, who appears to have had a certain sympathy for the accused, suggested that she should be allowed to explain herself in her own way; and she thereupon made the following statement.

The first years of her marriage had been lonely; but her husband had not been unkind to her. If she had had a child she would not have been unhappy; but the days were long, and it rained too much.

It was true that her husband, whenever he went away and left her, brought her a handsome present on his return; but this did not make up for the loneliness. At least nothing had, till he brought her the little brown dog from the East: after that she was much less unhappy. Her husband seemed pleased that she was so fond of the dog; he gave her leave to put her jewelled bracelet around its neck, and to keep it always with her.

One day she had fallen asleep in her room, with the dog at her feet, as his habit was. Her feet were bare and resting on his back. Suddenly she was waked by her husband: he stood beside her, smiling not unkindly.

"You look like my great-grandmother, Juliane de Cornault, lying in the chapel with her feet on a little dog," he said.

The analogy sent a chill through her, but she laughed and answered: "Well, when I am dead you must put me beside her, carved in marble, with my dog at my feet."

"Oho—we'll wait and see," he said, laughing also, but with his black brows close together. "The dog is the emblem of fidelity."

"And do you doubt my right to lie with mine at my feet?"

"When I'm in doubt I find out," he answered. "I am an old man," he added, "and people say I make you lead a lonely life. But I swear you shall have your monument if you earn it."

"And I swear to be faithful," she returned, "if only for the sake of having my little dog at my feet."

Not long afterward he went on business to the Quimper Assizes; and while he was away his aunt, the widow of a great noble-

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man of the duchy, came to spend a night at Kerfol on her way to the *pardon* of Ste. Barbe. She was a woman of great piety and consequence, and much respected by Yves de Cornault, and when she proposed to Anne to go with her to Ste. Barbe no one could object, and even the chaplain declared himself in favour of the pilgrimage. So Anne set out for Ste. Barbe, and there for the first time she talked with Hervé de Lanrivain. He had come once or twice to Kerfol with his father, but she had never before exchanged a dozen words with him. They did not talk for more than five minutes now: it was under the chestnuts, as the procession was coming out of the chapel. He said: "I pity you," and she was surprised, for she had not supposed that any one thought her an object of pity. He added: "Call for me when you need me," and she smiled a little, but was glad afterward, and thought often of the meeting.

She confessed to having seen him three times afterward: not more. How or where she would not say—one had the impression that she feared to implicate some one. Their meetings had been rare and brief; and at the last he had told her that he was starting the next day for a foreign country, on a mission which was not without peril and might keep him for many months absent. He asked her for a remembrance, and she had none to give him but the collar about the little dog's neck. She was sorry afterward that she had given it, but he was so unhappy at going that she had not had the courage to refuse.

Her husband was away at the time. When he returned a few days later he picked up the little dog to pet it, and noticed that its collar was missing. His wife told him that the dog had lost it in the undergrowth of the park, and that she and her maids had hunted a whole day for it. It was true, she explained to the court, that she had made the maids search for the necklet—they all believed the dog had lost it in the park. . .

Her husband made no comment, and that evening at supper he was in his usual mood, between good and bad: you could never tell which. He talked a good deal, describing what he had seen and done at Rennes; but now and then he stopped and looked hard at her; and when she went to bed she found her little dog strangled on her pillow. The little thing was dead, but still warm; she stooped to lift it, and her distress turned to horror when she discovered that it had been strangled by twisting twice round its throat the necklet she had given to Lanrivain.

The next morning at dawn she buried the dog in the garden, and hid the necklet in her breast. She said nothing to her husband, then or later, and he said nothing to her; but that day he had a peasant hanged for stealing a faggot in the park, and the next day he nearly beat to death a young horse he was breaking.

Winter set in, and the short days passed, and the long nights, one by one; and she heard nothing of Hervé de Lanrivain. It might be that her husband had killed him; or merely that he had been robbed of the necklet. Day after day by the hearth among the spinning maids, night after night alone on her bed, she wondered and trembled. Sometimes at table her husband looked across at her and smiled; and then she felt sure that Lanrivain was dead. She dared not try to get news of him, for she was sure her husband would find out if she did: she had an idea that he could find out anything. Even when a witch-woman who was a noted seer, and could show you the whole world in her crystal, came to the castle for a night's shelter, and the maids flocked to her, Anne held back. The winter was long and black and rainy. One day, in Yves de Cornault's absence, some gypsies came to Kerfol with a troop of performing dogs. Anne bought the smallest and cleverest, a white dog with a feathery coat and one blue and one brown eye. It seemed to have been ill-treated by the gypsies, and clung to her plaintively when she took it from them. That evening her husband came back, and when she went to bed she found the dog strangled on her pillow.

After that she said to herself that she would never have another dog; but one bitter cold evening a poor lean greyhound was found whining at the castle-gate, and she took him in and forbade the maids to speak of him to her husband. She hid him in a room that no one went

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to, smuggled food to him from her own plate, made him a warm bed to lie on and petted him like a child.

Yves de Cornault came home, and the next day she found the greyhound strangled on her pillow. She wept in secret, but said nothing, and resolved that even if she met a dog dying of hunger she would never bring him into the castle; but one day she found a young sheep-dog, a brindled puppy with good blue eyes, lying with a broken leg in the snow of the park. Yves de Cornault was at Rennes, and she brought the dog in, warmed and fed it, tied up its leg and hid it in the castle till her husband's return. The day before, she gave it to a a peasant woman who lived a long way off, and paid her handsomely to care for it and say nothing; but that night she heard a whining and scratching at her door, and when she opened it the lame puppy, drenched and shivering, jumped up on her with little sobbing barks. She hid him in her bed, and the next morning was about to have him taken back to the peasant woman when she heard her husband ride into the court. She shut the dog in a chest and went down to receive him. An hour or two later, when she returned to her room, the puppy lay strangled on her pillow. . .

After that she dared not make a pet of any other dog; and her loneliness became almost unendurable. Sometimes, when she crossed the court of the castle, and thought no one was looking, she stopped to pat the old pointer at the gate. But one day as she was caressing him her husband came out of the chapel; and the next day the old dog was gone. . .

This curious narrative was not told in one sitting of the court, or received without impatience and incredulous comment. It was plain that the Judges were surprised by its puerility, and that it did not help the accused in the eyes of the public. It was an odd tale, certainly; but what did it prove? That Yves de Cornault disliked dogs, and that his wife, to gratify her own fancy, persistently ignored this dislike. As for pleading this trivial disagreement as an excuse for her relations —whatever their nature—with her supposed accomplice, the argument was so absurd that her own lawyer manifestly regretted having let her make use of it, and tried several times to cut short her story. But she went on to the end, with a kind of hypnotized insistence, as though the scenes she evoked were so real to her that she had forgotten where she was and imagined herself to be re-living them.

At length the Judge who had previously shown a certain kindness to her said (leaning forward a little, one may suppose, from his row of dozing colleagues): "Then you would have us believe that you murdered your husband because he would not let you keep a pet dog?"

"I did not murder my husband."

"Who did, then? Hervé de Lanrivain?"

"No."

"Who then? Can you tell us?"

"Yes, I can tell you. The dogs—" At that point she was carried out of the court in a swoon.

. . . . . .

It was evident that her lawyer tried to get her to abandon this line of defense. Possibly her explanation, whatever it was, had seemed convincing when she poured it out to him in the heat of their first private colloquy; but now that it was exposed to the cold daylight of judicial scrutiny, and the banter of the town, he was thoroughly ashamed of it, and would have sacrificed her without a scruple to save his professional reputation. But the obstinate Judge—who perhaps, after all, was more inquisitive than kindly—evidently wanted to hear the story out, and she was ordered, the next day, to continue her deposition.

She said that after the disappearance of the old watch-dog nothing particular happened for a month or two. Her husband was much as usual: she did not remember any special incident. But one evening a pedlar woman came to the castle and was selling trinkets to the maids. She had no heart for trinkets, but she stood looking on while the women made their choice. And then, she did not know how, but the pedlar coaxed her into buying for herself an odd pear-shaped pomander with a strong scent in it—she had once seen something of the kind on a gypsy woman. She had no desire for the pomander, and did not know why she had bought it. The pedlar said that whoever wore it had the power to read the future; but she did not really believe

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that, or care much either. However, she bought the thing and took it up to her room, where she sat turning it about in her hand. Then the strange scent attracted her and she began to wonder what kind of spice was in the box. She opened it and found a grey bean rolled in a strip of paper; and on the paper she saw a sign she knew, and a message from Hervé de Lanrivain, saying that he was at home again and would be at the door in the court that night after the moon had set. . .

She burned the paper and then sat down to think. It was nightfall, and her husband was at home. . . She had no way of warning Lanrivain, and there was nothing to do but to wait. . .

At this point I fancy the drowsy courtroom beginning to wake up. Even to the oldest hand on the bench there must have been a certain æsthetic relish in picturing the feelings of a woman on receiving such a message at night-fall from a man living twenty miles away, to whom she had no means of sending a warning. . .

She was not a clever woman, I imagine; and as the first result of her cogitation she appears to have made the mistake of being, that evening, too kind to her husband. She could not ply him with wine, according to the traditional expedient, for though he drank heavily at times he had a strong head; and when he drank beyond its strength it was because he chose to, and not because a woman coaxed him. Not his wife, at any rate—she was an old story by now. As I read the case, I fancy there was no feeling for her left in him but the hatred occasioned by his supposed dishonour.

At any rate, she tried to call up her old graces; but early in the evening he complained of pains and fever, and left the hall to go up to his room. His servant carried him a cup of hot wine, and brought back word that he was sleeping and not to be disturbed; and an hour later, when Anne lifted the tapestry and listened at his door, she heard his loud regular breathing. She thought it might be a feint, and stayed a long time barefooted in the cold passage, her ear to the crack; but the breathing went on too steadily and naturally to be other than that of a man in a sound sleep. She crept back to her room reassured, and stood in the window watching the moon set through the trees of the park. The sky was misty and starless, and after the moon went down the night was pitch black. She knew the time had come, and stole along the passage, past her husband's door—where she stopped again to listen to his breathing—to the top of the stairs. There she paused a moment, and assured herself that no one was following her; then she began to go down the stairs in the darkness. They were so steep and winding that she had to go very slowly, for fear of stumbling. Her one thought was to get the door unbolted, tell Lanrivain to make his escape, and hasten back to her room. She had tried the bolt earlier in the evening, and managed to put a little grease on it; but nevertheless, when she drew it, it gave a squeak . . . not loud, but it made her heart stop; and the next minute, overhead, she heard a noise. . .

"What noise?" the prosecution interposed.

"My husband's voice calling out my name and cursing me."

"What did you hear after that?"

"A terrible scream and a fall."

"Where was Hervé de Lanrivain at this time?"

"He was standing outside in the court. I just made him out in the darkness. I told him for God's sake to go, and then I pushed the door shut."

"What did you do next?"

"I stood at the foot of the stairs and listened."

"What did you hear?"

"I heard dogs snarling and panting." (Visible discouragement of the bench, boredom of the public, and exasperation of the lawyer for the defense. Dogs again—! But the inquisitive Judge insisted.)

"What dogs?"

She bent her head and spoke so low that she had to be told to repeat her answer: "I don't know."

"How do you mean—you don't know?"

"I don't know what dogs. . ."

The Judge again intervened: "Try to tell us exactly what happened. How long did you remain at the foot of the stairs?"

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"Only a few minutes."

"And what was going on meanwhile overhead?"

"The dogs kept on snarling and panting. Once or twice he cried out. I think he moaned once. Then he was quiet."

"Then what happened?"

"Then I heard a sound like the noise of a pack when the wolf is thrown to them—gulping and lapping."

(There was a groan of disgust and repulsion through the court, and another attempted intervention by the distracted lawyer. But the inquisitive Judge was still inquisitive.)

"And all the while you did not go up?"

"Yes—I went up then—to drive them off."

"The dogs?"

"Yes."

"Well——?"

"When I got there it was quite dark. I found my husband's flint and steel and struck a spark. I saw him lying there. He was dead."

"And the dogs?"

"The dogs were gone."

"Gone—where to?"

"I don't know. There was no way out—and there were no dogs at Kerfol."

She straightened herself to her full height, threw her arms above her head, and fell down on the stone floor with a long scream. There was a moment of confusion in the court-room. Some one on the bench was heard to say: "This is clearly a case for the ecclesiastical authorities"—and the prisoner's lawyer doubtless jumped at the suggestion.

After this, the trial loses itself in a maze of cross-questioning and squabbling. Every witness who was called corroborated Anne de Cornault's statement that there were no dogs at Kerfol: had been none for several months. The master of the house had taken a dislike to dogs, there was no denying it. But, on the other hand, at the inquest, there had been long and bitter discussions as to the nature of the dead man's wounds. One of the surgeons called in had spoken of marks that looked like bites. The suggestion of witchcraft was revived, and the opposing lawyers hurled tomes of necromancy at each other.

At last Anne de Cornault was brought back into court—at the instance of the same Judge—and asked if she knew where the dogs she spoke of could have come from. On the body of her Redeemer she swore that she did not. Then the Judge put his final question: "If the dogs you think you heard had been known to you, do you think you would have recognized them by their barking?"

"Yes."

"Did you recognize them?"

"Yes."

"What dogs do you take them to have been?"

"My dead dogs," she said in a whisper. . . She was taken out of court, not to reappear there again. There was some kind of ecclesiastical investigation, and the end of the business was that the Judges disagreed with each other, and with the ecclesiastical committee, and that Anne de Cornault was finally handed over to the keeping of her husband's family, who shut her up in the keep of Kerfol, where she is said to have died many years later, a harmless madwoman.

So ends her story. As for that of Hervé de Lanrivain, I had only to apply to his collateral descendant for its subsequent details. The evidence against the young man being insufficient, and his family influence in the duchy considerable, he was set free, and left soon afterward for Paris. He was probably in no mood for a worldly life, and he appears to have come almost immediately under the influence of the famous M. Arnauld d'Andilly and the gentlemen of Port Royal. A year or two later he was received into their Order, and without achieving any particular distinction he followed its good and evil fortunes till his death some twenty years later. Lanrivain showed me a portrait of him by a pupil of Philippe de Champaigne: sad eyes, an impulsive mouth and a narrow brow. Poor Hervé de Lanrivain: it was a grey ending. Yet as I looked at his stiff and sallow effigy, in the dark dress of the Jansenists, I almost found myself envying his fate. After all, in the course of his life two great things had happened to him: he had loved romantically, and he must have talked with Pascal. . .

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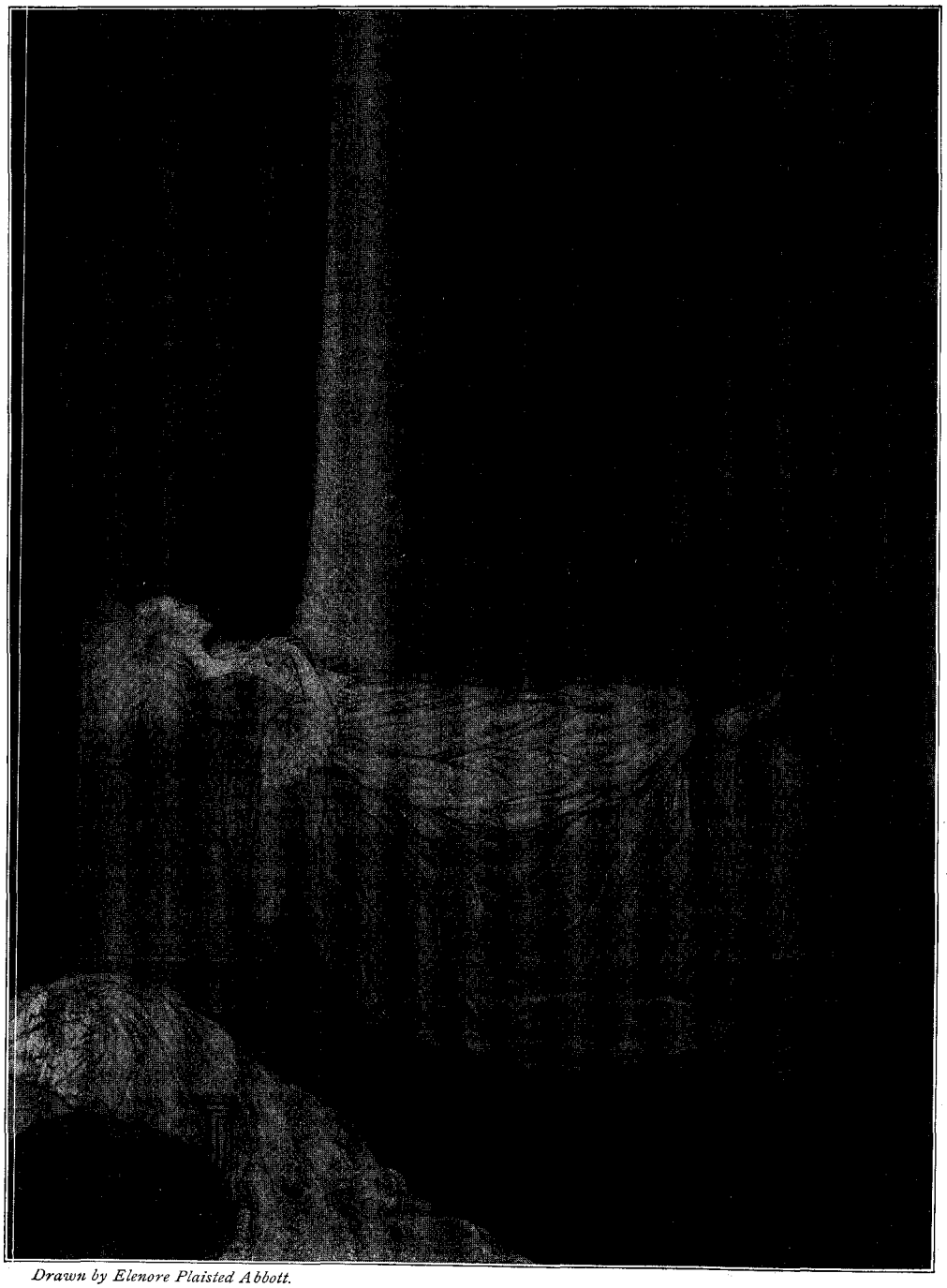

Drawn by Elenore Plaisted Abbott.

One day she had fallen asleep in her room, with the dog at her feet, as his habit was.

—"Kerfol," page 336.

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ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

HOW often, during the recent Mexican troubles, have we read despatches from places along the border, from Eagle Pass, Nogales, and especially from El Paso; how few of us can visualize these places or have more than the remotest idea of what they look like or the country that lies about them?

This border-land, after you have left behind the cattle-ranges of eastern Texas, consists, like other parts of our great Southwest, of vast table-lands stretching to infinite horizons, heaving here and there into long waves as if pressed by a giant hand, then breaking into jagged ledges, not colored with the vivid hues of the Painted Desert, but gray and sinister and clothed only with scrubby clumps of mesquite and thickets of greasewood and chaparral. Often, however, yuccas rear aloft their slender spikes now hung like candelabra (*lamparas de Dios*, candles of the Lord) with bell-shaped flowers, now denuded, dead, stiff and straight, and then so truly deserving their other appellation, "Spanish bayonets." Certain slopes so bristle with them that you can readily fancy vast armies hidden from view in lines of trenches.

Little life is to be seen in many an hour's run. Herds of cattle grazing in dry pastures; goats and sheep wandering in rocky creek-beds—these are the commoner sights. Once in a while a drove of ponies will go scattering by, followed by men bestriding studs whose coats glisten in the sun.

Along the horizon to the north rise blue buttes whose names—Horsehead Hills, Sierra del Diablo, and the like—suggest their fantastic outlines, while, to the south, the long, jagged mountains of old Mexico string their purple silhouettes against the sky. Now and then a silver glint will mark the course of the Border River, the murky Rio Grande, that flows quietly enough through its broad green valley.

Yet for the past two years every mile of its shores, apparently so peaceful, has been carefully patrolled by American soldiers. At Alpine I spied the first little encampment of khaki-colored tents; at Marfa and Lobo squadrons of cavalry were quartered, while at Sierra Blanca still larger forces were gathered with long rows of horses picketed under temporary sheds. At Fort Hancock, the most important of these border stations, a park of tents stood close to the railway station, while down in the valley, officers' quarters and permanent barracks resembled children's toys, so vast was the scale of the landscape in which they are set.

Each little town shows its nearness to the border, for each has its Mexican quarter, plainly distinguishable by its one-story adobes, mud-colored, windowless, alive with half-naked children. At the stations queer groups assemble, and an old man in a plaintive voice will querulously ask you: "*Naranjes e dolce—no quiere?*"

As you near El Paso you catch a glimpse, at Ysleta, of the venerable church, now hopelessly "restored," that was built away back in 1682 after the Pueblo uprising. Does this sound like a remote date in American history? One is constantly surprised down here by the antiquity of the settlements.

El Paso is certainly no exception to the rule, for it was given its name in 1598 by Juan de Oñate, one of the earliest explorers of New Mexico, who, having forded the Rio Grande at this point, called it El Paso del Norte—the Pass to the North. Fifty years later the old church and mission at Juarez were built. But from that time until the Mexican War period the site of El Paso itself remained a ranch belonging to the Ponce

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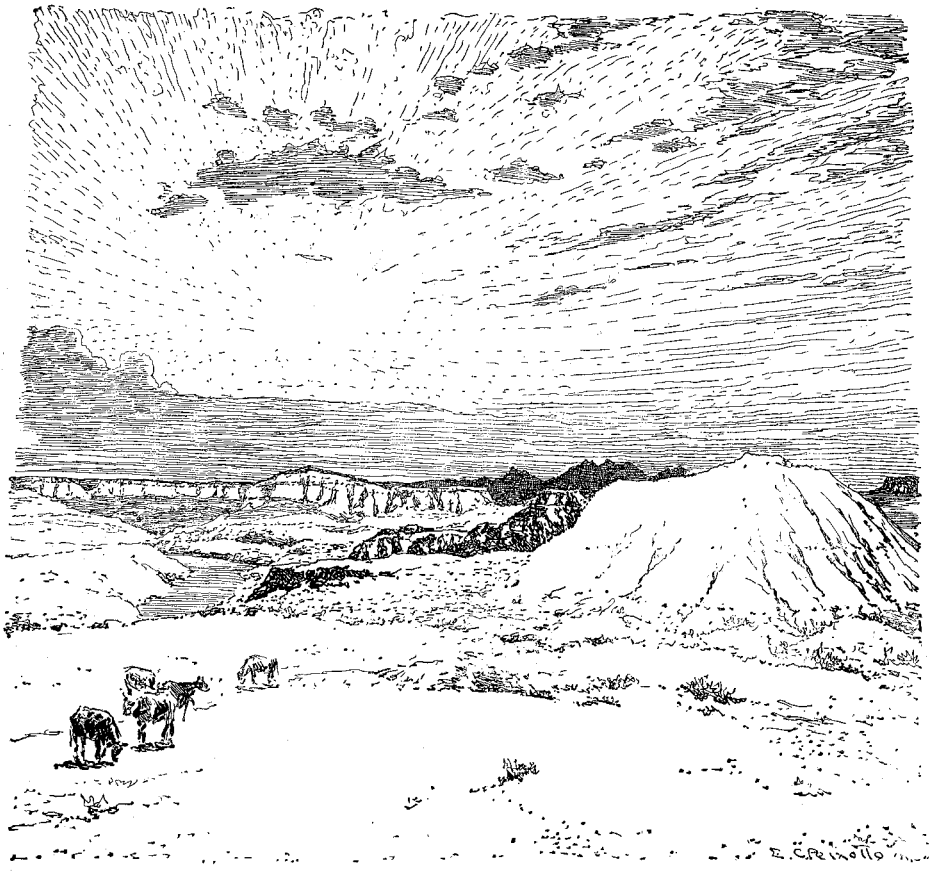
de Leon family. After the American occupation it became a terminal point on the old Overland Trail from St. Louis to San Francisco, and the rumbling stage-coaches brought life and glitter to the saloons and gambling-joints of the Calle El Paso.



Breaking into jagged ledges, gray and sinister.—Page 342.

The last half-century has again vastly changed all this, and the border town has been completely submerged in the steady march of modern improvement.

Pioneer Plaza remains the centre of the city's activities, to be sure, but upon it, instead of humble adobe homes and tawdry shops, front two great hotels, several large department stores which display the very latest fashions and the "largest all-concrete building in the world." Though generally low-built, the city suddenly and most unexpectedly heaves aloft into sky-scrapers—one of them no less than sixteen stories high, a luxury that neither Paris nor London has yet deemed necessary—so that the city seems to be suffering from growing pains like a lad all legs and no chest, but the making, withal, of a fine, healthy man.

And El Paso, after all, is a man's city. I rode the first evening with a friend to the top of the Mesa that overlooks the town. Behind us towered the rocky precipices of Mount Franklin, bald, rugged, treeless. Below, the city lay spread out, substantially built of brick and stone with little patches of green gardens adjoining almost every house.

The few tall sky-scrapers that I have mentioned heaved their bulk above the general mass and marked the centre of the city, while beyond them, toward the river, the chimneys of factories and mills, foundries and railroad shops, belched

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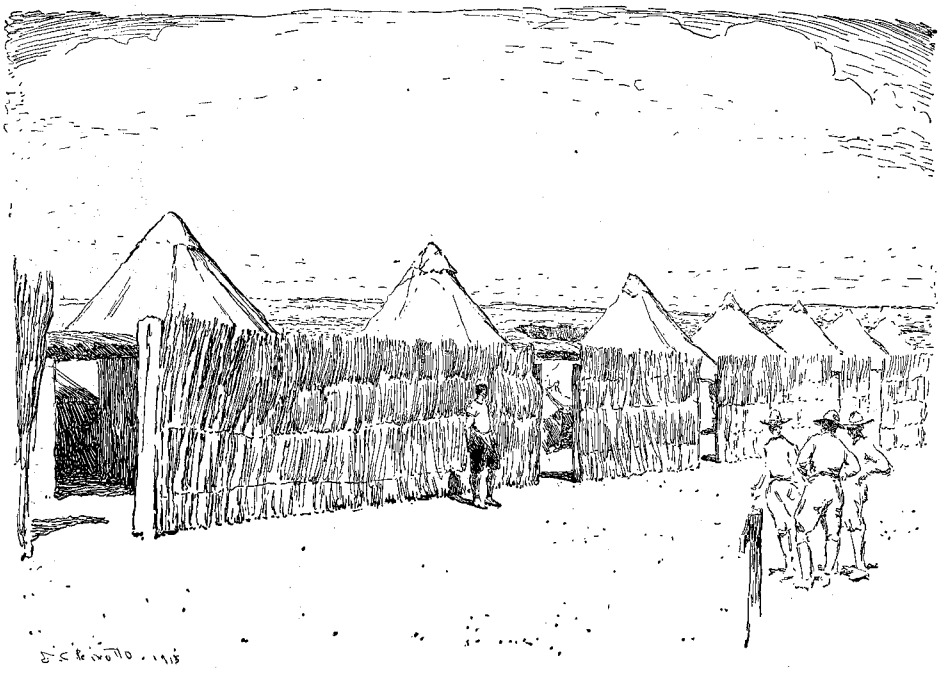

A cavalry camp near the border.

their smoke into the air. Behind us, through a cleft in the mountain, the yellow-gray fumes of the great smelter tainted the atmosphere that otherwise is of a virgin purity. Evidently there is work a-plenty, and these chimneys give an impression of vigor, coupled with rugged strength, which impression is enhanced by a glance at the landscape which stretches to a limitless horizon—a rugged nature to battle with, indeed, treeless, parched, and baked by an ardent sun and watered only by the most infrequent rains.

But in this desolation the eye is at once arrested by a broad green valley that stretches off toward Ysleta, a verdant Eden, a land of orchards and vineyards, of vast fields of alfalfa, of onions and humble beans. Man, hunting and hoarding nature's water-supply and storing it in great dams and reservoirs, like Roosevelt and Elephant Butte, to be carefully used for irrigation, is gradually pushing back the desert and reclaiming arid wastes that have been left dry and thirsty ever since the glacial waters receded centuries ago. So is man battling the wilderness and from a stern and forbidding nature extracting wealth and comfort.

And the result of his efforts is apparent in the homes of the city, substantial dwellings, often well designed and in some cases quite palatial. It is seen, too, in the well-equipped hospitals, libraries, and clubs, as well as in the asphalt-paved streets, whose characteristic nomenclature again voices the spirit of the place, for they are named, not Palm Avenue nor Orange Boulevard, but for the sister frontier States.

Topping lower mesas than the one on which we stood, we could see new residential colonies where young people in white played tennis or mowed the lawns or chatted across dividing walls—a fine, hardy-looking race, living in the open and finding health and exhilaration in this wonderful dry air, nearly four thousand feet above the sea.

Do you want a contrast to this picture? Then take a motor or common street-car marked "Mexico" and rumble across the Rio Grande upon a bridge, mostly wooden, that scarcely seems able to withstand the eddying floods.

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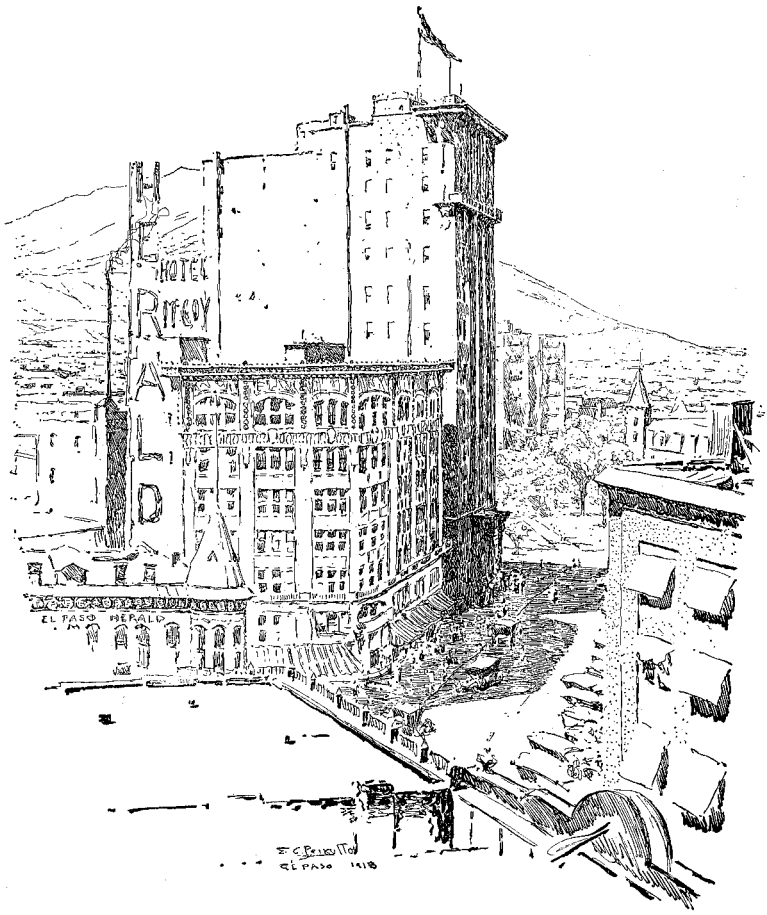
A sentry and a group of gray-uniformed men lounging in the shade greet you with a not unfriendly grin, representatives, when I went over, of Villa's authority, but of whose, when these lines are read, who can say? Beyond them you come upon army headquarters with another group of soldiers, whence a bugle-call resounds from time to time. Opposite stands the house that Villa occupies whenever he comes to Juarez and, almost adjoining it, the theatre where many of his important conferences have taken place.



Looking down on Pioneer Plaza, El Paso.

Ciudad Juarez a few years ago was a thriving enough Mexican town, deriving a rather large if illicit revenue from gambling-joints, a cock-pit, a bull-ring, and a jockey-club whose activities would not be tolerated on the American side of the river. But the various revolutions have crippled it sorely. At every turn you come upon ruins—houses riddled with bullet holes or breached with shot and shell; a public library razed to the ground, a mere heap of stones; a post-office badly damaged; and, opposite the Juarez monument, a brick building, roofless, with gaping walls and windows, behind which the Huertistas had hidden until they retreated to the bull-ring, where they were taken prisoners and shot.

Despite the three revolutions through which the town has passed and of which it has been the hotbed, the main business street remains more or less normal though Maderista, Huertista, and Villista have, turn by turn, fought up and down its length.

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San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson.

It leads to the principal square, the Plaza della Pace (cynical name) whose faded gardens, dusty trees, and lounging figures form a striking contrast to the lush verdure and general air of prosperity of San Jacinto Square over in El Paso. Looking down upon its dingy avenues stands the old mission church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, now, as it has been for almost three centuries, the solace and comfort of the poor distracted people, calling them, with its cracked bells, to the peace and quiet of its simple nave.

Wars have spared it intact. It retains its fine old choir gallery, its original *vigas*, or ceiling-beams, carved by primitive Indian workmen, its flat mud roof, and, most interesting of all, a "Lady of Sorrows" that stands at the right of the high altar —a striking figure evidently sent over from Spain in the old days—an effigy of the Virgin crowned with gold and wearing the full-skirted, black-brocaded costume of the time of Velasquez, with a finely chiselled, pathetic face and realistic hands that hold a rich lace handkerchief.

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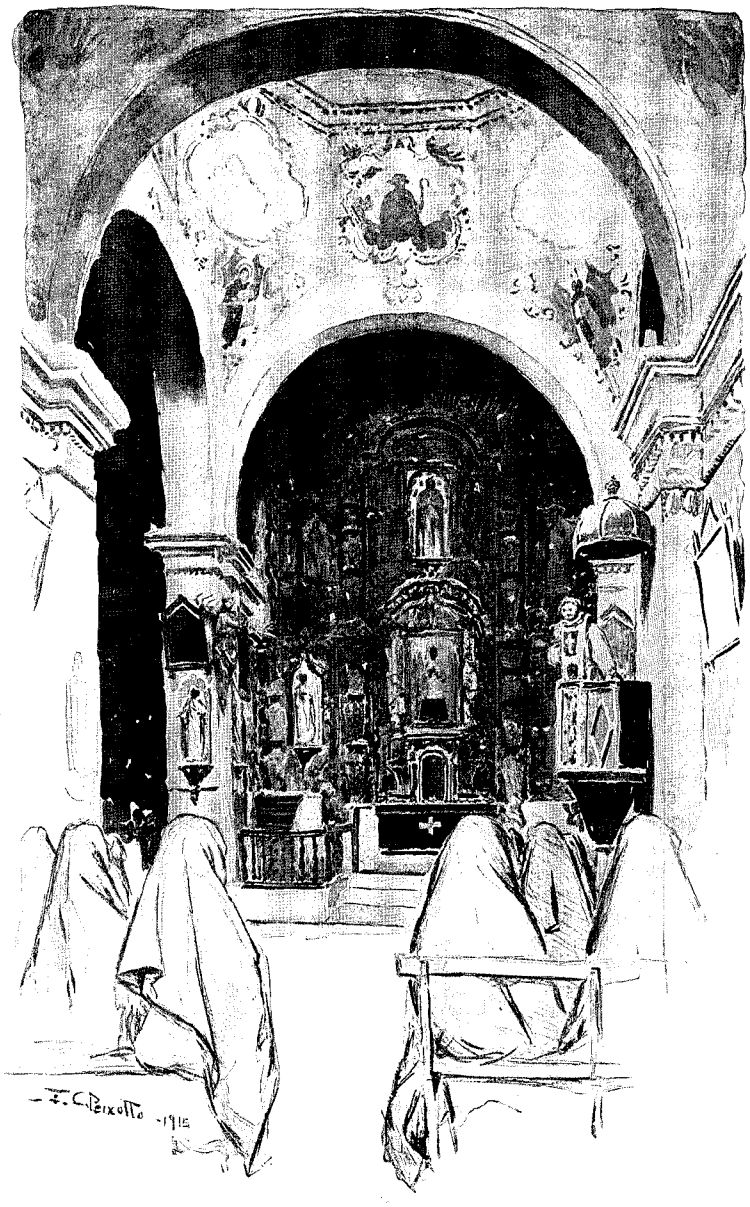

Interior of San Xavier.

A priest in embroidered vestments was exhorting them in Spanish.—Page 350.

With the custodian, an "English soldier of fortune," as he styled himself, I ascended the bell-tower and looked down upon the flat-roofed city of sun-baked brick and upon the market near by, where men in peaked straw hats were bartering and selling, where toothless old women in black sat at meagrely stocked stalls, and patient burros received and discharged their loads—a typical picture, I thought, of quaint old Mexico.

Then the electric car took me over the second international bridge, at whose far end refugees were opening their trunks for the inspection of the customs officers. In an instant I was transported to the bustle of El Paso's busy streets and sitting in the gilded splendor—too gilded

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and too splendid, I fear—of her "million-dollar hotel," whose lobbies, despite their Waldorfian atmosphere, emanated a distinct air of confabulation with their closely seated groups of young American engineers from Sonora, mingled with knots of dark-skinned Mexicans talking in whispers with gesticulating forefingers and an air of intense, if suppressed, excitement.

And the khaki-clad soldiers whom I constantly met upon the streets and in the cars were so many reminders of Uncle Sam's watchfulness.

They are quartered, for the most part, up at Fort Bliss, which, indeed, is the army

Our Lady of the Guadalupe, Ciudad Juarez.

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headquarters of the entire border patrol. It lies about five miles northeast of the city, on high ground known as the North Mesa, a healthy situation but one that exposes it to the fury of the sand-storms and to the winds that sweep up from the desert. The older barracks, of red brick with arcaded façades, front on one side of a long parade-ground, while the other side is occupied by the officers' quarters, the newer ones of an attractive Spanish type. Beyond this parade is a permanent camp for cavalry—dun-colored tents boxed in for winter, row upon row in impressive numbers, sheltering troop after troop of cavalrymen.

They are a businesslike-looking lot, these border troopers, whose yellow hat-cord alone differentiates them from the infantry that they disdain. Their language is "full of strange oaths" and picturesque in the extreme. For example, one told me that "a lot of the fellows got tied up with the spiggity women," that is, married Mexicans, and his comrade added: "I married a spiggity and I wouldn't change her for any d——d white woman. She'll do as she's told—never go out to a show unless I tell her to, and she'll be faithful, too." The Mexican men they despise and call "spicks."

There is a rough crowd of these "spicks" down by the Great Smelter that belches its volumes of yellow smoke in a pall that dims the sun—a vast plant which is said to turn out one-fifteenth of the entire American copper supply, with an annual pay-roll of a million dollars. It lies up the river at quite a distance from the city. To reach it you cross over the railroad tracks by a viaduct, from which you look across the river upon a handsome thicket of trees, the Grove of Peace, so called because within its shade representatives of Madero and Diaz met to draw up their articles of peace.

The friend with whom I took this drive had seen Madero lead his men out of the arroyo just beyond prior to his attack upon Juarez, the first blow against the Diaz régime, and he graphically described the scene: the long columns issuing from behind the sand-hills and forming along the river bank; the men watering their horses or inspecting their arms and ammunition, while Madero drew up his battle line.

His sympathizers on the El Paso side of the river, which is here little more than a hundred feet wide, threw him food, tobacco, and other little luxuries, so close are the river banks to each other. And I then realized fully, for the first time, why stray shots fired from the Mexican side can do so much damage in El Paso itself—a fact that always puzzled me before.

The smelter is a Guggenheim plant—one of the largest, I believe—and by it, along the river, in a Mexican village of considerable size, live the "spicks" that furnish its three eight-hour shifts (it works day and night), a hard-looking lot that sometimes give real trouble to the local authorities in spite of the influence of a church that tops a mountain of slag in rather picturesque fashion, dominating the troglodytic huts of the workers.

Upon a mountain opposite a conspicuous stone marks a triple boundary—Texas, New Mexico, and Old Mexico—for the Rio Grande, turning southward here, ceases to form the Mexican frontier.

When you leave El Paso for the west, to follow farther along the border, you go out by the evening train over the big viaduct that here spans the valley and the river.

You awake next morning in Arizona, and if you wake early enough you may alight at Tucson. I counsel you to do so, for the town itself is pleasant and you may also see the old mission church of San Xavier del Bac that lies a few miles to the south—the handsomest (and I say it advisedly), the most complete and extensive, Spanish mission within the boundaries of the United States.

Had it chanced to be in some other portion of our country, better advertised, pamphlets about it would have been spread broadcast through the land and its praises sung in verse and story. Yet there it stands, alone and unvisited, in the wastes of the Arizona desert, unsung, unheralded, almost unknown!

I was met at the train by a cultivated gentleman who had travelled much, and to his companionship I owe the rarest part of the pleasure of my visit to San Xavier.

To reach it we crossed through the

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city's parked and palm-bordered streets to the banks of the Santa Cruz River. Here we struck the desert—but the desert in all the glory of its radiant sky, its shimmering landscape swimming in light, its veil of dryness, its thickets of mesquite, and its tall *sahuaros* or giant cacti fluted like Corinthian columns and, like them, swelling only at the centre with an almost imperceptible entasis—a desert girt about by mountains: to the northeast the Santa Catalinas with the sun polishing their dolomites and Devonian rocks; to the eastward the Sierra del Ringon; to the south the Santa Ritas, high and pink; while to the westward towered the bald Tucson ranges.

Standing quite apart, occupying the foreground of the picture, rises Tumamoc Hill, with its top flattened, some say artificially by a prehistoric race, and still showing traces of fortifications. On one of its lower slopes the Carnegie Institute for the study of desert plants has been built, so interesting is the flora hereabouts. And as we skirted the Sierrietas my companion showed me the strange plants and flowers and the great companies of giant cacti, some sixty feet high, that pointed their arms heavenward.

Then at a turn of the road a fair vision suddenly appeared silhouetted against the Santa Rita Mountains: twin towers, white as snow, and extensive buildings, also white, but so tender and tenuous as to be almost lost, like a mirage of the Orient, in this vast, palpitating desert.

Then we came upon Indian huts, homes of the Papagos, a tribe of the Pimas, who never have wandered and live to-day as their ancestors lived when found by Father Kino centuries ago. Before the doors stood primitive ovens and *ollas* propped on sticks to catch the cooling breeze. A dog roused himself from sleep to stare at us, rare passers-by.

It was a Sunday morning, so few figures appeared, for all were over yonder in the great church. As we approached it I saw, hitched along its wall, buggies and horses with high-pommelled Mexican saddles. And the grandeur of the old pile now struck me with amazement—its curved parapets, its great dome, its towers and their flying buttresses of daring design gleaming snow-white against the quivering sky. To the right stretched extensive *viviendas*, dwellings for the living; to the left the hallowed campo santo enclosed by walls, resting-place for the dead.

The vast, simple wall spaces have recently been coated with a skin of white plaster that may strike you as glaring and new, but a few years of weathering will remedy this. The main portal has been left intact and still glows with the coral shades that travel in gamuts of pink and pale browns through pilaster and string-course and intricate ornaments that show the same unmistakable handicraft of the Indian stone-cutter, led by the Spanish designer, that one finds in the great churches of Mexico and Peru.

Grouped about the door that morning stood a crowd of men with dark, sunbeaten faces peering in at the glittering candles that graced the high altar. Quietly we stepped, my companion in black and I, within the portal, and I rubbed my eyes. Was I really upon our own American soil or was this not some Andean church on the table-lands of Titicaca?

Near the door, in reverent attitudes, knelt groups of Indians, and seated before them, in rough pews, were others, the women with black shawls drawn over their heads, the children moving about the aisles, the men, bareheaded, in their clean Sunday shirts. Above their heads, in the pulpit, a priest in embroidered vestments was exhorting them in Spanish. As my eyes wandered aloft they rested on domed surfaces; on windows, deep-set, sifting the sunlight to softer tones; on frescos and painted vaults; while behind the high altar towered a great reredos occupying the entire chancel wall, carved and gilded, spreading its statued niches one above another, while in the transept other great *retablos* could be dimly seen.

Again I rubbed my eyes and asked myself: "Can I possibly be in Arizona, newest of our States?" Then I remembered that but a few miles southward lay Nogales and Naco, outposts fronting the border, and that this whole country still abounds in Mexicans, some refugees and outlaws, others peacefully working under American dominion.

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THE SILENT INFARE

By Armistead C. Gordon

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BIGGS

THE trees had never seemed greener or the grass more luxuriant to the denizens of Kingsmill than on the September morning when Mis' Nancy, with a light shawl thrown about her shoulders, and the patient, half-pained smile on her face, sat in the rocking-chair on the porch and deprecated the expense that the recently much-discussed visit to her old schoolmate and friend would involve.

The waters of the river, visible in its broad expanse for a sweep of many miles, gleamed amethystine-blue under the brilliant early autumn sun; and the low-lying bank of its farther shore, set with faintly visible buildings that seemed white in the sunshine, encompassed a panorama of quiet and peaceful beauty.

"Hold de hank straight, boy," growled Ommirandy to Tibe.

She occupied a low chair some distance from Mis' Nancy, and addressed herself to the juvenile darky, son of Janey and grandson of Uncle Jonas, known to young Mars' Jeems as Tiberius the Great.

Tibe had been caught by the old woman while meandering around the Kingsmill yard in search of guinea eggs, and incontinently hauled up on the porch to hold Ommirandy's hank while she wound the cotton yarn into a nimble ball with her ancient but still agile fingers.

"Dat what I doin', marm," responded Tibe, lifting one end of the hank about a foot higher than the other.

"You sutny orter make her go, young Mars' Jeems," said the old woman to the owner of Kingsmill, who sat by his wife with an ante-bellum copy of "The Bride of Lammermoor" open face downward on his knee.

"I think it would do her good, Mirandy," acquiesced young Mars' Jeems. "She stays here, and thinks about everything on the plantation, and never gets outside of the yard. I am sure it would do her good to get up into the mountain country."

"Dey was sebenty-two guinny aigs in dat one nes' out dar in de clover-patch over by de fur cornder o' de yard," interjected Tibe. "I jes' been done count 'em when you come dar an' cotch me."

Ommirandy stopped winding.

"You put dem han's o' yourn on a level, anyhow," she said. "You ain't got no sense 'bout holdin' a hank. I dunno what gwi' come o' you little new-issue free-school niggers. Did you tetch dem eggs?"

"Yas'm," responded Tiberius. "I tetched 'em. I was 'bleedged fur ter turn some ur 'em over fur ter count 'em. Dey was sebenty-two in one nes'."

"Well, if dat don't beat all!" exclaimed the old woman, dropping her unwound ball on the floor and leaning back in her low chair in supreme disgust. "You done ruint de whole business!"

Tiberius the Great seemed more interested than daunted by Ommirandy's rebuke. Young Mars' Jeems laughed aloud, and the pained smile on Mis' Nancy's face was accentuated.

"Ain't you got no sense, nigger?" demanded the old woman. "I know yo' gran'daddy ain't got much; but you mought 'a' enherited some gumption f'om Janey. She been takin' keer o' Jonas an' you an' de t'others sence yo' pa died—'scusin' what young Mars' Jeems an' Mis' Nancy is done fur you-all. Name o' Gord, what you put yo' han' in dat guinny nes' fur?"

"Fur ter count de aigs, marm," replied Tibe, with an inevitable logic derived from his public-school training.

"Is you distracted, Tiberius?" queried Ommirandy. "Don't you know dem guinnys ain't nuver gwi' lay in dat place no mo'? Ain't nobody uver tell you, ef you put yo' han' in a guinny nes', dey nuver comes back dar? When you git de eggs out o' whar de guinny-fowls all lays, you got ter do it wid a silver spoon, an'

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leave three eggs. Dem birds kin not only smell, but dey kin count, too."

Tiberius grinned at her vacuously, and was silent.

"Is dat what dey teach you at de free school? 'Fo' Gord, I c'n take a hick'ry-switch an' fling mo' sho' 'nuf eddication inter you little free niggers in ten minutes dan dat bow-legged, horn-speckticle cullud school-teacher down dar by de church gwi' git inter you-all in ten years. Young Mars' Jeems, you cudden do more fur Mis' Nancy dan ter sen' her ter de mount'ns. She needs it. You kin remembrance how Ole Mars' useter always take mis' ter de White Suffrer in de late summer? Many's de time I been dar wid 'em."

The conversation was desultory, and eventuated in the disclosure by Ommirandy that she had been watching the universal guinea nest that Tibe had invaded, in the hope of contributing by the sale of its eggs a substantial sum toward the expense that would be incidental to Mis' Nancy's trip to the mountains.

"I done been see de man at Yellowley's Sto' an' he promis' ter take all on 'em at de market price. Hole de hank straight, Tiberius! Ef you don't, I gwi' hit you wid dis here broom! It look like you gotter have sump'n ter make yo' han's still all de time, fur ter keep 'em out o' trouble. Drap dat en' o' de hank ter a level, I tell ye."

"Yas'm," responded the boy, becoming loquacious with the imaginative mendacity of untrained childhood. "Dat what mammy, she all de time sayin'. I remembrance when I was a teenchy-weenchy baby in de cradle, mammy she use ter put a tetch o' merlasses on my fingers, an' den stick some pillow-feathers onter de merlasses. It use ter keep me workin', a-pickin' de feathers fust off'n one han' an' den off'n de t'other han'. Fast as dey git on one han' I remembrance I gits 'em onter de t'other han'. It use ter make me quiet all day."

He related the experience with an assurance calculated to disarm all criticism.

"You remembrance it, duz you?" queried Ommirandy, scornfully. "You remembrance what happen when you was a baby in de cradle! Young Mars' Jeems, is you hear dat? I been sayin' fur a long time, dat dis here boy is gwi' come ter a bad en'. He de spit 'n' image o' Jonas. He ack like he warn't no kin ter Janey."

Tibe's vacuous grin grew in dimensions, and he held one end of the hank higher than ever.

"I done been watchin' dat guinny nes' fur mo'n a week," she continued, "an' here come along dis little eddicated free-school nigger, an' stick his rusty fis' in de nes'. Hole yo' right han' down, boy!" she concluded viciously, giving the cotton yarn a jerk that snapped the thread. Tibe picked up the ends and tied them with apparent humility, in contemplation of the old woman's short-handled broom that lay by her chair.

When Tiberius was finally dismissed, and Ommirandy and young Mars' Jeems had helped her mistress into the house, it had been settled that Mis' Nancy was to accept her old friend's invitation and pay her a visit in the town beyond the mountains, and that Ommirandy was to accompany her.

"She 'bleedge ter have somebody ter tote water fur her, an' make her comf't-able an' wait on her," said Ommirandy.

"She is entitled to have a servant with her, Mirandy," said young Mars' Jeems. "All of the Kingsmill women have had 'em."

"For hunnerds an' hunnerds o' years," responded the old woman loyally. "An' dey gwi' keep on havin' uv 'em twel dey die. Don't you werry yo'se'f 'bout dat, honey. De Lord, he gwineter purvide 'em, 'scusin' de Yankees an' de freedom. Ain't mis' done, many's de time, read it ter us out'n de book in de loom-room: 'Mine elec' an' my servants shall dwell dar'? Dat means you-all an' we-all gwi' always dwell at Kingsmill. It come out o' Isaiah. I remembrance it a heap better dan Tibe remembrance dem feathers."

Ommirandy accepted with a ready and unquestioning acquiescence Mis' Nancy's tacit estimate of the social importance of the family of her hostess in the little town beyond the Blue Ridge; but the old woman's suspicion of the colored population of the place was aroused from the moment when Imogen, the spry young maid servant, came into Mis' Nancy's room on the evening of their arrival to tender her services to her mistress's guest. The tender

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was coldly but civilly declined by the old woman.

"*I* gwi' look arfter Mis' Nancy while she here," said Ommirandy to Imogen. "I gwi' fetch her water, an' make her bed, an' wait on her. She ain't use ter no other servant but me doin' fur her."

"You don't have ter fetch no water," responded Imogen with asperity. "De water is in de pipes. See here!"

She went to the stationary basin and turned the faucet.

"Well, *I* gwi' do fur her, anyhow," responded the old woman, regarding the flowing water with a questioning look.

Imogen withdrew after Mis' Nancy had thanked her.

"I been hear dat dey ain't so many niggers over here in dis country as dey is in Tidewater," said the old woman. "I reck'n dat's howcome dey don't tote de water over here, like we all duz at Kingsmill."

She went over to the basin and turned the stream on and off curiously.

"'Fo' de Lord, dey think dey know mo' 'bout whar water ought ter go dan de Almighty," she grumbled. "Dey makin' it run up-hill."

Her visit to the kitchen after supper accentuated her critical attitude toward the servants on the place.

"Dese here culluds ain't like dem in Tidewater," she said to Mis' Nancy. "Dat cook-'oman down dar in de cellar, she tell me her name is Miz' Nellins—yas'm, *Miz*' Nellins—an' she ax me what was my entitle. I answer her, I ain't got no entitle 'scusin' Ommirandy. I give her ter know dat quality niggers on de t'other side o' de mountain don't go by no name o' Miz' ur Mister, like de white folks. She primp herse'f, an' she say: 'My! Is *dat* possible?' An' I say: 'It ain't only possible, but it's so, an' also.' I say: 'Ef you was ter tell young Mars' Jeems yo' name was Miz' Nellins, he'd think you was givin' him some o' yo' instance.' Den she say: ''Scuse *me!*' An' I done so. I ax her what her sho'-nuf name is, an' she say: 'Patsey.' I say: 'Patsey, you kin gimme my supper.' She 'pear ter me younger'n Philadelphy, so I say ter her: 'You kin call me Ommirandy, an' dat's enough.' She dat Immygen gal's mother."

In a day or two after their arrival Ommirandy informed Mis' Nancy that there were frequent colored visitors to the kitchen, and that among them was a young negro man who was evidently a suitor of Imogen's.

"I ain't nuver gwine ter git used ter no kitchen in de cellar, no mo'n I is ter dis here water runnin' in dis wash-basin. I ain't excusin' dese here white folks o' nothin', Mis' Nancy; but whar I been use ter all my life, dey had de kitchen out in de yard. An' dis here house is got too many long sta'r steps in it fur a duck-legged ole nigger like me. But I boun' ter go down dar ter git my meals' vittles ur starve; an' when I duz go, I sees dem Mister an' Miz' an' Miss darkies in all dey glory; an' it's wuth de trip. Dey ack like dey was all carriage-comp'ny. It's 'Mister Paul,' an' 'Miss Immygin,' an' 'Miz' Nellins.' Dat young nigger boy, he look at me, kinder curisome, an' he ain't call me nothin' yit. He 'pear ter seem like he was skeered dat I was gwi' jump on him, all spraddled-out. 'Fo' Gord, Mis' Nancy, I ain't got nothin' 'gin him, nur any o' dese town folks 'scusin' dey ain't like my folks."

Mis' Nancy's color was not long in coming back to her cheeks in the bracing mountain atmosphere, and she soon felt better. She listened with undisguised amusement to Ommirandy's comments on the new acquaintances of her race, and wished that young Mars' Jeems might be there to hear them.

Each new day brought forth from the old woman the narrative of some incident that to her mind illustrated the inferiority of the local black people to her familiars at Kingsmill.

"Town niggers! town niggers!" she would ejaculate, as she went about her duties in Mis' Nancy's room.

"De parson was here ter dinner," Ommirandy said on the last evening of Mis' Nancy's visit. "I wish you mought 'a' seed him. Long-tail black coat like dat one Mr. Sinjinn give Jonas, beaver hat, white shirt, an' white things hangin' down over his shiny shoes like he gwi' lose some o' his underclo'es. Our rev'un' at home, he couldn' tetch him wid a forty-foot pole. He eat a fine dinner, an' two o' de deacons, dey eat wid him. When dey was gone, I sez ter Patsey: 'Looky here, Patsey, it 'pears ter me like you was feed-

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in' seb'ral famblies out o' dis here kitchen.' 'No, marm,' she sez, 'de minister he say we don't have ter feed mo'n two outside famblies f'om no one kitchen.' Is you uver heerd de beat o' dat, Mis' Nancy?"

Mis' Nancy smiled, and the old woman continued:

"Dey's sump'n gwine on in dis here house dat dese white folks here don't know nothin' 'bout. 'Tain't none o' my bizness, an' I ain't gwi' give 'em away. I makes it a rule not to give no cullud pussons away, 'scusin' ter you an' ter young Mars' Jeems. But dey actin' mighty cur'ous, Patsey an' Immygen an' dat young Paul, an' all on 'em."

She paused in her narrative, while Mis' Nancy listened.

"I reck'n you ain't nuver notice dat alley what runs down de side o' de house f'om de street, is you, Mis' Nancy?"

Mis' Nancy had not observed the particular alley in question, but she informed Ommirandy that many city and town houses had such alleys or areaways, in order to connect the back premises with the street.

"I dunno nothin' 'bout dat," said the old woman. "But 'fo' Gord, dat alley been swarmin' wid niggers all day. I been watchin' out o' de winder while you was drivin', an' dey been comin' an' goin' in all shapes an' sizes, men, wimmen, an' chillun. Dey wusser'n dese here little ants when you step on dey house. Most uv 'em is been fetchin' in all sorts o' bundles, wropt up in paper, ur hid in things so's you can't see what dey got. An' dat parson an' de deacons, dey's been perambulatin' an' p'radin' an' prancin' back-'ards an' forruds; an' mo' cullud wimmen, whisp'rin' an' gigglin' dan uver I see git inter one small lane befo'. Dey's sump'n gwi' happen roun' here 'fo' long; but de white folks down-sta'rs, dey don't 'pear ter notice it, an' 'tain't none o' my bizness."

When Ommirandy came up to Mis' Nancy's room from her supper she was out of breath.

"Dem dar steps ter de cellar is killin' me," she said. "I thank Gord we's gwine home ter-morrer."

Then she continued:

"It's like a graveyard down dar in dat kitchen ter-night. Dar warn't none o' de outsiders in ter supper. Eben dat young Paul, he done made hisse'f skase. Patsey she nuver say two words endurin' o' de supper, an' Immygen she look glum as a wet hen wid draggled tail-feathers. I ain't nuver see no darkies vanish like dat swarm o' culluds dat was here ter-day is done vanish dis here night. Gord knows what's done become uv 'em."

"Maybe it's the calm before the storm," said Mis' Nancy, falling in with the old woman's mood. "Possibly they are going to give their minister a pound-party."

The night came on apace; and after helping to prepare her mistress for bed Ommirandy lay down on the low couch at the far end of the room with her clothes on. The busy hum of the streets subsided; and the noise of a cricket outside the window made the old woman almost fancy that she was once more at home at Kingsmill. She fell asleep, and dreamed of pleasant things at the old place in Tidewater.

Her placid slumber, after a period of indefinite and tranquil repose, was broken at length by a most unusual and startling occurrence.

She roused herself on her elbow and looked out through the open window into a cloudless and star-strewn sky.

"Name o' Gord!" she muttered under her breath. "What dat?"

She could feel the house shaking, with a faint and swaying motion that to the inhabitants of a seismic country would have seemed unmistakable. The movement lasted for a few minutes, and then ceased. Again it begun, and again was as perceptible and as distinct as before. A death-like silence lay over everything; and the oscillation was as regular and as rhythmic as the strophe and antistrophe of a Greek chorus.

"It's a yearthquake, sho'!" she ejaculated, arising from her couch.

She sat on the side of her low bed for a moment and listened intently.

Then she laughed softly.

"Ah-yi!" she said aloud.

The cricket outside had long since ceased his jocund chirping, and the silence was so dense that Ommirandy felt that it was like a big black cake, and that she could cut it with a kitchen knife.

Then faint, far away, elusive as elfin harping, she caught the almost inaudible tones of a fiddle.

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"Um-huh!" she said. "Dey ain't no doubtin' it. Dat's what 'tis!"

She felt in the dark for her carpet slippers and, thrusting her feet into them, moved cautiously and carefully toward the fireplace, on the mantel of which she kept the candle and box of matches which Mis' Nancy had brought with her from Kingsmill. Securing these, she opened the door, and when she was outside in the passageway she struck a light.

The swaying motion and the elfin music had ceased together. She stood there, wondering if she might be dreaming. After a little while the notes of the violin came up to her once more from the lower regions, faint, far-away, hushed. She crept stealthily down the stairs to the street floor, and noticed that by the grandfather's clock in the hall it was ten minutes of three o'clock.

"I ain't nuver understand howcome folks in dis country has winders over de do's, inside de house. Dey ain't nuver had 'em at Kingsmill," she said to herself, as with lit candle in hand she started to descend the stairway that led down into the kitchen basement. "But, 'fo' Gord, I sees de good uv 'em, in places whar's dey's folks dat acks like dese here town niggers acks."

She blew out the candle and paused on one of the upper steps of the basement staircase. The swaying movement of the house was now more perceptible to her than ever; and the music, though on the faintest minor key, as if muffled and disguised, was more distinctly audible than it had been when she was up-stairs.

She leaned over the balustrade and looked through the big transom over the kitchen door, through which the light shone with a radiance that made her fear that she might be seen from the room on her perch upon the steps.

"'Ha! ha!' said the fox, wid his pocket full o' rocks," she quoted to herself. "'I done kotch you!'"

The kitchen was a large room, extending the full length of the house, and from her coign of vantage Ommirandy had a good view of a large part of it.

The scene that met her gaze was an odd one; and the old woman chuckled with repressed merriment as she regarded it.

"Mis' Nancy, she done tell de trufe," she commented, "when she talk about de calm an' de storm. De storm, it done hit here in full blars'; but, 'fo' Gord, it's de silentes' storm dat uver I looked at! Dey ain't no poun'-party 'bout dat!"

After watching the unconscious occupants of the kitchen for some minutes, she retraced her steps, holding on tightly to the unlit candle and the box of matches, and feeling her way back as cautiously as she had come. The strains of the fiddle were now in a diminuendo; and the old woman gave a jump, with her heart in her mouth, when the big hall clock banged the hour of three in her ear as she passed it in the black silence.

"Dis here devilish house is beyont me!" she muttered as she continued on her way up the stairs to Mis' Nancy's room. "Gord knows what's de nex' thing gwi' happen. I'se pintedly glad we-all's gwine home in de mornin'."

She slipped quietly into Mis' Nancy's room and, undressing in the dark, was soon asleep, with her last consciousness that of the faint and elusive music below and the almost imperceptible movement of the building. She dreamed that she was a child again, being gently rocked asleep in the cradle of her childhood to the crooning notes of her mother's voice, lost in the long-ended years.

In the morning she followed Mis' Nancy down to the breakfast-room, where they found the mistress of the mansion interrogating, with an appearance of considerable surprise, an unknown, neatly dressed young colored girl, who had just brought the breakfast up from the kitchen.

"Yas'm," said Amanda, the newcomer, "Imogen, she got married las' night at de Ebenezer Church ter Mr. Paul; an' Miz' Nellins, she got me ter come here ter take Imogen's place, an' wait on the table 'twel she git home f'om her weddin'-tower nex' week."

"Imogen married?" queried Mis' Nancy's hostess of Amanda. "Why didn't her mother tell me about it?"

"I dunno'm," responded Amanda. "All Miz' Nellins say was fur me ter come an' take her place."

When they were seated at the table the head of the house was interested to ask Mis' Nancy if she had been disturbed in the night by any peculiar noise or movement.

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"The mountain air makes me sleep very soundly," she replied. She had noticed nothing unusual.

His attention was attracted by a smothered chuckle from Ommirandy, who lingered in the room, with the double purpose of seeing if she might serve her mistress in any way, and of ascertaining who besides herself was cognizant of the nocturnal disturbance which had aroused her from her slumbers.

"Did you hear anything, Mirandy?" he asked. "I dreamed there was an earthquake."

"Lord, Mars' Henry, you needn' ax me nothin' 'bout no yearthquakes. I ain't nuver seed ur heerd no yearthquakes. I dunno nothin' 'bout dem things. Dey's strangers o' mine."

"Did you feel the house rocking?" he persisted.

The unrepressed grin on the old woman's usually sombre countenance, and the agitated dangling of her ear-hoops, attracted Mis' Nancy's attention and aroused her suspicion that Ommirandy knew more than she was willing to admit. The suspicion grew into certainty at the old woman's answer.

"'Fo' Gord, marster, I ain't got no bizness noticin' nothin' out o' de way in a gennulmun's house whar my mistis' is visitin'. Ef dis here house was ter git up on its behime-legs, an' rock an' r'ar all over de street out dar, 'twudden be becomin' in Mirandy fur ter notice it. Nor, sir."

She held her peace until she and Mis' Nancy had returned to Kingsmill. Then when her mistress and young Mars' Jeems were together again, in the library at home, she told them, with hilarious freedom, the story of her midnight adventure.

"I been bustin' ter tell Mis' Nancy 'bout it, but I holt it in ontwel I got back here, so you mought hear 'bout it, likewise, young marster. It beat anything dat uver I see in my trabels, an' I'm gwine on some years.

"Young Mars' Jeems, you knows I ain't mix much wid no outside folks, 'scusin' dese here on dis plantation sence de s'rrender; an' when I went over yondah wid Mis' Nancy I wasn't adzackly sho' how dem new-issue town niggers was gwinter git along wid me. I warn't dar mo'n a day 'fo' I diskiver dat dey done size me up fo' what dey call 'a white folks' nigger.' Dey was pow'ful perlite, an' dey ax me ter church, which I didn' go; but dey kinder friz' me. Dey nuver 'sociated wid me like I was one uv 'em. But what beat dat was dey didn' appear ter 'sociate wid dey white folks none, nuther; an' I sez ter myse'f, when niggers stop 'sociatin' wid dey white ladies an' gennulmens it's good-by, niggers. I et wid 'em an' talk ter 'em; an' it 'peared ter me like harf de cullud folks in dat town come ter dat kitchen endurin' o' de time we was dar. Den ter clap de climax, I see 'em swarmin' in by de side lane ter de back o' de house, whar de kitchen was, de day befo' we come away, fetchin' bun'les an' barskets an' buckets; but I cudden fine out what it was dey was fetchin' in 'em. 'Way late in de night de house begin ter rock an' swing an' sway, like 'twas gwine ter wake up ev'rybody in it; an' I heerd a fiddle dat soun' ter me like it was 'bout a mile down in de groun'. I crope down de sta'rs, an' look' thoo de winder dey got over de kitchen do', an' den I seed what was gwine on. Dat dine'-room gal, Immygen, dat was de cook's daughter, she had done got married early in de night, an' de whole cong'egation—preacher, elders, deacons, an' all uv 'em—had come ter de infare. Thoo de winder I could see a table in de fur cornder o' de room, wid hams an' turkeys an' cakes an' pies piled up on it a foot high; an' out in front o' de table sot a little darky on a stool wid a fiddle. He was a' orful little-bitty nigger wid a' orful little-bitty fiddle, playin' a' orful little-bitty chune; but, bless Gord, young Mars' Jeems, he was sho' nuf a-playin' dat chune. It was 'Git yo' pardners, fus' kwattilion,' but ef he called any figgers while he was a-fiddlin' I cudden hear him call 'em. Dem culluds was so full o' de music o' dat little fiddle dey didn' 'pear ter need ter have no figgers called fur 'em. Dey look' like dey jes' knowed 'em all anyhow. Dar dey was, de whole kit'n'bile uv 'em, out in de middle o' de flo', sasshayin' back'ards an' forruds, an' crossin' over an' swingin' pardners, an' evvy nigger man an' 'oman in de comp'ny darncin' in dey sock-feets. Dat's de Gord's trufe, young Mars' Jeems. I lay, dey ain't nothin' like it uver been seed dis side o' dem mountains. I been

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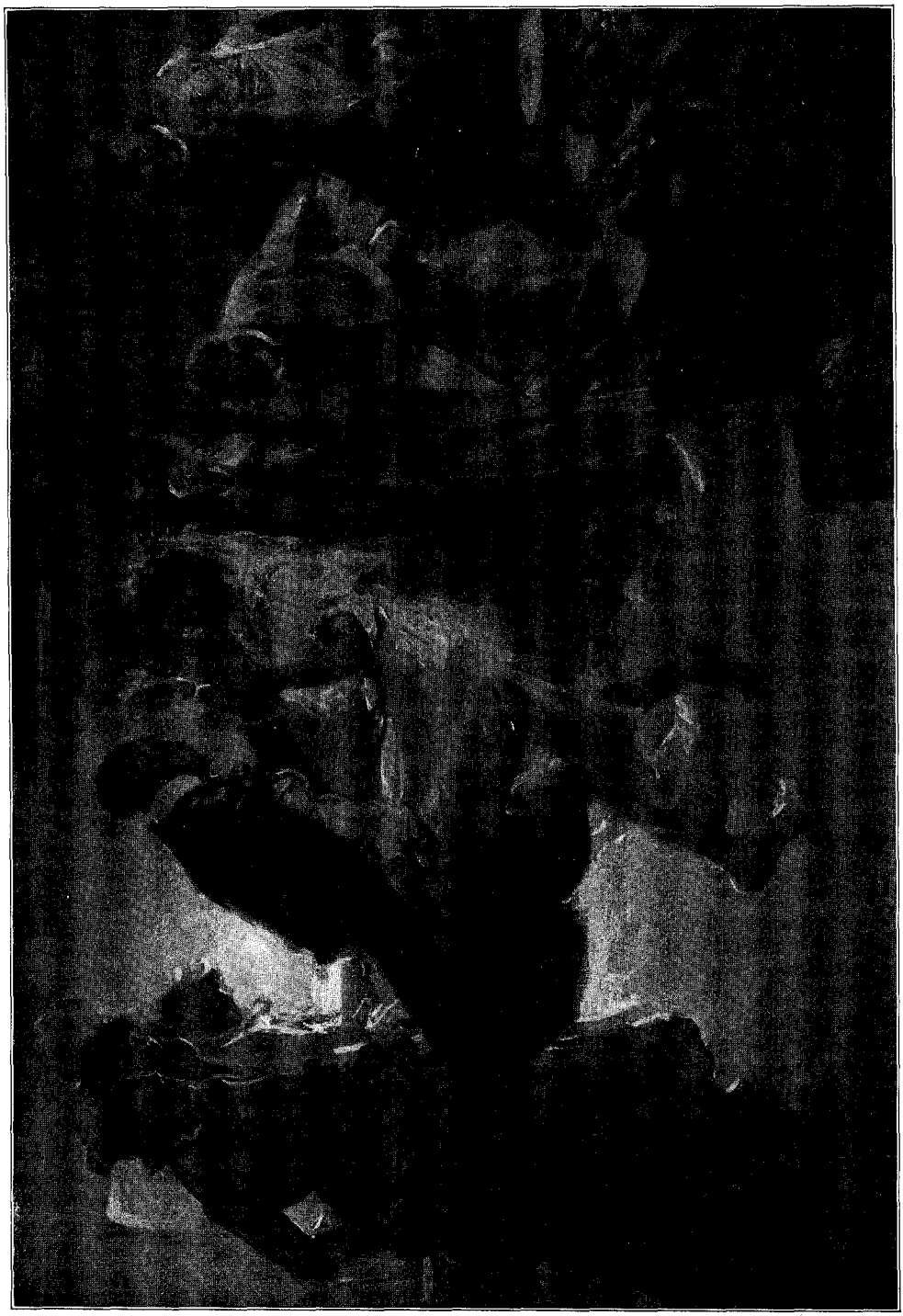

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Dar dey was, de whole kit'n'bile uv 'em, out in de middle o' de flo', sasshayin' back'ards an' forruds."—Page 356.

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ter many a' infare an' darnce in my day at Ole Town, an' roun' about dis here countryside; an' I been hear 'em 'ha-ha!' an' larf an' raise a racket ter 'sturb de neighborhood fur a mile. But 'fo' Gord, sir, it was de fus' time dat uver I see sich a party, down in a cellar-kitchin, wid evvy black nigger dar a-darncin' like he was gwi' break his neck in his sock-feets, an' n'ary one uv 'em makin' a soun'. But dey was havin' fun all de same. De parson, he had on white yarn socks, an' a long-tail coat, an' de coat-tails an' de socks was a-keepin' time ter de teeny little-bitty chune on de teeny little-bitty fiddle. He holt one big han', wid a brass ring on it, over his mouf, ter keep f'om larfin' out loud, an' he swing de young wimmen wid de t'other han'. De bride, she had on red stockin'-feets an' a short white skirt; an' when de parson hit de cornders wid her dar was sich a flyin' o' skirts an' coat-tails ez showed up mo' red legs dan we sees down here, ur de law allows. An' all de time de darncin' was gwine on, wid de men an' de gells a-stuffin' dey pocket-hanchkers in dey moufs an' holdin' dey han's up ter dey faces fur ter keep quiet, dat house was a-rockin' an' a-swayin' an' a-rampagin' in a way ter wake de dead. Den dey stop de kwattilion, and de teeny-bitty nigger tetched up de Ole Ferginyeh Reel on his teeny-bitty fiddle. He made dat fiddle talk, mun, eben ef it was a-whisperin' ter itse'f; an' I got ter kind o' thinkin' 'bout de times I useter have at dem darnces, mighty nigh a hunnerd years ago, when mis' fus' tuk me f'om Ole Town, 'twell it seem ter me like I wanted ter git in dat room, wid dem niggers, an' go down de middle wid de black parson in de white yarn sock-feets myse'f. I ain't nuver seed so many diffunt cullud socks ez I seed at dat infare. Gord knows what dey all done wid dey shoes; but dey warn't a livin' sinner in de gang dat had on eben so much ez a slipper, 'scusin' one o' de young deacons dat had tuk supper dar a few nights befo'. I reck'n he must 'a' been skeered dat de white folks mought come down f'om up-sta'rs an' raid 'em; an' dat's howcome he had his p'yar o' number 'leben brogans tied together an' hung roun' his neck, like a string o' beads. An' it 'peared ter me like dat deacon wid de big brogans was shovin' de hefties' foot in de whole cong'egation. Lord, he could darnce!

"I watched 'em dar fur a little while, an' den I crope back up-sta'rs ter bed. I didn' wait ter see 'em git onter dat table o' perwisions; but dey must 'a' done dat ez silent ez dey done de darncin'. When I went down ter bre'kfus' de nex' mornin' dey wa'n't no sign o' used plate ur dish in de room. Evvything was jes' ez spick an' span ez it was de mornin' befo', an' Patsey dat dey call Miz' Nellins, she sot dar an' po'ed out my coffee jes' ez calm ez ef she nuver had heerd ur drempt o' no infare.

"'Was anything importan' gwine on lars' night?' sez I ter Patsey.

"She holp herse'f ter a big plate o' baddy-bread an' harf uv a fried roe-herrin', an' she looks me in de face ez cool ez de middle inside seed uv any cowcumber you uver see.

"'Nor'm,' she sez, 'nuthin' 't'all, 'scusin' my daughter Immygen, she got married ter Mr. Paul at de Ebenezer Baptis' at nine P. M. lars' night,' she sez.

"'Oh, did she?' I sez. 'I think I heerd sump'n' 'bout it up-sta'rs, f'om dis young gell here dat's a stranger o' mine,' I sez, lookin' at 'Mandy dat waited on de breakfas' in de dine'-room. 'I b'lieve she did menshun it.'

"'Yas'm,' sez Miz' Nellins, a-chawin' away on de baddy-bread an' de roe-herrin', 'dey all sez it was a reel swell weddin'.'

"'An' did de bride an' groom leave on de night train?' sez I perlitely.

"'Dey lef' on a' early train,' sez Miz' Nellins, de ole hippycrit.

"Young Mars' Jeems, I done had enough o' dem town niggers. Dey ain't like we-all is."

"I think the trip helped you as well as your Mis' Nancy, Mirandy," said young Mars' Jeems, fingering his thin imperial. "Kind o' cheered you up, didn't it?"

"It sho' holp Mis' Nancy," replied Ommirandy, chuckling and regarding her mistress with an affectionate expression on her rugged face. "Yas, sir. De mountain air sho' holp her."

Then she said:

"Young Mars' Jeems, is you been notice whether dem guinny-hens is done been back ter dat nes' an' laid any mo' eggs dar since dat little fool Tibe meddle wid 'em?"

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A LITTLE FLIER IN CULTURE

By Jessie S. Miner

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WINOLD REISS

SHE was pretty, American, and tailor-made. The great German city was thundering and roaring like a human waterfall, but she weathered the rapids of omnibuses and automobiles successfully, and paused only long enough in the quiet haven of the underground station to secure her pink ticket from the automatic ticket-seller before dashing down the stairs in chronic American haste.

Once on the lower platform, Berlin's wonderful street-railway system made her its own. There was a rush of wind, a bang of doors, and the throngs that had filled the busy platform vanished, swept up by the great broom of Berlin's municipal good housekeeping. Delia with the rest was carried swiftly away into the dark underworld, broken only by occasional twinkling lights or the flash and rattle of some other freighted comet dashing citywards.

She smiled happily. In the midst of this confusion at last she was securely alone. At one end of the tunnel lay her German cousins' hospitable apartment, where the whole family, at present, rested in afternoon slumber beneath their various feather beds, looking back dreamily upon their heavy midday meal and forward hopefully to four-o'clock cake and coffee.

At the other end of the tunnel lay (Why not?) the New England town which was home; where the busy factory broke rudely in upon the drowsy afternoon, and where Billy Rollins, perhaps in his shirt-sleeves, although she hoped not, worked with the frenzy of success amid the click of typewriters and the jangle of telephone orders.

How Billy would have laughed at four-o'clock cake and coffee! Delia herself hardly knew whether to laugh or cry over it. Four-o'clock cake and coffee was becoming a serious matter. She had been a month in Germany—four weeks—twenty-nine days. She was here to acquire culture, to expand in a way impossible in her narrow New England community, and, incidentally, to receive a polishing and glazing which would withstand the melting advances of this same bustling Billy, whose breezy Westernness was most offensive to Delia's conservative aunt.

This aunt had conscientiously reared Delia upon the sheltered-life system and according to her own high and narrow ideals. She observed Sunday like a suburban Londoner; she discouraged dancing, considered bridge a great waste of time,

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and patronized the Carnegie library regularly; but even this did not satisfy auntie.

"We are so raw here in America," she sighed; "our civilization is so new and our population so mixed. I should like you to absorb the Old World culture, to learn what art really means, to develop morally and intellectually in an atmosphere of learning. It is traditional there. One breathes it in undisturbed by our rush and hurry, uncontaminated by our vulgar toil. You will learn there how to keep the flame burning even here in the desert —with proper associations."

By "proper associations" she meant the elimination of Billy.

Delia herself hesitated to set forth upon this quest. She considered herself already a presentable product after graduating from an exclusive New England finishing-school. Her home town lay quiet and inviting in the sunlight and had recently taken on a rosier hue, due to its contaminating influence; for Billy knew how to make a moonlight evening in Aunt Delia's garden a veritable paradise. What more had Old World galleries or gondolas to offer?

In fact, Delia might never have seen Berlin's tunnel had not Billy, speeding his car cheerily back from a circus which her aunt considered far too vulgar for Delia's attendance, offered a seat to an unknown young woman who was plodding her high-heeled way homeward alone. His horn had tooted as Delia stood on the curb-stone and by they went, Billy laughing, his eyes on the wheel, and this person laughing, too, and looking only at Billy. The effect was unseemly. It was such a crude, unwarranted thing to do—to be seen riding with a pretty young stranger in a town where every one knew everybody else. Her prettiness seemed somehow to emphasize the unconventionality of it.

Delia took him to task, but he treated the whole affair jocosely.

"But who was she, Billy?" she persisted.

"I tell you I'll be hanged if I know. Never asked her," reiterated Billy so forcibly that the phrase stuck in her memory.

Knowing his genial qualities, she was suspicious.

"How did you happen to take her to the circus?" she queried.

"Take her? I should say I didn't. Took in a kid that was fairly eating up the bill-boards and hadn't a cent. He was more fun than the ring, sucked his thumb through the whole show in excitement, and is there yet, I guess, staying for all the side-shows and having the time of his life."

Delia's eyes softened momentarily. If the stranger had not been so attractive she would have forgiven him. But in the end the unknown beauty, added to Billy's cigarette habit, his fondness for billiards, an occasional confessed loss at the races, and other evils at which Aunt Delia darkly hinted, tipped the scales in favor of culture. An opportune invitation from a distant cousin determined Berlin as her field of development.

Auntie herself was a Cook's tourist. She had seen the glamour without knowing the facts, and Delia, filled with eagerness to absorb the art of all the ages, opened her eyes in surprise at this beautiful, clean, modern city, bustling and alive to all that was new and naughty; where *art nouveau* exhibitions and questionable theatrical posters caught the eye, and the thronged windows of the coffee-houses offered an embarrassing gauntlet to a modest maiden. Berlin the fascinating, where the old-time culture was safely housed in the great stone piles of the museums, which were accessible only a few hours on certain mornings!

In her cousin's house she found none of the quaint formality for which she had been so carefully schooled. She found a family who took their pleasures seriously and were pained at her penchant for museums, assuring her that nobody went and offering a constant opportunity to visit the shops, the wonderful, glittering, dangerously enticing shops, which lured the gold from one's purse.

To-day she was flying to the Zoological Gardens with a vague idea that before a cage of good American beasts, if she could find them, she could think it all out and get a bird's-eye view of herself, of Aunt Delia sitting in the quiet parlor reading "The Seven Lamps," of Billy Rollins hard at work all day, earning, perhaps, a little evening's dissipation, and of her cousin

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Drawn by Winold Reiss.

A kindly hand reached over the intervening heads and did something.—Page 362

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Hans, whose day began when Billy's was half over and lasted until Billy's began again.

Now, no doubt, Hans was rousing beneath his feather bed at the pleasant suggestion of coffee. He was a flower of Old World culture. He had two student sabre cuts across his cheek and a comical sidewise one on his nose which spelled honor. He had a creditable record at the university for his prowess at beer, so his mother explained, and was now patiently eating and drinking away the tedious probation which he hoped would ultimately bring him a doctorate. He was quite uncontaminated by vulgar toil. He was supposed to be reading for his examinations; but the leisurely university library, which required at least twenty-four hours' notice before giving out a book and sometimes another twenty-four before taking it back again, was quite in accord with his temperament. He seemed eternally in the act of waiting.

Hans had shown commendable business ability, which was also the cause of maternal pride, by winning a thousand marks in a "Royal Prussian Lottery," and was even now frankly expecting that the results of a further venture would settle all his small debts.

To Delia he had been merely an amusing type in this topsy-turvy land of ideals until the elaborate gallantry of his manner, his glances, the family rustle, awoke in her the terrifying suspicion that Hans had been the cause of her cousin's cordial invitation to visit them. The lottery and the doctorate might not always provide feather beds and Rhine wine in profusion. Hans, the charming, was at the mating age and must properly feather his nest. As he lacked both cash and energy for the journey to America they had brought America to him—Mohammed and the mountain.

The result of this suspicion was Delia's flight to the zoo. Culture and enterprise, the Old World and the New, Germany and America, had all suddenly narrowed down, as things do in women's lives, to two men—Billy *versus* Hans.

The car had been growing more and more crowded. A woman standing with a baby in her arms and a small boy by the hand was pushed against the knees of a fat Teuton, who sat at ease occupying the width of two seats. The woman apologized, the fat man grunted, the crowd surged forward and backward like penned animals in a cattle-car, and the door opened upon the Zoological Gardens station.

If Delia had not been accustomed to the every-dayness of the American crowd she would have realized sooner that something unusual was happening. The platform was packed with people pressing forward in an eager procession. Once out of the train she was hurried along with them, an involuntary atom in the stream, and she grew suddenly alarmed at her own helplessness. She saw no Zoological Gardens, no cage of good American beasts, only rows and rows of railroad entrances and ticket-takers and hats, canes, and heaving shoulders about her as she was jostled on and on by the moving crowd. For a moment she had a panicky feeling which showed itself in a frightened gasp and toss of her head.

Her hat-brim butted the fat old gentleman nearest her. He uttered wrathful gutturals. In an instant she was surrounded by angry foreign faces and gesticulating hands, while the sound of irate German mingled with the roar of trains. She stood dazed in the midst of the storm, wondering what it all meant.

It was over in a moment. Like a rift in the clouds a kindly face beamed through the menacing circle, a kindly hand reached over the intervening heads and did something, she knew not what, to her hat that jammed it down over her eyes. She reached guiltily to see if he had clipped off her naughty aigrette, which America prohibits, but found it still fluttering at half-mast. A protecting blue-clad arm linked itself with hers, the crowd seemed instantly to forget her and hurried on about its business, while her rescuer explained in labored English what it was all about.

It appeared that the projecting point of her hatpin had been unclothed. Its immodest appearance in public was not allowed—was, in fact, "policely" forbidden. It had stretched forth naked and unashamed and nipped the sleeve of the irritable old gentleman, who had promptly raised his cane, shouted forth her offense,

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and the law-adoring crowd had rallied to his outraged standard. At this crisis this valiant, uniformed youth had clapped the required button on the tip of her foil and the contest at once became mere friendly sport.

She looked hastily to see if his blue cap could have been pinned to his close-cropped head. Where else had this bauble come from? Was he a professional rescuer of feminine lawbreakers, that he carried these hatpin-protectors in his pocket?

"Yes, the ladies are always losing them. And to-day it is surely nice for me," he assured her impassively.

He was a straight young Prussian wearing a wonderful, gold-bedecked blue uniform; but so was almost every one else. Delia was not versed in military insignia. She was unable to guess whether he was the crown prince or merely drove the royal watering-cart. She had no data to assist her, so she expressed her gratitude as best she could under these uncertain conditions, bade him a cordial American farewell, and told him she was going to the zoo.

"No," he replied firmly. "You are not. Nobody goes there to-day."

Of course not. Nobody went to museums either, but she was a confirmed nobody.

Then she glanced at the human wall that encircled her and realized that she was being carried along with it whether or no. There was no possible escape. Her uniformed escort had made her his own, willy-nilly; she might as well have been in his pet dungeon. She recoiled from the idea of a scene, especially a futile one. Why tragically demand of him the impossible? She pondered the situation.

"Where *am* I going?" she asked at length, politely.

"Where are you going? Where are we all going? To see the birdmen, the aeroplanes, the Frenchman who turns his head over under in the air. My Fräulein, to Johannesthal, surely."

Once at the field, in the midst of breathless thousands, they forgot everything else in the excitement of the humming motors.—Page 365.

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Drawn by Winold Reiss.

One strange young officer was but a drop in the general strangeness of her adventure; but this!—Page 366.

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His arms and his head assisted his faltering tongue in his explanation, and all expressed amazement at her ignorance and joy at the adventure.

To Johannesthal! Delia threw back her head and laughed a frankly delighted, girlish laugh. To Johannesthal! To the aeroplane field!

Hans and some student friends had been there the week before. They had fought their way through the crowd and, with half a million others, had seen all these marvels of the air. But when his sister Bertha asked him to take them she had been promptly snubbed and told that it was no place for sheltered femininity to venture.

This had fanned a mild curiosity into a white flame in Delia's unruly soul and here were her dreams come true. Here she was, abducted and carried against her will to the land of her heart's desire.

The uniform fought its way with her to the suburban train and placed her, with the air of tender firmness with which her aunt pressed a last pickle into an already overflowing jar, into a brimful coupé. Here she stood, packed tightly erect, listening to the comments in many tongues made by the good-natured crowd within and to the protestations in louder tongues made by the ill-natured crowds without who struggled for a foothold whenever the train stopped. Every platform presented a sea of faces: men, women, children, a few crying babies held on tired shoulders, all fighting and elbowing to reach the already too heavily loaded trains.

When the panting little engine finally reached its goal, there was a general scrambling exodus, and they joined the full tide which was already setting toward the field.

Spread out through the dwarf-pine forest the crowd lost its density, and they strolled at ease past the clustered hucksters with their strings of pretzels, piles of sweet chocolate, and carts laden with bananas, on and on through the pine forest which, her uniformed one explained, gave a feeling of security to both audience and performers when the aeroplanes flew fast.

Once at the field, in the midst of breathless thousands, they forgot everything else in the excitement of the humming motors, as one circus feat after another was performed in the air; a circus with the blue vault for its tent, and no saving net to catch the acrobatic aeroplanes. A swoop downward, a serene sweep of man-made wings, and a great bird dove and swam and turned over and over in the air as in the ocean; while above, like a great, watchful hawk, hovered the gray bulk of the Zeppelin dirigible.

In less than an hour it was over. There were subdued cheers and cheerful comments as the crowd rose in a body and turned homeward. The little beer restaurants on the grounds had been drunk dry, the venders' carts were empty, and all Berlin was ready to eat again.

Back they came through the pine forest, back toward the railroad station and the waiting trains; but not all of them arrived. The first hundreds packed the trains, those that followed crowded the station, and the greater part of the half million struggled in a huge congested mass that filled the main street for an ever-increasing distance until it lay like a great, writhing human snake coiled upon the little town.

Held fast by their own mass, the hungry thousands could neither advance nor retreat, and it must be hours before even the competent Berlin suburban system could move them all.

Delia, caught in the coiled tail of this serpent, for a moment lost faith in her rescuer. He seemed as powerless as she. They were both sinking hopelessly into this great human slough. Strange faces pressed on all sides of her, home lay she knew not where. There seemed no one to cling to, no one who really cared. It was all one vast stretch of foreigners who did not even speak her language and had not one common interest with her.

In this moment of despair, to her own amazement, she was filled with a sudden, uncontrollable longing for Billy Rollins. Nothing else in the world mattered. She wanted Billy. It was like an illuminating flash of light that lit up the darkness of her life's problem.

Then an automobile horn tooted. A cordon of mounted police swung in to clear the way. The well-trained crowd docilely responded and folded in upon itself, no one knew how, that the luxurious

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car might cross its path. There is police protection the world over for the rich. They stood in the front rank as the car swept by. There was a flash of blue and gold in the sunset. Her escort shouted a joyous, riotous shout. The car paused for an instant. It did not stop; but when it sprang forward again Delia was seated safely in the comfortable tonneau in the midst of a group of jolly young Prussian officers.

One drop of whiskey seems harmless, but a whole bottle is an orgy. One strange young officer was but a drop in the general strangeness of her adventure; but this!

The horrid, unconventional vulgarity of it brought all the New England blood flaming to her cheeks. What would Aunt Delia think? What would Billy think? Poor Billy, so severely reprimanded for a harmless cigarette, a genial game, and his kindly aid to a damsel in distress. But, above all, what did she think of herself? How could she ever feel again the "I am better than thou" attitude of her old New England superiority? And it was all her own fault. Why had she not stayed at home?

The sun was setting. They sped past crowded street-cars, bicycles gay with flags and lanterns, and other gala automobiles. The young men smoked and jested. She seemed to be the object of much pleasantry and was glad she could not understand them; she was too miserable to pretend to be merry and cowered low in her soft leather cushion.

At the door which she called home they left her with many bantering adieus. Her escort waved them off and opened the great hall door of her cousin's apartment-house. The porter's wicket was closed. The street-lamps glowed without but the inside lamps were as yet unlighted. She hesitated a moment as to the proper words of farewell.

Did he appreciate that she had been swept perforce into this adventure, or must she try to make him understand what her ideals and her training and her qualms of conscience had to say to such an experience? The situation, however, was not hers to handle. As if to assure her of his complete misunderstanding of her, he stooped, gathered her into his strong young arms, and pressed a warm, moist, tobacco-laden kiss full on her mouth.

He came of a people who fondled each other in the Tiergarten and kissed in restaurants. Judged by his standards this was but the natural climax to a happy afternoon. Judged even by her own standards it was such an obviously fitting climax to her indiscretion that she could but admit the propriety of the impropriety. She sprang free of him and stood for one trembling, unspeakable moment staring at him.

She was in no position to resent it or to prate to him of outraged dignity. If she were so much better than he thought her, why was she there? Shamefaced she turned, without a word, and ran up the stairway. Poor Aunt Delia! Where were her dreams of culture? She sobbed in spite of herself.

When her cousin's door was opened to her she knew at once that some social event portended. Their maid was wearing her white cotton gloves, which she put on only for formal occasions.

Her cousin Bertha popped an inquiring head into the hall. "It is Delia. She is here!" she called back into the dining-room, using a rapid German which meant excitement in a household which strove to speak English in compliment to their guest. Then she disappeared, leaving a trail of cigarette smoke behind her, and Delia followed and stood amazed in the doorway.

Before her was the usual scene. The afternoon coffee-table with its gay cloth had been partly cleared; in the centre of it stood the roulette wheel and board which often paid the family tram fare when there were a number of guests. Beer-glasses and bottles stood half empty at intervals, while the cigarettes of the mother and daughter mingled with those of the father and son in domestic comfort. But at the other end of the table, looking ill at ease, with no beer-glass at his elbow, no solacing cigarette between his fingers, sat Billy Rollins.

"Billy!" she cried, trying to keep the joy out of her voice. "Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I was just passing by, so I thought I'd be neighborly and drop in."

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He endeavored to appear casual as he came eagerly forward to greet her. As he advanced, Delia's eyes, true to her sex, sought the long mirror at the other end of the room and she saw herself crumpled and tousled, with flaming cheeks, her hat on one side, its telltale button of a "protector" standing forth conspicuously, and her hair straggling out from under it. She felt that she presented a severe test for Billy's affection.

His greeting, in the face of the family assembled, was conventional, but the steady clasp of his hand was a solace in itself. She clung to it as though through her fingers she would make him understand what a revelation to-day's adventure had brought to her. Then she accepted a proffered cup of coffee, crammed the guilty hat under her chair, and prepared to face the inquisition.

Where had she been? To Johannesthal. Alone? Almost. That is, not quite. At least she knew no one. A young officer had been kind to her. He had brought her home in his automobile.

They were frankly scandalized. They removed their cigarettes, set down their beer-glasses, rested their elbows on the roulette wheel, and tried to bring home to her the disgraceful unconventionality of her conduct. In Germany a young woman could go anywhere alone, but she must go nowhere alone with a man. It is forbidden, impossible, unheard of. Their disapproval of her, mingled with their disappointment in her as a suitable consort for Hans, was evident in looks and words.

She felt crushed and offered Billy a cigarette to cover her embarrassment.

"Thanks, no. I thought since you'd gotten to be such a highbrow it was up to me to cut out tobacco and spiel," was his nonchalant reply. "And, say, our county's gone dry. It was something of a circus to-day, wasn't it?" he added cheerily. There was a twinkle in his eye and a comical twitch to the corner of his mouth.

The word "circus" was too much for Delia. Was it a thousand years ago that Billy and his circus had caused such a tempest in a teapot? She leaned back her head and laughed hysterically, laughed and laughed until the room rang and the tears rolled down her cheeks, unmindful of the Teuton consternation.

"There's just one question I'd like to ask you, young woman," said Billy as she sobered an instant to catch her breath. "Who was he, this stranger in the automobile?"

He came and stood beside her. She raised a wet, pink, tear-stained face to his and recklessly threw back at him the words he once had used to her.

"I'll be hanged if I know. Never asked him," she gasped.

Then her nerves gave way, her head went down on the table in a flood of real tears.

"Oh, Billy," she sobbed; "take me home! Please take me home!"

CHARITY

By Miriam Crittenden Carman

Her life is full of simple things each day;
She does the common toil with homely care,
A cloistered novice whom the world forgets,
A widow in whose cruse is oil to spare;
Living so faithfully that death will seem
Merely a shadow down an endless dream.

For when her call shall come, she will not go
As one who waiteth: Graciously undimmed,
Her flame-like soul will leap up at the last
To some old wonted task, some lamp untrimmed;
Or she will hear a lonely child who cries
And need to comfort it before she dies.

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THE SERBIAN PEOPLE IN WAR TIME

BY STANLEY NAYLOR

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"AND to think that this is really Serbia!" a young American Red Cross doctor complained to me bitterly when I met him at Skoplje in September. "Why, before I left America I thought life out here was such martyrdom that it would be a positive disgrace to return home alive!"

The poor fellow was obviously dejected. The trip, from his standpoint, he said, had been more or less a farce. From the graphic accounts he had read of her sufferings in the newspapers before his arrival, two months earlier, he had imagined Serbia to be a country ravaged by pestilence and disease, riddled by shot and shell, "the very seat of desolation." But alas for these preconceived notions! In reality, the panorama that unfolded itself was altogether different.

Like most people who arrive in Serbia for the first time, this young man had heard so much of her uglier side that he did not easily reconcile himself to the fact that to the outward eye she is wondrously beautiful. Frequently, as he had passed up and down the railway between Skoplje and Belgrade, he had been compelled figuratively to rub his eyes in amaze. Time and again he had asked himself whether by some magic means he had not been transplanted back to his own Middle West. The surrounding scenery away from the towns was of quite astonishing loveliness. It was wild and romantic and had for the most part that background of mountainous grandeur so typical of Serbian landscapes as a whole; and it was at the same time, especially in the vicinity of Belgrade, delightfully pastoral. Fine, fat cattle grazed in the meadows. Much of the land was under good cultivation. There were fields full of corn, to say nothing of rich crops of barley, oats, and buckwheat. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Serbia, seen in mid-September, seemed to be so essentially a land of plenty that it was hard to realize she was not, also, a land of peace.

Folk who saw the country before and afterward, however—for example, in February and March, when typhus raged among the people, and in October and November, when fast and furious fighting once more rent the land—were able to fathom the true depths of this Balkan tragedy more accurately. In the intervening summer months there came a lull in Serbia's vicissitudes. In this brief resting-space the little nation seemed almost to have smiled away her tears. The way in which she had so quickly recovered from the effects of her sad winter's tale was well-nigh a miracle; and, what was more miraculous still, this happy transformation had been the work of women and children.

"Our peasant women are national heroines. Serbia is under an eternal debt of gratitude to them she can never repay," M. Pashich, the Serbian prime minister, told me, as he talked of the astonishing fertility we saw almost everywhere around us. Son of the soil himself, the veteran statesman went on to draw an intimate picture of how all day long thousands of valiant women had been out-of-doors doing the work of their absent men in the fields. To escape the heat of the midday sun, many of these Amazons were wont to start as early as three o'clock each morning, with their babies slung over their backs. Generally the little ones were placed in crudely improvised hammocks, near the spots where their mothers, aided by older children, toiled cheerfully away.

Thus, last year's crops were raised in Serbia, and since, with the pitifully primitive agricultural implements he still uses, it takes the average Serbian laborer two

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weeks to do what would be a mere half-day's work in the United States, this war-time task, left to his wife and daughters, seemed all the more incredible. Mercifully, the brave, toiling women had no vision of the wrath to come. A short time after the Bulgarian bombshell burst one of them was found wandering in the hills near the Greek frontier, many miles from her native village. Together with her five children she had escaped from the little homestead she had worked with might and main to keep together just before the Bulgarians laid it waste. Amid the confusion of the general exodus of villagers, one of her children, a little girl of seven, was lost and had not since been heard of. Another, the baby, had died before the family reached safety. And now the poor mother was roaming disconsolate and distraught. A doctor pronounced her to be hopelessly insane. So much, then, for Serbia's women harvesters and that second harvest of war!

My own first impressions of Serbia were formed when, as a prelude to settling down there for five months, I accompanied Sir Thomas Lipton through the country on a fourteen days' hustle. Not every man can claim that he has been personally conducted on a lightning Cook's tour to see war at first-hand.

We no sooner reached Belgrade than what practically amounted to free tickets were given us for what the citizens jokingly termed their "bombardment performances." Shells no sooner burst forth from the picturesque little town of Semlin, across the river, than we could, if we chose to brave the risk, mount to the top of the fortress in order to view the firing with more realistic effect. And in the *entr'actes* between these performances—which, curiously enough, had a knack of repeating themselves at fixed hours on appointed days of the week like theatrical matinées!—we had official permission to wander by the river's edge, where, looking through powerful binoculars, we could see thrifty Austrian housewives bartering in the market-place while the rest of the straggling populace sauntered up and down Semlin's main street. How near war then seemed to us! And, if the truth must be known, how ludicrous, too, was the main effect produced! In building their capital on a site which the enemy could shell so comfortably from his own door-step, the Serbians had obviously made a big initial mistake. The result was much as though the city of Liverpool were waging deadly conflict with her friendly neighbor across the Mersey, Birkenhead, or as though Long Island were at war with New York.

In the brief but crowded space of those first four days we spent in Belgrade, several elaborate "war excursions" were planned in our honor. We began by inspecting the various batteries and intrenchments erected round the city. On mounting to the more prominent gun positions, some of us felt a trifle staggered to be told, with so little concern that we might have been examining marble statuary in the Louvre or the British Museum, how narrowly these guns had been missed by Austrian shells just half an hour before. "But our casualty list was not at all heavy," our guide, a Serbian officer, added consolingly. "Only two sparrows killed and one lizard wounded."

It was again our coveted distinction to be let into the then secret movements of a set of plucky young English naval men who, disguised in the uniform of Serbian officers, had come to Belgrade to manage a dashing little picket boat known as *The Terror of the Danube*. With Lieutenant-Commander Kerr—he has since been awarded a D. S. O.—at their head, these jolly sailors were having the time of their lives, for on dark nights it was the *Terror's* habit to dart into mid-river and play pranks with the fleet of Austrian monitors assembled majestically on guard near Semlin. This fleet was two hundred times the strength of the little picket boat. Any one of the monitors would have made very short work of her, if given half a chance. But dignity opposed to impudence does not always win the day. The *Terror* had a way of springing up unawares just when she was least expected. And that sometimes she could torpedo with the best of them was shown in the unmistakable evidences of wrecked monitors floating about the Danube for all Belgrade to see.

Our passports, as we travelled, proved to be equally elastic all along the line.

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No matter where we went—to the military headquarters at Kragujevatz, to the miserably overcrowded, disgustingly dirty, and dishevelled city of Nish, where the seat of the government had been transferred from the capital, to the more comfortable, sleepy-eyed Skoplje, formerly Uskub, which, Serbianized though it had been, obstinately retained the eerie Eastern charm of its old-time Turkish setting, or to the picturesque group of villages clustering round the Bulgarian frontier—always the curtain was lifted on persons, places, and things that would have been carefully screened from us had we been unknown wayfarers, journeying alone. And yet there was a reverse side to all these advantages.

Serbia, it is true, had turned the handle of her war kaleidoscope very generously for our benefit. We knew how irretrievably bombardment and invasion had spoiled the fair face of Shabatz, hitherto one of the wealthiest of her townships—how all the churches and public buildings in this district had been completely destroyed while the sufferings of the inhabitants hardly yielded in frightfulness before those of Belgium. We knew, again, how great was the havoc wrought to Belgrade, that once beautiful city which had been every Serbian's pride—a sort of miniature Paris, the only one of his cities which could boast any claim to enlightenment and progress; incidentally, too, the only city rich enough to have installed an adequate system of sanitation. We knew that the mass of ruins at Belgrade now included the royal palace, the museum, and, above all, the university, with which had perished half a century of research work, to say nothing of a world of thought. And we knew that the pinch of poverty was now felt there so acutely that thousands of citizens were living on threepence a day. From the royal family downward rigid economy had, perforce, become the rule throughout the land among all classes of people. The veteran King Peter was living in a couple of rooms at Tapala, while the home of the crown prince was chiefly a railway-carriage, shunted nightly into a siding. Yet, while we knew all these things, there were still many other things we did not know.

At the end of this Lipton pilgrimage my feeling was that, although she had permitted us to see just how she had suffered through war and epidemic, Serbia nevertheless had not really taken us into her confidence. She had shown us her outward husk but not her inner kernel. We had been conducted over her devastated war areas, her arsenals, and her hospitals for wounded soldiers, typhus sufferers, and the like, but we had not looked inside her cottages. We had talked freely with her princes, but we knew next to nothing of her peasants.

Like the rest of her Balkan neighbors, Serbia is by no means an open book to read by all who run as soon as they reach her gates. She is to some extent a paradox—a nation of warring truths. To understand her more thoroughly, a stranger must obviously stay longer in her midst. It was because I sought to know her better that, having gone as far as Athens on our homeward journey, I decided to turn back.

From Salonica to Nish, in my eagerness to get at grips with the Serbian peasant, to see the man with his kith and kin for myself at close quarters, I travelled third-class. The memory of that journey will ever haunt me. For the first twelve hours all went comparatively well. At any rate, a fellow passenger assured me we were "not more than reasonably overcrowded." It was as night set in, after the train left Skoplje and we tried to compose ourselves for sleep, that the trouble began.

Constantly we stopped at little wayside stations to pick up more and more human freight. Looked at in the right light there was something saddening in the thought of herd upon herd of rustic travellers, many of them women and children, having to turn out of their homes at ungodly hours and tramp miles in order to catch the one and only train in the whole twenty-four hours that would take them on their way. And, as often as not, they had to set forth a long while in advance; for one of the difficulties about railway travelling in Serbia is that you can never tell to within six hours the precise moment a train will arrive. Jammed tight in the hard, wooden seat of that third-class com-

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partment, albeit, I was too hot and uncomfortable to feel sympathetic and kind.

To realize the extent of my discomfort you must take several facts into account. Remember, first of all, that we sat eight and nine a side; that, since all windows were closed, we were some seventeen or eighteen people hermetically sealed in an air-tight compartment. Remember, too, that the majority of the passengers were Serbian peasants—men and women who have hitherto considered it to be the height of fastidiousness to wash more than a very limited number of times a year. The Serbian man peasant, indeed, has usually only two suits, one for winter and one for summer. Each suit is firmly stitched on to him by a devoted wife according to season.

It is at such moments a stranger sees how far the Serbs have to travel; that the great curse resting on them is a pagan toleration of filth. Among those who have made a valiant effort to help eradicate it, the work of the army of American Red Cross doctors, sent out from Washington after the fearful typhus epidemic, under Dr. Richard P. Strong of Harvard, must not be forgotten. For several months, right up to the moment when hostilities blazed forth afresh, Dr. Strong and his workers—Strong's army, as they were called—tried hard to initiate an "Order of the Bath" in Serbia. They not only disinfected the unsanitary homes of countless peasants; they instituted sanitary cars, bathing in which was made compulsory by Act of Parliament.

Happily, it is of the finer rather than the sordid side of Serbia we all now think. To-day the whole world has nothing but wonder and praise for the splendid fight the little nation put up when she was attacked by three fronts in that final cataclysm last autumn. The Serbs then made a stand which, as an epic of bravery, is more Homeric than Homer. Wonderful is a big word, but it is not too big to fit them. And even before this great onslaught they had proved themselves wonderful many times over. They had been wonderful, first of all, in the stoicism—one had almost said, gayety!—with which they had borne the heat and burden of over four years of war. They were wonderful, again, when in that first moment of the European conflict they successfully drove 500,000 Austrian invaders from their territories and took 62,000 of them prisoners into the bargain. And, perhaps, they were most wonderful of all when, before Bulgaria declared her hand in October and Germany and Austria still refrained from striking a decisive blow, they "stood like greyhounds in the slips waiting for"—well, they knew not what.

Toward the end of these ten months of masterly inactivity there was to me something impressive and grand in the picture of these stout-hearted men of Serbia—massed round the little nation's borders—waiting, always waiting. Several hours daily for nearly a year many a Serbian private soldier had known what it was to stand there rigidly on guard, glued like an automaton to his post, his face stolidly inscrutable, but his heart yearningly aflame to be once more up and doing. "I'm dead sick of having to wait," a private told me when I talked with him while off duty, through an interpreter who, having lived in America, was able to translate very racily. "If only we could have another whack at 'em! I'm just longing for the war to end. You see, I haven't seen my wife and children for three years. My home is so far away and we have been so everlastingly fighting or expecting to fight that I have never had a chance to go back."

And if such was the lot of some of Serbia's first-line soldiers still in their prime, what of those veterans of the third and fourth lines to be found guarding the remoter places less liable to attack? These grizzled warriors were generally cheerful. Yet for them, also, life held more than its fair share of irony. "Of course, I'm only scrap-iron—too old for the firing line," one of them confessed to me. "I'm fifty, and I've been in the army thirty-three years. In Serbia, you know, we start serving at seventeen and finish at fifty-five." "Then in another five years you will be free?" I ventured encouragingly. "Yes, in another five years I shall be free all right," he replied; "but please don't forget, sir, *I shall also be fifty-five!*"

But not for nothing has the Serb been called "the Irishman of the Balkans." His temperament is mercurial and his moments of depression soon slip away.

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One of his most charming characteristics is a complete freedom from malice. Hard fighter though he is, it seems constitutionally impossible for him to bear hatred for long; and although he far from loves his enemy on the battle-field, any animosity he feels toward him vanishes like lightning as soon as he takes him prisoner. To strangers travelling through the land last summer nothing was more amazing than the sense of comradeship which existed between the Serbs and their Austrian captives. Captives, forsooth! Some of them openly gloried in their chains.

That the lot of a private in the Serbian army, no matter how far he might be from the firing line, was often worse than that of an Austrian prisoner, first struck home to me at Belgrade when in the main street I saw a peasant soldier bargaining with a prisoner for a loaf of bread. The soldier had just reached the city, weary, worn, and more than a trifle footsore, after a long cross-country march. The one solitary loaf, which was all his daily ration comprised from the military authorities, had long since been devoured. The poor fellow was obviously hungry and in need of another. The Austrian prisoner, on the other hand, with a cigarette between his lips, looked sleek and well-fed. Yet the bargain between the two was completed in the friendliest spirit, and cash down was paid for that extra loaf.

When I asked a Serbian soldier why prisoners of war were treated so leniently by his country—being left to wander at large unmolested like one of themselves—he replied that the great majority of the captured Austrians were of their own kith and kin. They were of Slavonic origin and had no heart in this war. With them it was simply a case of Hobson's choice. They had either to fight for Austria or be shot. Evidence of their curious detachment in the struggle was given in that, since the opening of hostilities, many of these so-called "Austrians" had fought valiantly and well *on both sides!* On being taken prisoners, they had at once re-enlisted under the Serbian flag!

But while this explanation held good in the case of Slav prisoners, how came it to pass that throughout the country one constantly met German-Austrians and Magyar Hungarians who were almost equally fortunate in the treatment meted out to them? Consider the generosity shown to that small minority of prisoners who were considered too dangerous to be allowed at large. The big internment barracks in which these enemy officers were quartered at Nish were a veritable *hôtel de luxe*. The accommodation provided for the officers of the Serbian army was not nearly so lavish. Separate kitchens were run, so that the Germans, Hungarians, and Croats could each have their food cooked in the style most pleasing to their respective fastidious palates. And there were several acres of beautiful grounds in which the prisoners could rove at will. They played tennis and other outdoor games while, escorted by a Serbian guard, they often went on picnics and excursions in the surrounding countryside. Some of them, well-known Hungarian artists, were daily to be seen with Serbian soldiers in attendance, sketching the landscape in and around Nish. And as with the interned officers, so with the interned men in the ranks: they were infinitely better housed and better fed than the Serbian troops in training a stone's throw away.

Although openly hostile to the Serbian cause, prisoners were frequently found again in civilian occupations at good rates of pay and, except that they had periodically to report themselves to the authorities, they were allowed to live practically as free men.

Many Londoners visiting the leading restaurant in Nish were surprised to recognize installed there as *maître d'hôtel* an Austrian who for many years had been a waiter at the Carlton Hotel. This old-time friend seemed as happy and cheerful as ever. He was just as well-groomed as in his palmy Carlton days. Looking at him, you would never have judged him to be an Austrian prisoner out on "ticket of leave." "When the war is over, I hope to meet you all in the same old spot," he told his English customers hopefully.

Common sense, of course, was at the root of Serbia's policy in placing her prisoners in occupations to which they were peculiarly fitted. At a time when the country was denuded almost entirely of her male population, the flower of her

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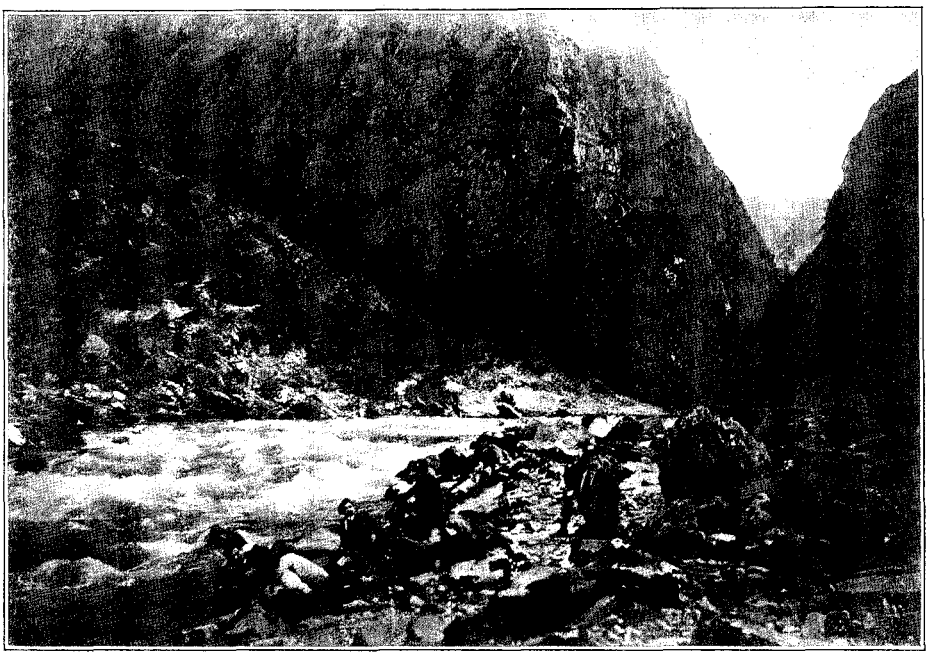
manhood being away with the army, why should not the trained services of her sixty-two thousand odd able-bodied Austrians be turned to profitable account? So, no doubt, Serbia argued, and therein lay one explanation of the humanity and kindness she showed to every prisoner who was willing and able to fill a definite place in the working life of the community. And so, too, it followed that all over the country one found Austrians, skilled at their business, who were employed on a fair financial basis as mechanics, engineers, tailors, and bakers—in fact in well-nigh every conceivable trade; while, without the aid of prisoner orderlies, it is now universally admitted that most of the war hospitals in Serbia could never have been run.



That background of mountainous grandeur so typical of Serbian landscapes.—Page 368.

So far as possible each prisoner was given the job that suited him best. There was something Gilbertian in the situation that nightly at Nish and Skoplje sweet music was distilled in the open air, quite as though the fashionable German and Austrian spas had been transplanted to Serbia, by those captives who happened to be professional musicians. But not unnaturally among so many thousands there were occasional human misfits. It appeared to be rather a hardship, for instance—although it may strike some minds as ironically appropriate—that the gentleman who in peace time had been professor of mathematics at Prague University was mainly engaged in counting the dirty linen at a big hospital in Krajevatz. And a Vienna merchant, who informed me his normal income had never been known to amount to less than the equivalent of three thousand English pounds sterling a year, fulfilled the duties of bootblack in the same institution.

I happened one afternoon to be in a little town when a young German aviator literally dropped down from the skies. In charge of what were believed to be important papers bearing on the Dardanelles campaign, this flying Teuton had come from Mehadia, near Orsova (on the Hungarian side of the Danube near where Serbia, Hungary, and Roumania meet). His intention was to fly to Bulgaria and then go on to Turkey by train. But his proud hopes were dashed. At first, all went swimmingly. According to his own

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When typhus raged among the people.—Page 368.

story, he flew over Nish at a height of 6,000 feet. Then, two hours later, when near the Bulgarian frontier—so near that he cocksurely imagined he had crossed the border-line!—his engine gave out and he came down to earth with a thud, only to find himself still in Serbia and soon in the custody of two stalwart frontier guards, who marched him off to this nearest wayside town.

In almost any other country but Serbia this dramatic *débâcle* of an enemy airman would have meant a bitterly hostile demonstration. To say the least, there would have been frantic hisses and boos. But the Serb, when once he has captured his prey, is good-natured. The advent of this unexpected visitor hardly aroused more than the ripple of laughter with which most country people greet the arrival of a travelling showman or clown. Among other things, his equipment included a plentiful supply of visiting cards, and these were clamored for as souvenirs by the amused townsfolk. Otherwise, there was little excitement.

The authorities had doubts as to what kind of hospitality to give to so unusual a guest; and it was eventually decided to accommodate him for a night or two in the town's best hotel—where, as luck would have it, I too was quartered. After the evening meal in the little inn restaurant this German captive seemed thoroughly to have recovered his equanimity, if he had ever lost it. Stolid in his exterior, he was voluble enough in his talk. Gradually the company gathered round his table and a merry evening was spent. For the nonce the Serbs were disposed to bury the hatchet. They treated the intruder with the utmost friendliness, as one of themselves.

Side by side with these side-lights on the innate chivalry of the Serb place the irrefutable proofs that abound of his bravery on the battle-field, and you soon realize that, despite many black pages in Serbian

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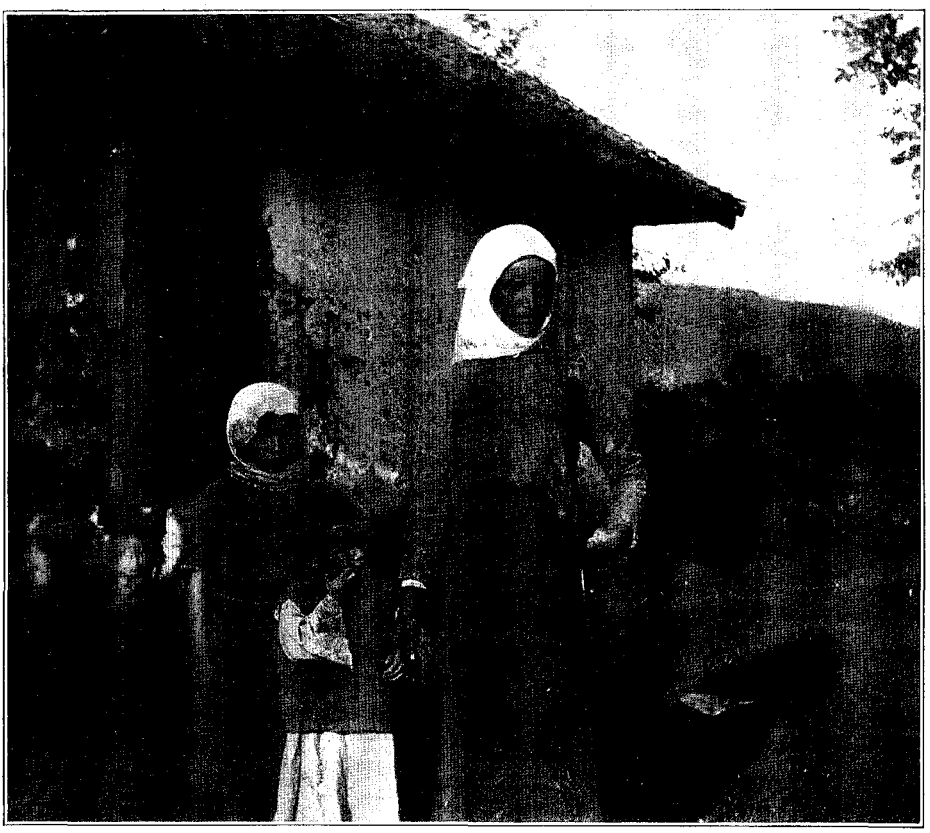
history, he springs from a stock of which heroes are made. Difficulties do not daunt him. Instead, they fire his blood. In the recent fighting one section of the army's long front was held by the courage of a single man. Of his comrades serving the machine guns he alone survived. But he did not withdraw. He continued to work his gun with such fiendish energy that at last the advancing enemy, not realizing that he stood alone and fearing a trap, hastily retired.

"Victory is not won by shining arms but by brave hearts," runs the Serbian soldier's guiding maxim, and even when in the past victory has been his, he has had, perforce, to live up to it. Since many Serbian officers contrive to cut quite a formidable dash on seventy pounds a year, it follows that the uniforms and armor of men in the ranks are not exactly glittering. The only allowance they get is a very few dinars a month, together with one loaf of bread and one hundred rounds of ammunition a day. And unless they are first-line soldiers they fight in their peasant dress. The homes which many of them left last year seemed almost too wretched to fight for. Yet they still went on fighting—for the unification of all Serbian-speaking peoples, for what is known in Serbia as the Jugoslav ideal. To them the thought that Serbia should be vanquished was simply unthinkable. Patriotism, an all-consuming love of the land of their forefathers, was practically the only religion they knew and understood. Provided they held fast to their faith in the salvation of Serbia, they felt all would be well. Inevitably their enemies would go to the wall.

Next to the love of his country the peasant soldier places his love of a woman —or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say, all women. In the famous folk-



Peasants outside their hut.

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songs which he composes extemporaneously, and is heard singing day and night, his theme is invariably either the glories of war or the charms of some fair maid. In Serbia the lad who has not been deeply

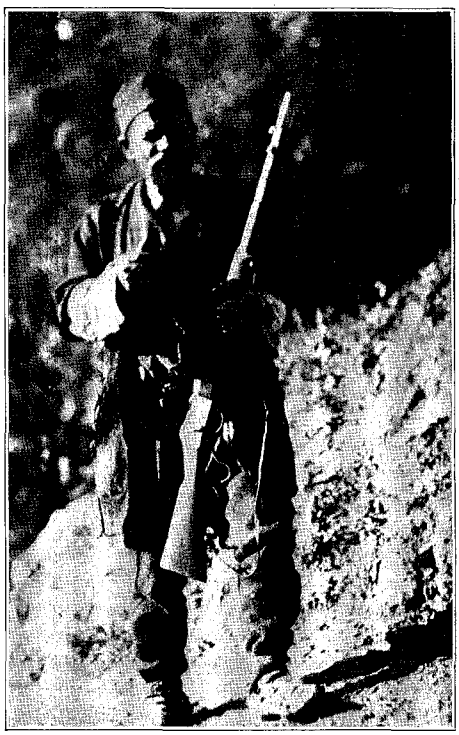
The Serbian man peasant.

in love by the time he is sixteen is reckoned to be, indeed, a fool. The Serbian peasant places woman on a pedestal—*until he marries her*. Then she who was his divinity quickly becomes his drudge.

"And this—God forgive me!—is my wife," is the habitual formula used by a peasant if forced to introduce the woman of his choice to you. He is, however, passionately fond of his children. In Serbia the humblest child is an *enfant gâté*. One day, while I was staying at a hospital at Vrnjatchka Banja, a wounded soldier, whose leg had been amputated, was visited by his wife and child. The father greeted the little one rapturously, while his wife, her face full of the tenderest solicitude and sympathy, stood meekly aside. At length, turning from the child to the woman, he seized her by the hand and asked gruffly: "Well, Milka, my girl, have you brought me something nice to eat? How's the cow?"

The Serb, in his whole conception of womanhood, is unblushingly Oriental. It seems, then, to be a comic stroke of fate whereby feminism has lately scored a notable triumph in his midst. The women most vital in nursing wounded peasant soldiers back to health and strength have been in many cases suffragettes—women of an emancipated view-point in direct antithesis to that of their patients. Several of the most efficient war hospitals in Serbia have been conducted by feminists as all-women institutions, no man being employed where a woman will do.

To Kragujevatz, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart



Serbian peasant-soldier on guard.

brought a hospital unit, "manned entirely by women," as an Irishman would say, even to doctors and orderlies. Forty-five Englishwomen in all—just think of their pluck! Unaided, they managed to rig up a field-hospital of sixty-five tents in hard, mud-caked fields. Furthermore, they applied to this open-air encampment hygienic and sanitary measures that would do credit to many an indoor New York

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hospital. The camp included a fully equipped operating theatre, an X-ray department, three kitchens, commodious stores, and several baths—all of them modelled on the most modern lines.

On her arrival in Serbia, Mrs. Stobart

"Stood like greyhounds in the slips."—Page 371.

claimed that the chief advantage of this All-Woman Hospital was its mobility. On little more than half an hour's notice the whole camp could be quickly brought within reach of an advancing or retreating army at almost any given point. She guaranteed, too, that even the manual work of pitching and moving the tents could be undertaken by her unit with little or no help from men. How, then, reduced to practise, did her theory work out?

From an unexpected quarter the unit was given a chance of showing how rapidly it can move. Just before the five-o'clock reveille bell one morning the whole camp was aroused by the violent explosion of a bomb close at hand. They rushed out to find three aeroplanes—one Austrian and two German—encircling them overhead. Was the enemy bent on performing the feat of exterminating the women's field-hospital? For a time it looked suspiciously like it. Then whir, whir—that old sound, familiar to Mrs. Stobart and others of her unit who had been in Antwerp—was followed by a loud crash and the usual smoke and *débris*. Fortunately the bombs fell not within the camp but a few yards from its outer radius.

"Forewarned is forearmed," said Mrs. Stobart, as she told me this story. "Our white, gleaming tents were evidently an excellent target, and obviously we had to contrive some means to frustrate the enemy's possible designs. We set to work on a scheme of evacuation, and were quite glad to put it into effect when we received from the military headquarters at 6 A. M., a few days later, a message that enemy aeroplanes had been sighted over the frontier and were expected to reach Kra-

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gujevatz in an hour's time. Within half an hour of receiving that message we had cleared the hospital of 130 wounded soldiers. Those who could walk or hobble had been sent with nurses and orderlies a kilometre along the road adjoining the main hospital tents, with instructions to lie down when aeroplanes were sighted, while the helpless cases were placed on stretchers on the automobiles and ox-carts and taken in small groups along the main road to safe distances from the camp. The tents, too, were taken down, but we quickly put them up again and reinstalled our wounded when another message came through that the aeroplanes had thought better of their intentions and had turned back after crossing the frontier. Please don't think the incident was wasted. It made a fine dress rehearsal."

Peasant woman in full national costume.

It was a dress rehearsal, too, which proved of full value when, shortly afterward, this All-Woman Hospital encountered the real thing in war. On the reopening of hostilities, Mrs. Stobart split up her unit into squads, which then moved up to different positions where they could best tend the dying and wounded behind the firing line. And thenceforward these gallant "women-soldiers" had constantly to pitch and repitch their tents, following in the wake of that section of the retreating army to which they were attached. It stands also to Mrs. Stobart's credit that in the long lull in fighting, last year, she seized the opportunity to found roadside dispensaries in outlying Serbian villages, where the civil population—and more particularly the women and children—could be treated. And in the region of Skoplje, the same plan was adopted by the American Red Cross Sanitary Commission, with the famous expert in tropical diseases, Dr. Aldo Castellani, in command.

To watch the sick peasants waiting outside a roadside dispensary was to be given an illuminating insight into their isolated lives. From dawn till sunset, men, women, and children would arrive, the victims of every conceivable kind of disease. Some of them, never having been able to consult a doctor before, would walk from fifty to a hundred miles across country for the privilege. That, weak and ill, they could perform such big walking feats, seemed impossible to believe. One woman I saw had walked twenty miles with a condition of the neck and throat that would make a civilized being think twice about crossing a room. Another, suffering from cancer, had ridden on horseback on a journey lasting several days, while other patients came in ox-carts or, if too poor to afford even that mode of travel, were strapped to the backs of donkeys. One grimly stolid-looking peasant brought two children delirious with diphtheria. His wife and two other children were lying dead at home.

The way in which these destitute, stricken people sought to express their gratitude was not without its touching side. Many of them would bring bunches of flowers gathered by the wayside on their long and tedious journeys. Others, at the American clinic, were distressingly

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Nurses and patients at the All-Woman Hospital at Kragujevatz.

anxious to give the eminent Dr. Castellani his fee in coin. For the medicine he prescribed they tried in vain to induce him to accept a penny or twopence—probably all they had.

Such flashes of self-respect and pride, revealed by the most submerged of Serbia's population in the face of poverty and pain, are an earnest of the spirit and temper of the race as a whole. No matter how poor he may be, the Serb still remains proud. "Our enemies may trample over our bodies, but stamp out our spirit they never will!" M. Pashich declared lately when the outlook was at its blackest: "Better far for us to die in beauty than to live in shame!"

Whether the Allies have cause to re-

Peasant women arriving at Dr. Castellani's clinic.

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Sick peasants waiting outside a roadside dispensary.

proach themselves for the crucifixion of Serbia is a question now often publicly raised, even by critics within their own camp. If diplomatic wits had been sharper to apprehend the nature of the Bulgarian menace, if Anglo-French forces had arrived earlier on the scene, could the little country have been saved the unspeakable tribulations and anguish of that last big life-or-death fight? These points future historians must decide. Certainly, all last summer, it was common knowledge in the Balkans that the trouble brewing between Bulgaria and Serbia must soon come to a head. When in August I visited the picturesque little hamlet of Strumitza, on the edge of the Bulgarian frontier—the very spot where two months later the Serbo-Bulgarian conflict waged fiercest—I was invited to luncheon by the colonel of Prince Michael's regiment, which had then some 2,000 soldiers stationed in that village. The colonel was quartered in an old château, charmingly French in design. The property had formerly belonged to a rich Greek miller, but on the outbreak of war he fled, having been adding grist to his mill as a highly paid German spy.

Our meal was served to us under the trees in an old-world garden and as the ball was set rolling, the grim stalking-horse, War, seemed far enough away. Yet, all the while, a few paces behind mine host's chair, two armed peasant-soldiers stood watchfully on guard. At first, you were inclined to doubt whether this was a strictly necessary precaution. Was it merely for show? Then you recalled just why this regiment was stationed here. A few weeks before, a mysterious band of Bulgarian comitadges (outlaws), descending suddenly on the village, had killed 40 Serbian soldiers and, after extracting their brains, had stuffed their heads with peas. The Bulgarian Government disclaimed responsibility for the ugly episode. Still, coming events cast their shadows before.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

Plain Country

LIKE many another person of the present day I have, from time to time, travelled as far as my means would permit—and a little farther—exploring countries new and strange, or new and strange to me, climbing high mountains, sailing broad seas, and making the acquaintance of coasts as full of wonder and of mystery, swept by the wings of gulls, washed by green waves, as were the far shores of Odysseus's wide adventure to Odysseus. And I have had huge enjoyment in it all, standing to watch, at distant corners of the earth, the pageant of wind and wave and cloud, trudging up unknown hills in a fine mood of adventure, driving across mountain passes into countries as fresh and as enchanting as if they had been created over night to meet this fresh sense of quest.

Yet sometimes, and oftentimes, I realize that no strange shore or wonderful mountain range has brought a sense of pleasure quite so deep as that which comes at moments in mere country, the plain country of the land of home. I do not mean any of the show regions of America—the glories of the Canadian Rockies, the wonders of the Yosemite are unknown to me. I mean the common country of old-fashioned fences and winding roads, where tangles of alder and sumac cluster by the gray rails or grayer stone—common country, where the hay grows long in June, and the woods creep close to the hayfields, and a little stream, perhaps, goes threading its way softly between the grasses.

Here is no sense of effort in your enjoyment; all is near and dear, familiar, perhaps for generations a part of your forefathers' lives. There is no need to try your eyes to take in the meaning of jagged rock outlines and heaped earth masses, or stretches of desert sand. You have not purchased an expensive ticket whose worth, to the uttermost penny, must be extracted from the panorama before you, making you study it anxiously, eager to do your duty by every shade and outline. You do not have to strain to the sublime, as you do when confronted by Scenery, capitalized scenery—capitalized in every sense of the word; you do but sit quietly upon some green bank, full of unforced pleasure that hardly names itself pleasure, so unconscious it is. Ah, the relief of the encompassing leafy greenness to eyes tired by the glare of rock and sand, the exhausting glory of the shore; the rest, in shorn green meadow, of muscles wearied by climbing rugged mountain faces!

We are up and away nowadays, speeding fast for change; yet in meadows near my own doorway I have learned more of the limitless variety of nature than I have learned on following marvels very far. The trees that I know best are never twice the same, because of the way of the wind with their leaves, of the sun upon them, of their noonday shining and their evening shadow. Can the sea with its waves give more of change than a June meadow of long grass, where the wind has its way through a long afternoon? Where can you find beauty that will surpass these green waves, rising, falling, breaking, strewn with blossoms of buttercup and daisy, of red clover? The salt ocean has no such fragrance as that which comes from hay and clover and sweet grass newly shorn. Have you ever watched the winds and tides in fields of wheat and rye, the long golden waves, the swift shadow of bird-wings across them, and, just above, against the sky, slow-sailing white clouds that drift and drift in summer seas of dim blue haze?

Does it not stand to reason that you will see more of endless process if you stay quiet for a bit and contemplate the endless variety of familiar things than if you shift every minute your point of view, never looking the same way twice? If you want to see the great procession, wait and do not join it; as a hurrying part of the pageant you miss the changefulness that comes to you, the rest that stays, satisfying that fixed and stable something within, the permanent you. Wind, sun, and familiar water bring home the wonder and the mystery of change, when the great winds or the least winds are abroad in the branches and among

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the blossoms, and the play of light and shade makes quivering etchings of leaf and twig upon the grass. Falling showers, smitten by the sunlight, great rains that drench and flood, and the beauty of mists that come and go, shrouding familiar trees, torn by the wind, drifting to rest on far hills, are the heritage of him who will but stand and watch. The sublime treads your own pathway, bringing swift surprise, as, before a sudden storm, you watch peaceful cattle upon the quiet hillside, dreaming woods, wings sailing securely against the blue. Presto! the wind is abroad; startled cattle, snuffing; the look of the forest against the oncoming dark cloud, the white of shivering poplar and shaken aspen against the inky gray, the sharp lightning, bring home the wonder and the terror of the universe. Yet it is as awful in moments of quiet sunshine, did we but realize it, as in moments of great crash; nor can great upheavals, cataclysms, teach us more of endless change and process than can moth, dragon-fly, and butterfly, green insect wings or gray, aquiver over the earth.

Of the stream, brown and gold in the depths, change is as inexhaustible as of ocean, and nearer, sweeter, with all the little ways of leaping water, with sun-sparkles upon the stony bed between the rippling shadows of reed and marsh grass. So, too, is the way of the sun with the leaves through the long day in the forest—while, far and near, ferns catch the light, turn to pale-green flames in the dimness, and then go out. In the coolness, the mossy leafiness of common woodland on a common day, amid the rustling of ancient leaves under the soft murmur of the tree, one may find the magic of constantly shifting beauty, and with it the very heart of comfort and of peace.

This charm of the common, the familiar, the dear, is best sought at your own doorway or on your own feet. Neither horse nor motor can climb the old rail fences, the old stone walls that you must climb to find these haunts of ancient peace. The wood path, flecked with moss, the shadow of the leaves on the slender trail; the worn way across the old pasture, fern-beset, among the lichen-covered stones—following such paths, while the wood-thrush is calling, calling—the mellow notes floating across the perfect afternoon—you find your way back to quiet moments, before "efficiency" came in. Or you skirt the meadow in late afternoon, when the shadows creep farther and farther over the grass which grows cool about your feet as evening comes. It may be that a bobolink sings not far away, or a red-winged blackbird gives the soft home call from a bough above the marsh-grasses. Certain it is that soft summer sounds of life astir, growing softer and sweeter as the shadows deepen, come from among the grass and reeds, peeping, chirping, violin music of tiny wings. Swallows circle overhead where film of cloud, invisible before, turns delicate rose, trailing over half the heavens, and the moment brings a perception of perfect oneness with nature, a profound sense of being at home.

Here come golden moments of pause and quiet, snatched from the strife of things, charmed moments of understanding the peace at nature's heart, mighty rest in mighty strife. It is in such instants of perception of a great pulse beating with your own that you remember nature as the old mother of us all, known in her homely ways and household activities, whispering sweet and comforting things in your ears, not the magnificent mother, source and grave of all things living, but the ancient singer of lullabies that lead to gentle dreams.

When the Old Order Greets the New

THE recent semicentennial of Vassar College recalls vividly the time, some seven years later, when women were admitted to Cornell University. It was an affair which called for much balancing of pros and cons. The majority of the faculty were against it, and some of the trustees were more than doubtful, feeling that they already had enough experiments on their hands. As for the students, their opinion wasn't asked, but they disliked it. But there was the donor, with his offer of a building and an endowment, and donors are not to be lightly repulsed by young and struggling universities. So, like the Children of Israel, the trustees sent out two men to view the land; in other words, to visit certain colleges and universities in which coeducation prevailed, and report on its success. The report of the committee resulted in a decision to try the experiment. It also resulted, somewhat later, in the publication by the university of a curious circular. This circular, little

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known at the time and long since forgotten, deserves a resurrection, for it is a gem in the literature of the subject. Its authorship was never avowed, but I hazard a guess at a certain elderly professor who was gifted with a fine flow of gallant language. I can see him now, with gray hair and mustache, and a red rose in his buttonhole, making his pretty speeches to the ladies.

The pamphlet, "In Answer to Inquiries about the Facilities for the Education of Ladies at the Cornell University," is in the form of questions and answers, and the answers must have been reassuring to the most genteel of inquirers. We are told that "the difference between a college where ladies are not admitted and one to which they are admitted is the difference simply between the smoking-car and the one back of it." The president of a Western university testifies that "there have been no scandals. At least," the conscientious witness hastens to add, "no more than may exist between the members of a school limited to one sex and the outside world."

"Are there any special safeguards to lady students not already mentioned?" asks the inquirer. "Yes," is the reply. "One is the fact that this is not a place to which flippant, careless girls would choose to come. Only those young ladies who are seventeen years of age and have passed an entrance examination to some one of the courses are admitted. This insures the presence only of ladies really in earnest and devoted to study."

Perhaps the most delightful answer of all is to the question, "Is there any danger that the lady students in the university may be developed into 'strong-minded women,' their womanly nature becoming hardened, something less beautiful substituted?" It is replied that coeducation in universities makes the young men more manly and the young women more womanly, and that "it is simply a matter of course that the desire to please, which is natural among women, should lead them, when educated in the same university with young men, to develop those qualities which appear well in the eyes of those about them, and this result is seen in every college and university where coeducation has been adopted."

After this admission it seems but natural to ask: "Is there any danger of attachments springing up among students?" The answer does not appear to be quite in accord with the previous one. "There is no difficulty arising from this source. Young women who are earnest enough to sacrifice ease and pleasure during what are considered the four most pleasant years of life are not easily led away from their purpose or thrown off their plans by the presence of young gentlemen." Since, however, the question is pushed further, and it is asked whether "the formation of student acquaintances in the university does not sometimes ripen into matrimonial engagements," we are assured that there are but few of these and that "such as do occur turn out most happily"; which must have been intended as a prophecy, since the marriages could not have been very old.

With a somewhat belated regard for the "young gentlemen" who are exposed to the fascination of "those qualities which appear well," the writer adds that one thing which is hoped for is that women who are educated with men will care less for fashions dictated by "the whim of a knot of the least respectable women in the most debauched capital in the world." Coeducation is relied on to prevent the "young ladies" from becoming devotees of fashion and making young men "work too hard" in the pursuit of money for the chiffons, thus "thwarting their best aspirations and sacrificing their noblest ambitions." How little the writer foresaw the developments of these later days, when the earnest woman has made up her mind that it is the part of wisdom to be as smart as her frivolous sister, and wears her good clothes with a high sense of duty to a cause!

Finally, it is coeducation which is to cure women of their special faults of superstition and narrowness. With all this, the gentle occupations suited to their sex are to be provided. The department of botany is to be placed in Sage College "in the hope of interesting the female students in the care of the gardens to be laid out and maintained by this department."

There was no lack of humorous incidents in those days. Naturally, the "coeds" were of all sorts, from the little group of clever, cultivated, well-bred girls to the young woman who hailed from "back of Oshkosh" and had never seen a bathtub. With the adaptability of her sex, she exclaimed, after her first trial, "Why, Mrs. D., it was real nice!"

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Mostly, the girls worked hard, as people do work who have gained the privilege with some difficulty and are regarded as pioneers. When Sage College was opened to them they lived in some comfort, although the steward had his little ways. His arrangement with the trustees was that he was to charge a fixed price for board, and in case his profits did not reach a certain figure the amount was to be made up to him out of the endowment fund. He was free, however, to make a larger profit if he could—a perfectly feasible thing if the dining-room were full. As there were not nearly enough women students to fill the house in its first years, professors and students were at liberty to take their meals there if they liked. Young men went in parties, and naturally asked for tables to themselves, but one of the earlier stewards, much to their annoyance, assumed the right to assign the seats, and always put the men and women at the same tables, carefully alternating the sexes as at a dinner party. One of the professors, in the interest of the young men, asked him why he did this.

"Why, professor," he replied, "they eat so much less this way."

On Eating One's Cake, and Having It too

IS there any way in which we show ourselves less truly grown up than in the tenacity with which we hold on to our renunciations? There are those that renounce the second-best things of life—the self-advertising, the scramble for high place —"the pulpit, the gallows, and the stage-itinerant" of Swift's Satire—and yet that look back furtively at the rewards that come from an indiscriminating world to those that mount the platforms and bid for the crowd. Very few of us can resist the temptation to look back. Although they so seldom admit it, even to themselves, the married are always harking back. The devoted mother of children too often suggests martyrdom, and the proudest father of a family looks with favor upon the free lance he once was. As for the unmarried, how many of them enjoy their freedom without a thought of envy for those that shoulder the very responsibilities that they have escaped? The woman in her secret heart realizes that it would be well to be indispensable, best beloved of some one, and the most hardened bachelor is touched with regret at the charm of some other man's little son. Thus are we compact of inconsistencies.

The conventional, rich in the furniture of life, precise in the arrangement of their luxuries, long for the comforts of the simplicity that they have eschewed. And the weary hewer of wood in his camp on the hillside dreams of the porcelain tub and the running water in the flat that he has fled from. There are those that talk as easily as if they had turned a tap and then gone off and forgotten it, and yet they wonder that we do not perceive their wisdom; they would not stoop to the pedantic and qualify their exaggerations, yet, at the same moment, they would be understood. Again, those that indulge in caustic speech gnaw their hearts in secret rage because the world so seldom realizes that their souls are gentle.

One should be tolerant in a world so confused, but there is one form of looking back that taxes my patience. I cannot but stiffen at the Queen Elizabeths—those that use their woman's privilege to back their intellectual power. They know that chivalry is not really gone, but an enduring heritage from a past that lingers still, and they use a sword that is two-edged in a game that is not fair. They would be independent, man's equal; yet he must never forget that they are women. They would renounce the bondage of sex, yet when advantage offers they use the power of sex. They would enter the world of men; yet they emphasize the difference between men and women, scorn the weakness and perversities of mere man. Elizabeth was a queen and had privileges. I doubt if she was very happy; we all know that she was a terror to work with. She was wonderfully clever, but she would never have accomplished what she did if she had not been surrounded by men devoted to England and England's needs. They flattered Elizabeth because she liked it, and they admired her also; but no one of all her contemporaries ever said that she was gentle or consistent or fair-minded. She puzzled her courtiers, but we know now that one secret of her power was that, with the brains of a man and the keenness of a politician, she was a daughter of Macchiavelli and always used her femininity when it served her purpose. But to-day! Surely we should have got past Macchiavelli, and yet—I know too many Elizabeths.

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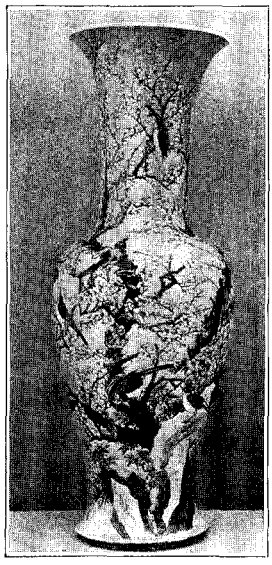
·THE FIELD OF ART·



Green hawthorn.

Yellow of the hawthorn family.

Blue and white.

Vases of the K'ang-hsi period.

Illustrations from the famous Altman Collection by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

CHINESE PORCELAINS

TO look long upon Chinese porcelains is likely for numerous causes to result in falling under their persuasive spell. If you are interested in the sculptural stage of art, susceptible to the beauty of line, you will find it there in dignified simplicity. In color the eye is appealed to in a seductive infinity. In range of decorative motives the Celestial potter's mind is fertile with an imagery found only in the East. And there must not be left out of account the interest and satisfaction awaiting the technical student of structure that is found in a substance so quickly responsive to the deft touch of the artisan.

"The fine white bowls surpass hoarfrost and snow" is a Chinese description of one of the ancient fictile fabrics. As the aroma of a delicate wine is enriched and refined by being served in a fragile glass, so the tea-drinkers as far back as the days of the T'ang, in the seventh and eighth centuries, appreciated their bowls according as they "enhanced the tint of the infusion." And here comes in another element in the charm of Chinese porcelains. Like the European art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, they were so intimately related to life that they contribute to a human and better understanding of a strange and distant people. No sooner is one interested in this truly national art of the Chinese than he finds a certain, even if meagre, knowledge of them a matter of concomitant interest, even though not essential to an appreciation of their creations.

Wine-cups of the T'ang were likened by their poets to "tilted lotus leaves floating down a stream." There came into porcelain the hue of "rosy dawn." Does one not find here a sympathetic communion with nature in far Cathay? Those so-called "ginger jars" of the capriciously named "hawthorn pattern"—the most commonly known, perhaps, of all Chinese porcelains in the Occident—were used for sending presents of fine tea at the Chinese New Year anniversary. Their decoration, which has nothing to do with the hawthorn, was made

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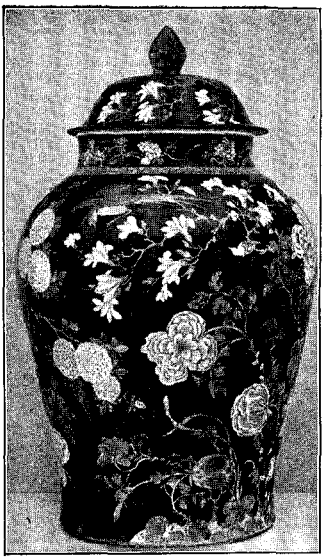

The four vases on this page and the one at the top of the opposite page belong to the famous black set of the early K'ang-hsi period.

in representation of the blossoms of the winter-blooming wild prunus-tree lying on streams whose ice covering was disintegrating under the warming influences of the approaching vernal season. One finds, too, as a further relationship of a human China with the human West that the Periclean age of the porcelains—the great reigns of K'ang-hsi, Yung Chêng, and Ch'ien-lung, covering nearly a century and a half—was an age of elegance and luxury in Cathay as it was in Europe, the period from the Grand Monarque to the Revolution.

One of the most successful and appreciative collectors in New York, whose home was filled with paintings which he honored and from which he did not wish to detract, was puzzled some years ago to know what decorative objects he could add to some of his rooms which would really be additions and would not at the same time reflect adversely upon his pictures by distracting the attention. He "discovered"—it was a discovery for him—the Chinese porcelains in single color, the monochrome glaze, *la qualité maîtresse de la céramique*. These were in agreement with his furnishings and his pictures, did not obtrude themselves, yet won the reward of modest worth, an admiration that grew into affection not only in himself but among widening circles of friends. Perhaps the incident is an epitome of the western progress of these products of the brains and hands of the world's acknowledged past masters of ceramics.

The monochrome glazes glow with the effulgence of gems. A world-famous vase glazed in the *sang-de-bœuf* hue was spontaneously christened "The Ruby" by New York collectors on its arrival here. It had previously been the property of the Son of Heaven on the Dragon's Seat from generation unto generation.

Doctor Bushell mentions "the pulsating vigor of every shade of blue in the inimitable 'blue and white.'" The greens of Chinese porcelain have a rare perfection, unequalled anywhere else; the yellows vie with golden sunshine, and in chromatic refinement the wizard potters have made elusive moonlight captive.

In the porcelain itself the musical tones are so rich that

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some bowls were said to have been used in sets of ten as chimes by musicians who struck them with fine rods of ebony. In decoration in two and more colors the Chinese picture their life, history, tradition, landscape, real and imaginary animals, their religious conceptions and romantic legends. So that, along with beauty of color and line and decorative motive, delicacy and rigidity of structure, the admirer of the porcelains finds himself sharing a new interest, awakening to a life strange as the Egyptian, Etruscan, Chaldean, in its antiquity, and more marvellous in the continuity which has brought the life down to to-day. The supremacy of the art is lost irrevocably, for though porcelains are still produced without number—and some remarkable counterfeits—the art in its perfection vanished in impenetrable eclipse well-nigh a century and a quarter ago. Rarity, therefore, enters also into modern appreciation, notwithstanding that ancient emperors ordered porcelains by the thousands from the imperial kilns—which were allowed to send none but perfect specimens to the palace.

Can one imagine to-day, when these fragile beauties share the perils of familiarity, the emotions of the first travellers or ambassadors from Europe when they saw these objects of beauty so far beyond anything the West had produced? Certainly it is not to be wondered at that they brought them home as precious things, nor that when commerce perceived the effect and the opportunities, whole shiploads under convoy reached the far coasts of the Western ocean. One need say nothing of the earlier acquaintance made by the Persians and Arabs—who knew their own pottery and glass, yet were amazed—nor of the more or less legendary services of Marco Polo, who, as has been said, "would have had to defer his return from Cathay for some two hundred years" in order to bring with him some that he was reputed to have carried to Venice. As early as the days of Elizabeth in England Chinese porcelains which reached Albion were so highly appreciated there that they were mounted in gilt, and there are examples which remained in family possession, the mountings hall-marked of the period, until their transfer to other ownership late in the last century. It is curious to note, too, that in the first commercial stages of the European importation Dutch apothecaries found some of the jars quite to their taste and service; later saving for more dignified usage a surviving remainder, when rarity had heightened the value of an instinctively recognized beauty. Reciprocally, just as Chinese and Japanese products were brought to Europe (and imitated there) so European ceramic productions of various countries were sent to China and Japan, and are found there to-day classified as Dutch because of their route of transportation. And at that the Orientals were no more misled in their classifications than were the Europeans in their attributions to period in the case of their Chinese imports. It is really only a matter of recent times—when the 19th century was drawing to a close—that an

Figure of Kuan Yin.
Dark-blue turquoise, Ming dynasty.

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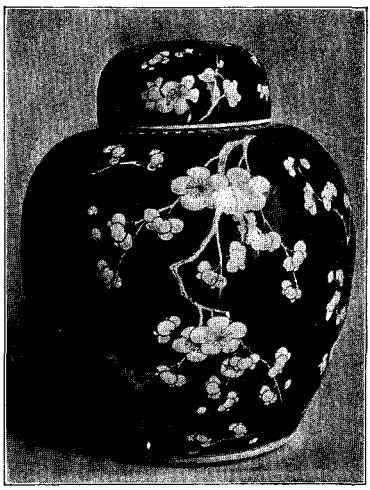
intelligent Western comprehension of China's porcelains became possible, aside from the attraction of their beauty. And with a fuller comprehension has come a wider, more intense and satisfying appreciation.

Practically, the subject of price is inseparable from the discussion of porcelains, as they are so constantly passing through the market, not only at private but at conspicuous public sales, both in America and Europe. Indeed, in a very decidedly artistic atmosphere the opinion has been heard that people bought them here because they were high-priced. It may be confidently hoped that those buyers are few and that they have developed with their purchases. The Victoria and Albert Museum collection has a blue-and-white "hawthorn" jar, bought for £230, which was pronounced (by Doctor Bushell) "nowise inferior" to a companion that later brought £5,900, both at public sales. Mr. Hippisley, who wrote a catalogue for the collection deposited by him in the National Museum at Washington, which is published by the government, has mentioned that a celebrated "peach-blow" vase that sold for $15,000 in New York some years ago was offered to him in Peking for less than $200 gold. Nevertheless, with the increasing scarcity of the finest examples, the unavoidable loss by breakage in transportation, the internment of individual pieces or whole collections in public and private museums, and the widening circles of admirers who buy only for home decoration, it must be considered good fortune rather than an every-day possibility if the choicest pieces be found below the enormous prices which latterly have been mounting until they seem beyond belief. Men seem to be coming to say to themselves: "I can make more money; I cannot find or produce more of these." The remark by veteran Western buyers is heard in Peking to-day that they could make a profit by taking porcelains from London and New York and selling them in the Chinese capital. Their statement may be subject to discount, but there is an element of truth in it.



Blue-and-white hawthorn vase or ginger jar.
K'ang-hsi period.

It may be permissible and perhaps not wholly useless, even at so late a day, to direct attention afresh to the diametrically opposed practises of the Oriental and Occidental collectors of art objects, nowhere more in point than in the treatment of porcelains. The Chinese, no matter how many objects he might possess, would not dream of exhibiting them *en masse*. He seems to find a truer appreciation in admiring and studying them singly or a few at a time, as do his friends. The prevalence of the cabinet exhibition of whole groups certainly implies a point of view wholly foreign to the creators of these masterpieces and to the conditions of their creation.

Some incurable Occidentals, refusing to cultivate a world-sympathy, have expressed an inability to comprehend that a Chinese—as they have conceived of the Chinese—could produce or appreciate such a fragile, refined beauty as is represented in these productions in porcelain. Yet, ages since, so far developed were the Chinese in their civilization and sense of luxury that an emperor caused the leaves and blossoms of the trees in his imperial park to be reproduced in fine silk in their natural colors and position, when nature had decreed their seasonal doom. Again: "Combs of jade are used to dress the black tresses of beauty at dawn, pillows of jade for the divan to snatch a dream of elegance at noon. . . . Rouge-pots and powder-boxes provide the damsel with the bloom of the peach, brush-pots and ink-rests hold the weapons of the scholar in his window." With the possible exception of the combs, all these too, were produced in porcelain for the delectation of the great and the refined.

DANA H. CARROLL.

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

THE WAR AND CURRENCY INFLATION

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

IT was quite inevitable, when all the original predictions as to the effect of the European war on American finance had been upset—when actual results had turned out precisely the contrary of what the most sagacious home and foreign opinion had foreshadowed—that some people should presently begin to doubt the reality of the achievement. This country had habitually looked to Europe for the loan of money to meet the expenses of harvesting our crops and sending them to market; the loans, very large in amount, being repaid from the subsequent export of our produce. The war and the war loans put an end to such assistance; London no longer had anything to spare for loans to America, and severe stringency in New York's autumn money market was, therefore, not illogically predicted. Yet the two largest grain harvests in our history were financed from home resources during 1914 and 1915, with the American money market unruffled and rates almost the lowest on record.

How Predictions Were Upset

European investors held in July, 1914, as they had held during many decades, three to four thousand million dollars of American securities. In the half-dozen preceding years we had managed to provide for our own industrial necessities, only by selling several hundred millions per annum of newly issued stocks and bonds to Europe. But Europe was now not only unable to continue such purchases, but she was certain to sell back in enormous quantity what she already held, in order to raise money for the twenty to thirty thousand million dollars per annum of war expenditure, which had to be met by sale of the war loans to the European investor.

As a matter of fact, it is calculated by the most careful statisticians that at least $1,000,000,000 of American securities have been resold by Europe to New York since our Stock Exchange reopened in December, 1914. Yet not only has the American market taken them, but it has loaned, on its own account, a sum only slightly less to foreign countries which have always heretofore sold their new securities in France and England; and, in the face of this double burden, prices on our stock and bond markets actually rose beyond the level which prevailed before the war.

The abnormally large exports from this country, first of grain, and then of war-munitions—resulting in an excess of exports over imports during 1915 of no less than $1,778,000,000, whereas the largest excess of any previous year was $692,000,000—explained these results partly, but not wholly. It is not to be wondered at that cautious people should have begun to ask if there was not something unreal, something fictitious, and therefore something purely temporary, in

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the display of seemingly unheard-of wealth and prosperity. A well-known financier, one of the members of our national banking commission, has lately described the attitude of American financiers as embodied in "two schools of thought, one looking into the future with unbounded confidence, and the other anticipating drastic reaction and collapse." More specifically, the question began to be put, whether the United States, along with the rest of the world, may not have entered an era of currency inflation. Experience has taught that inflated paper money is the best-known necromancy for creating illogical and impossible conditions in the way of national prosperity—though with after-results which justify all the warnings of the sceptics.

World-wide Currency Inflation

THERE is not the slightest doubt that this war has brought about world-wide currency inflation. All prolonged wars of the past have been thus characterized; not least our own Civil War. In the course of that four-year conflict, the United States Government issued $450,000,000 of paper money; our actual paper circulation increasing, between 1861 and 1865, no less than 270 per cent. Government calculations of the average prices of commodities in this country showed an advance of 116 per cent during the same period, and that movement was accompanied by a violent rise on the stock exchanges, and by what seemed to be a notable forward movement of prosperity.

There were secondary causes for this war-time rise of prices in the sixties, and for the resultant speculative expansion; among them the War Department's purchases, the blockade of the South, and the rising price of a labor market depleted by enlistments in the army. But no intelligent reader of history doubts that the primary cause was the paper-money inflation. Since the after-results of that inflation were disastrous, it is not unreasonable to ask whether our present financial and industrial revival may not be based on similar causes, and may not be destined to a similar unhappy end.

Taking the present position of the world at large, there is no doubt whatever as to the fact of paper-money inflation. Between July, 1914, and the beginning of 1916, Germany's paper currency increased $1,500,000,000, or something like 320 per cent. France added $1,519,000,000 to its note circulation within that period, or 113 per cent. In Russia, the Imperial Bank's note issues alone rose $1,783,000,000, or 217 per cent, and there was probably other currency put out. Austria has not ventured to publish the figures of her war-time paper-money issues, but they are certainly very large.

The Bank of England's note circulation at the end of 1915, together with the special currency authorized when the war began, put out by the Treasury for account of the English joint-stock banks, and secured by government bonds and commercial paper, showed a total increase of $692,000,000; an expansion of 367 per cent. What might be thought to bear more immediately on the present discussion, the national banks of the United States, under a law passed shortly after the panic of 1907, issued $380,000,000 of "emergency currency" in the first three months of this European war, as against a previously outstanding national bank-note circulation of $750,000,000.

(Continued on page 44, *following*)

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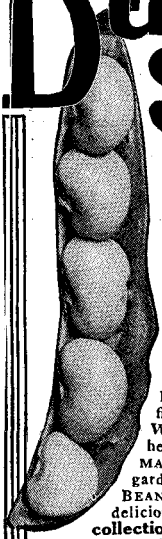

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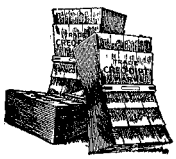

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 390)

THERE are three main reasons why every prolonged war of modern history has been attended by this inflation of paper currencies. One is, that the experience of the race has taught people to hoard gold and silver when their country plunges suddenly into the uncertainties of war. This makes it necessary to provide a substitute for the hand-to-hand money payments. Another is that gold (the international currency) is apt to be sent for safe-keeping, by its owners, from the markets of a belligerent state to those of a neutral country—which may similarly create a void in the fighting country's circulating medium. The third reason, and historically not the least important, is that paper currency, created by a government, may be used to meet at least a part of that government's immensely increased expenditure during war; in other words, that the government issues its own promises to pay at some indefinite future date, and forces its citizens to accept such notes as money.

The Hoarding of Gold and Other Causes

All three of these influences have had a hand in the present inflation of Europe's paper currencies. But the new currency issues of the belligerent states have in this one respect differed radically from those of former war-inflation periods—they were not, like our greenbacks of the Civil War and the assignats of the French Revolution, government fiat money, put out directly by the national treasury, to pay the expenses of government. Most of the new European paper money of 1914 and 1915 was issued by the central bank of each respective belligerent, and had to be offset, on the balance-sheet of the issuing institution, by a corresponding sum in commercial loans, or public and private securities, or actual gold and silver.

But, on the other hand, the bank could issue its notes to the government, taking new government bonds as security; and since single war loans of the belligerent states have been made in sums as large as $3,000,000,000, it was possible that the new currency should, by this process, pass directly into the government's hands, and be used for meeting current public expenses—just as an old-time "fiat money issue" would be used. With the Bank of France, for instance, the $1,525,000,000 increase in its note circulation, between July, 1914, and the maximum figure of 1915, was offset on the other side of the account by $1,480,000,000 under the entry, "Advances to the State for the War."

AS to precisely what has been the effect on Europe itself, of its enormous currency expansion, it is still too early to draw conclusions. On the Continent, gold redemption of the paper currency, which was in force in all the important states before the war, has been formally or tacitly abandoned. An open premium on gold is not, however, paid even now on any European market; that evi-

What the Rate of Exchange Shows

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dence of currency depreciation is averted in Germany by penal statute, and in France, apparently, by common consent. But this still leaves the rate of exchange on the markets of such countries, current in neutral cities, to measure actual depreciation. Exchange on Paris or Berlin at New York, for instance, merely means what American bankers will give in American money to a merchant for his claim on a solvent French or German debtor, payable in France or Germany in the currency of that country.

Since the bankers, under present conditions, pay gold or its equivalent for the draft, while knowing that it will not be redeemed in gold in the market on which it is drawn, the discount from the usual rate of payment necessarily measures the difference between gold values and the value of the depreciated currency. Under normal conditions, a franc is worth intrinsically 19.3 cents in American money. At the end of 1915, the New York dealer in exchange paid only 17 cents for it. A German mark, on the specie basis, is intrinsically worth 23.8 cents. But with a draft on Berlin payable only in German paper money, the mark was valued at 19 cents when the present year began, and has been rated still lower subsequently.

This is proof enough of currency depreciation. But the inflation process has not produced on Europe's markets the effect which followed it in this country after 1861. There has been no excited "boom" in business; no enthusiastic speculation for the rise on the stock exchanges. That is, perhaps, because the artificial stimulus of inflation has been only sufficient to

(Continued on page 46)

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THE STREET BOND HOUSE

(Continued from page 45)

counterbalance the crushing financial burdens of the war, avert a general collapse of enterprise and credit, and maintain some sort of equilibrium on the markets. That very fact, however, brings up the question whether the markets of the United States, where the burden of war does not exist, may not owe their condition of aggressive prosperity to inflation.

Is Prosperity in the United States Due to Inflation?

I HAVE said that our own new issue of "emergency bank currency," in the three first months of the European war, was $380,000,000. There was yet another possible influence toward an artificial stimulus. Under our new banking system, put into operation four months after the war broke out, the Federal Reserve banks of the twelve designated districts were empowered to issue circulating notes on certain prescribed collateral, provided they kept on hand a 40 per cent reserve in gold. The gold in the vaults of these institutions at the end of 1914 bore that percentage to $625,000,000; at the end of 1915, they held in gold 40 per cent of $896,000,000. Here was apparently the machinery for such expansion of the American paper currency as would cut a respectable figure, even as compared with Europe. Has the Federal Reserve currency, then, been a governing influence in our unexpected chapter of prosperity during the twelvemonth past, or has it not?

The answer is not at all difficult, and it is quite the reverse of what a good many people, even those of practical experience, seem to think. That the successful establishment of the

(Continued on page 47)

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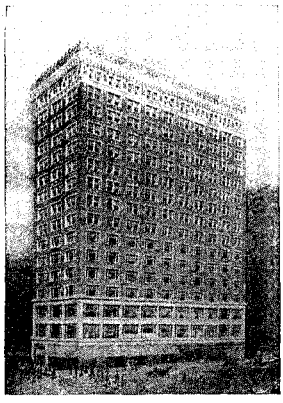

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(Continued from page 46)

new banking system was an important factor in promoting financial confidence, and thus in clearing the ground for last year's American revival, there can be little doubt. Knowledge that its facilities were such as to meet, effectively and instantly, the necessities either of a "financial boom" or a "financial panic," removed much of the pre-existing apprehension as to the capacity of our markets to provide the new credits for a season of great activity, or to resist the force of economic reaction during the war or on return of peace.

But, contrary to very general supposition, those facilities have not yet been used, and, therefore, cannot have been a factor of "inflation." The $380,000,000 emergency currency, issued at the beginning of the war, had all been retired and cancelled before the end of June, 1915. During that cancellation process, the Federal Reserve banks were beginning to issue notes, and a substantial amount of them is now outstanding. Yet our total bank currency, old and new, which aggregated $1,121,000,000 on November 1, 1914, stood only at $985,400,000 on January 1 of the present year.

Our Paper Currency Has Decreased in War Time

IN other words, the country's paper currency has decreased, not increased, since the war-time revival in American finance began. The point is occasionally made that, whatever may have happened since November, 1914, the sum total of bank-note currency outstanding at the beginning of 1916 was, nevertheless,

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

$251,000,000 greater than at the outbreak of the war in August, 1914. This is quite true, and $214,000,000 of that increase consisted of the new Federal Reserve notes. But in that direction also, some very significant facts are commonly overlooked.

Under the law, a Reserve Bank is allowed to issue notes, either secured with commercial paper pledged by individual banks in the district, or secured, dollar for dollar, with gold coin. In the first case, the notes become the elastic credit currency contemplated by the Federal Reserve Act. In the second case, they are, to all intents and purposes, on the footing of the familiar gold certificates, issued by the Treasury against an equivalent deposit of gold in the government vaults at Washington. Now, when the $214,000,000 Federal Reserve notes, as of January 1, 1916, are analyzed, the remarkable fact appears that only $16,600,000 of them were the elastic currency secured by commercial paper, whereas $197,400,000 were the circulating equivalent of actual gold.

As to why the banks should have preferred to issue notes through pledging gold against them, dollar for dollar, instead of securing them with 40 per cent gold and the balance in commercial paper, the answer is simple. Because of its enormous exports to belligerent Europe, and of its position as a secure neutral custodian of treasure, the United States imported during 1915 no less than $451,900,000 of foreign gold, or nearly $300,000,000 beyond any previous year; and, in addition, it produced from its own goldmines $98,891,000 more. The banks had actually more gold in their vaults,

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at the end of 1915, than they had need to use as a basis for their loans to American finance and industry. Therefore they chose, for the convenience of their customers, to put a considerable part of it into general hand-to-hand circulation in the form of notes.

The total stock of money in the United States increased $429,000,000 during 1915. But the increase in gold alone, as I have shown, was a very much larger figure. The paper currency had actually decreased. If we are living under "currency inflation," it must be inflation in the form of gold. But an increase in the proportion of gold to the total currency of a country is commonly accepted as evidence of financial soundness.

Our Position Is Sound

I HAVE described, at possibly wearisome length, the technical facts of the changes in our currency since the war began. There is no other way, however, to disprove the theory of paper inflation as a cause of the present financial revival in this country than to recite these dry but very significant statistics. They show conclusively that American finance is not, at the present time, under the influence of such inflated paper currencies as exist in belligerent Europe. They prove that, in so far as changes in this country's money supply has been a factor in the industrial and financial movement, it is the increase in our stock of gold which has done the work.

This, however, does not put an end to discussion about the future. In the first place, the very fact that the new banking system's large potential facilities for increasing currency and credits have not yet been invoked is proof that the possibility of using them, and conceivably of misusing them, remains. From this we are primarily protected, as the conservative central banks of Europe have always been, by the large experience and the sober conception of their duties on the part of the men who direct the Federal Reserve, and by the very great restrictive power over the system's credit and currency facilities which the law has conferred upon them.

Will the Gold Remain Here?

IN the second place, quite aside from the question of actual expansion of paper-money issues, there will remain, until the period of postbellum readjustment is well under way, the uncertainty as to the permanency of our present gold reserve.

(Continued on page 50)

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Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*, a writer of books on finance, and a man of judgment in daily contact with every phase of the market, contributes to

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(Continued from page 49)

In so far as these huge additions to our stock of gold, like the international capital which they represent, have come to this country for safe-keeping in war time, it cannot be certain how much of it will be retained when the war is over. Europe, which must then begin to take up the task of reconstructing its depreciated currencies, will surely do its best to draw gold from the United States.

Theoretically, it could accomplish that purpose by such enormous export of merchandise to America as should turn the foreign exchanges against us. It could do it through similarly large sales of its own securities to New York. Or it could get the gold by maintaining such high money rates on European markets, in the face of easy money here, that large amounts of capital, now put out on loan in this country, would be withdrawn and offered at the higher rates in Europe.

These are all possibilities; it is therefore a theoretical possibility that so much gold would be drawn away as to deplete our own bank reserves and disturb our markets seriously. It is extremely doubtful, however, in my judgment, whether these results, in any formidable shape and at any early date, can be described as probabilities. Europe cannot reverse our balance of trade in merchandise, unless its own need of American products decreases very greatly, or unless wages of European labor can be put down again so as to undersell our manufacturers. Europe will undoubtedly succeed in selling large amounts of securities in America after peace; but America is not compelled to buy any more of them than is prudent.

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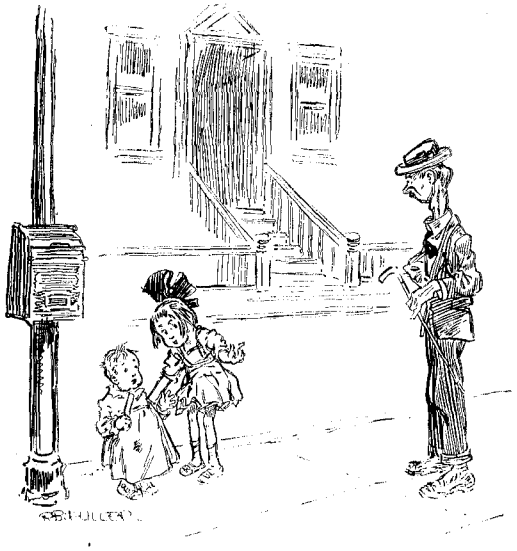
As for the question of a high bid through European money rates, it is at least an open question whether money will be high or low in Europe when the war is over. Hard times and prolonged industrial depression in the present belligerent communities will follow this war, as they followed the Napoleonic wars, and industrial depression does not favor high money rates. Furthermore, even if London and Paris and Berlin were to bid for our gold in this manner, it would remain to see what response our own money markets would make, under the influence of the Federal Reserve banks, which have large powers, through their control over our own money markets, to regulate and restrain the movement of our gold. That will possibly be the first occasion when the power of this novel institution in our financial history will be fully tested.



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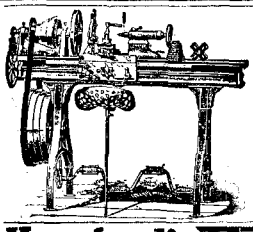

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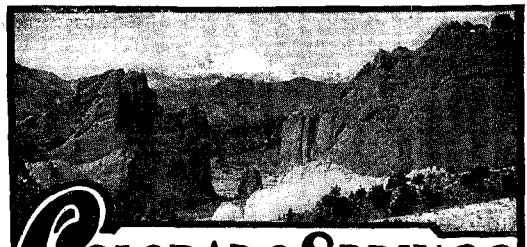

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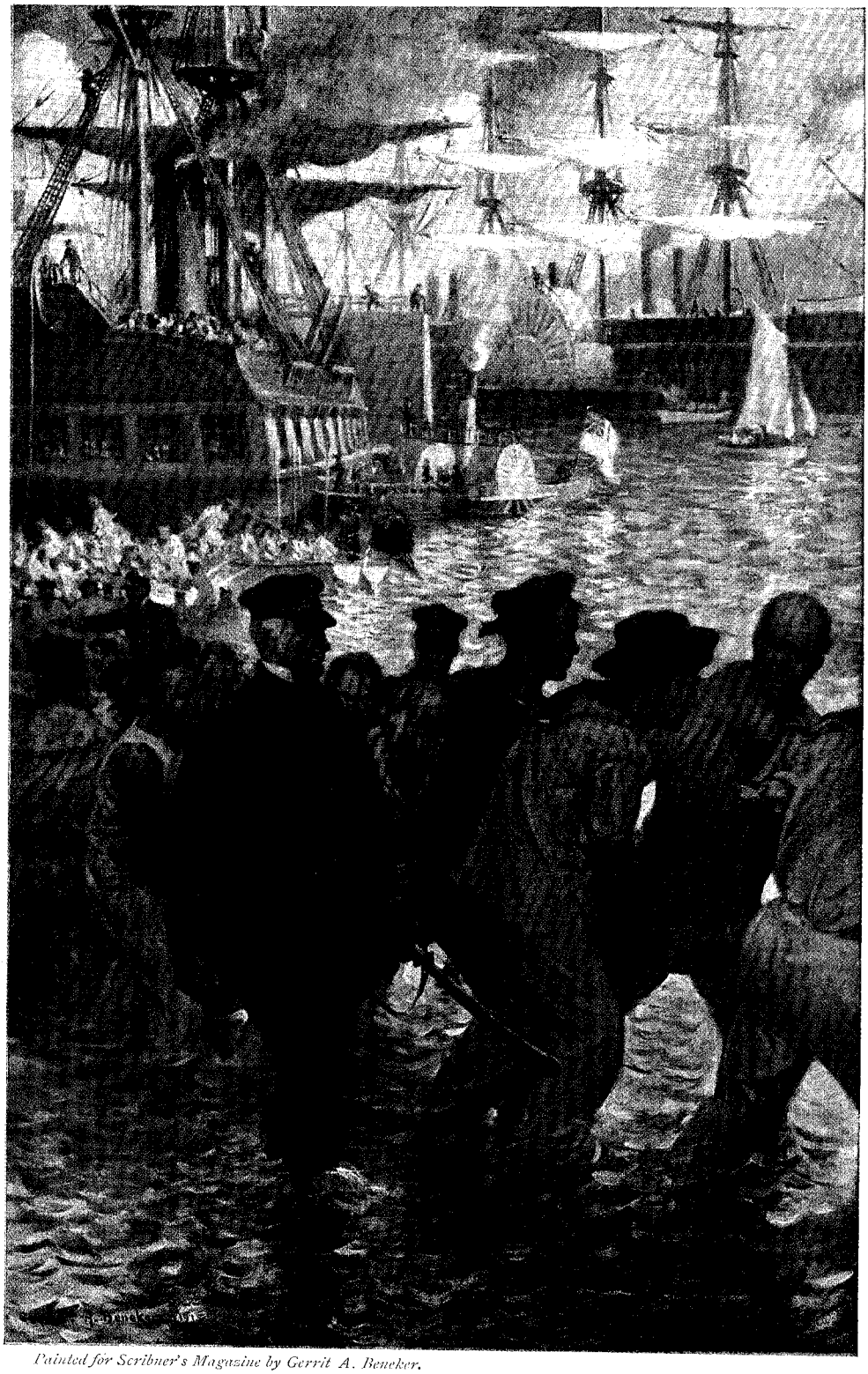

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